Reminiscences of Winfield Scott Hancock

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REMINISCENCES

—OF—

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK

Wm. F. Hancock
Maj. Gen. U.S.A.

REMINISCENCES

OF

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK

BY HIS WIFE

NEW YORK
CHARLES L. WEBSTER & COMPANY
1887

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224 CENTRE ST., N. Y.

TO MY FRIENDS

AND THE

MANY ADMIRERS OF MY HUSBAND

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

PREFACE.

I HAVE yielded with reluctance to the appeals made to me for the recital of events connected with the earlier part of my husband's life, and not contained in the several biographical sketches that have been published. The task is difficult, and in some respects painful to me, but as you, dear friends, who have shown such kind persistence in urging the work upon me, predict that it will interest others as well as yourselves, I have resisted my disinclination, and will give the narrative in my own way, taking your thoughts back to those happier days before the great storm that later burst upon the land had caught us up in its currents, and before the clouds of personal loss and deprivation had overshadowed our lives.

My husband's character was one of such noble simplicity and directness, as to be better illustrated by his own deeds and utterances than by any words that might be written; and these imperfect recollections of a life that was so con-

spicuously marked by unselfish ambition, great achievements, the purest patriotism and the most conscientious adherence to truth and right at all hazards, must derive their interest from the person to whom they relate, and depend in but slight measure on the manner of the telling.

A. R. H.

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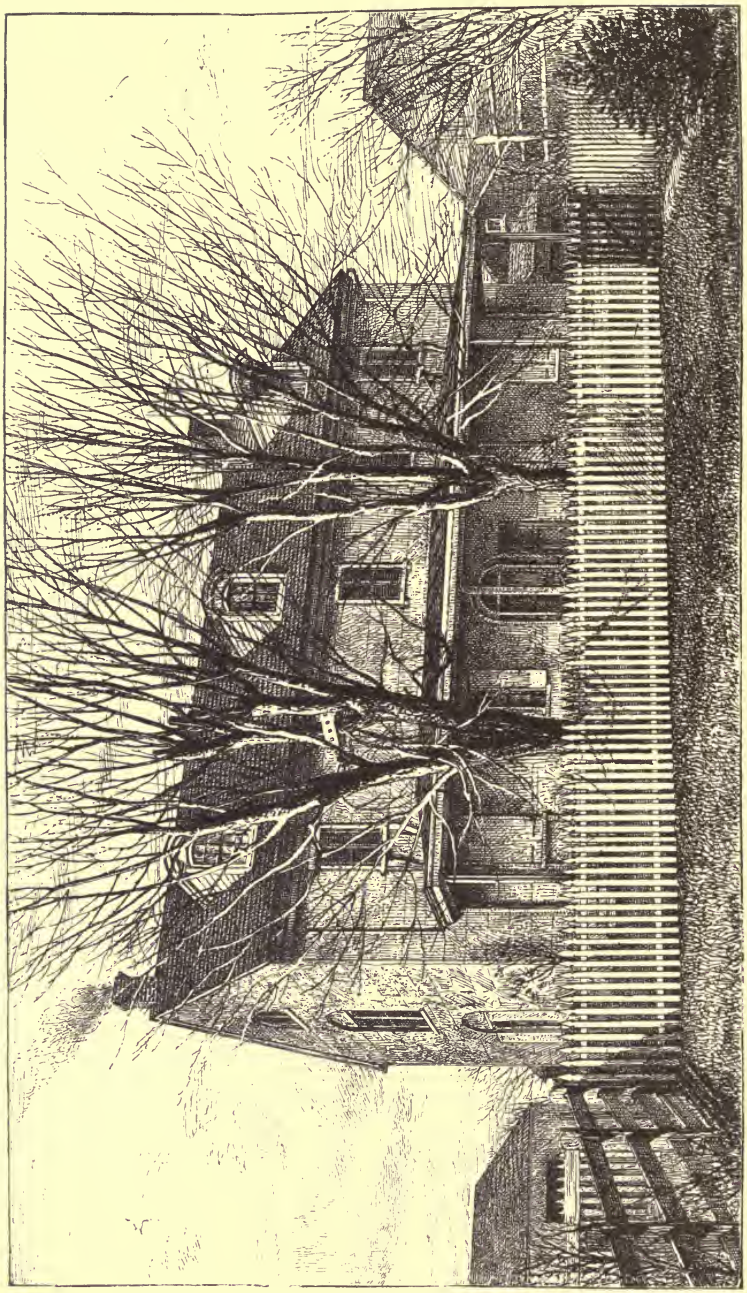
CHAPTER I.

Marriage—Contretemps of the evening—Removal to Jefferson Barracks—Their dilapidated condition—Lieutenant Hancock's love of trees and plants—General Buell and the burning of the steamboat *Kate Kearney*.

I WILL commence my personal recollections of General Hancock with our marriage, which took place at the residence of my father, Samuel Russell, in St. Louis, in the midst of warring elements, thunder, lightning and hail, so unusual at that season of the year, January 24, 1850. There are some who will recall, as I relate them, the several contretemps that occurred, and the predictions that were made in consequence. First the extinguishing, three times before and after the ceremony, of all the lights throughout the house; and a similar occurrence at a reception given in our honor by General and Mrs. Harney, produced a sensation of impending evil in the minds of the superstitious, and might have left its impression upon our own hearts, had not the new life upon which we had just entered been so full of promise as to defy the predictions of a universe.



BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL HANCOCK, NORRISTOWN, PA.

The idle rumors, at home and abroad, that the bridal dress was made of spun glass, had brought together a great crowd of the curious, who were hoping for a glimpse of this phenomenal costume. This mob, as it were, impeded every approach to the house, necessitating the assistance of a police force, which irritated the people almost to violence. Altogether a stormy beginning—was it prophetic? I think the question has been substantially answered. Yet as the sun gave forth its brightest rays from behind the darkest clouds, before sinking to rest upon the marriage eve, so has the sunlight, at intervals, entered completely into our lives, giving such unspeakable happiness, calm, patience and courage, as to counteract the dreaded dispensation. Quickly and uneventfully did the first happy year and a half go by, with a blessing added to the many already granted, of a precious baby boy, who filled our every thought and hope.

But this had all to end, and I to realize the truth that separation from the dearest, best of parents, and the happy home of my girlhood was inevitable. The link was to be stretched, not severed, that connects the past with the great future that had so much hidden from us both.

The removal from our city home was brought about by an economical collapse, which our Gov-

ernment experiences periodically, crying retrenchment of expenditure, but usually beginning and ending with the Army, as a class the most inoffensive, defenseless, and the least understood of all public servants.

General Newman I. Clark, who was then in command of the Department of Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis, was ordered to transfer them to Jefferson Barracks, twelve miles below the city. My husband being on his staff as aide-de-camp, as well as regimental adjutant of the Sixth Infantry, accompanied him, with the other members of the staff. The change was not entirely distasteful to me ; on the contrary I rather enjoyed the novelty which this new life brought ; and the close proximity to St. Louis, a most hospitable city, which has always extended to the Army its most distinguished civilities, was considered a privilege, and so appreciated by all. We did not find all couleur-de-rose by any means, but, as became a soldier's wife, I cheerfully submitted to the embarrassments of the situation. Our quarters were, in fact, untenantable, hingeless and keyless, necessitating nailing up the doors at night. It became evident that this condition of affairs was to continue for weeks, as no relief was offered or complaint heeded. An appeal was therefore made to the commanding officer of the

post, the famous Colonel Bragg, of Mexican fame (afterwards distinguished in the Southern army), a charming gentleman personally, but over-rigid in military matters. He replied, that as our quarters had been considered habitable by an officer of higher rank, Major Rains, he thought a second lieutenant might occupy them as they were. Thereupon my husband opened upon him a lively correspondence, setting forth his claims to something more than the courtesy which was offered, and concluded by informing the Colonel, that if a major thought proper to consider a house tenantable without keys, etc., and to live in it, he knew no rule by which he should be compelled to follow this example. Of course, the authority of General Clark, who, although the Department Commander, was regarded by the garrison as an intruder, soon made these matters straight ; but from this time on, the conflict between the officer commanding the recruiting depot, and General Clark, commanding the Department, continued, as each asserted his claim to precedence over the other.

In the reorganization of the Army after the Mexican War, the announcement that a Retiring Bill, a new pay bill, and a bill for raising three additional regiments were then before the Senate, threw our garrison into a state of nervous

LIEUTENANT HANCOCK SHORTLY AFTER HIS GRADUATION AT WEST POINT.

excitement. Those eligible for retirement were quaking over the possible calamity awaiting them; others in a state of expectancy were hoping that a captaincy might be thrust upon them unsolicited; while others put forth every effort to secure one of the prizes. My husband was of the last class. He wrote a letter to General Pierce, who was then President of the United States, asking for a commission in one of the new regiments. He would not have ventured upon this bold proceeding, had he not been invited to do so by the President himself, who felt kindly towards him in consequence of their service together in Mexico. At the same time my husband was a candidate for the first vacancy in either the Adjutant-General's or Subsistence department, with every prospect of success, as General Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, and other influential gentlemen, were interesting themselves in his behalf. A vacancy did occur in the Subsistence Department, but the appointment was given to another; the only reason assigned by the Chief of the Department being that Lieutenant Hancock was married. A singular reason truly, and only to be accounted for by the fact that General Gibson and General Shiras were bachelors. Another blow from which he was slow in recovering, was his failure to receive a commission in any of

the new regiments, which were organized in 1854, when those near him, whom he ranked, and who had entered the service three years after him, were promoted. Still his gratification was manifested over their good-fortune, and out of magnanimity and generous impulse he wrote congratulatory letters to each. I knew how severe was the wound to his professional pride, but it did not impair his strict observance to duty, or destroy his interest in things around him. In the planting of trees and shrubbery he took special delight, in the belief that he was doing a great benefit to those who would be stationed there in years to come. I have often heard him express himself somewhat as follows: "Some day I may return here, if I live, and venture to ask some knowing one (while looking at my beautiful trees) who planted them. He will, in all likelihood, name some one who had nothing to do with it. But 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

This strange, jealous love he bore for every tree and shrub which he caused to be planted, continued throughout his life, and in giving them his tender care and watchfulness—as many garrisons can bear testimony—he found a vast amount of daily relaxation. A great writer said, "Every man who plants a tree where not one has grown before, is a public benefactor." This thought

would occur to me, while watching my husband at his favorite occupation.

Mr. Hancock was possessed of a keen sense of justice, and followed closely the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by." The trouble he would take to serve his friends is illustrated by the following incident. As the steamboat *Kate Kearney* was leaving the St. Louis wharf for Alton, the boiler exploded, demolishing the boat and killing or wounding a great number of the passengers. General, then Major, Don Carlos Buell was among the latter, and was at first reported fatally injured. This was a great shock to my husband, as he had the highest respect and admiration for General Buell, having served on the same staff. He went to the hotel at once, and found the General so seriously injured as to be scarcely recognizable. He also learned that through the gallantry and personal exertions of Buell and another gentleman, the flames had been held in check and many persons saved from a frightful death. Considering his mutilated condition at the time, General Buell's conduct was heroic in the highest degree, and Mr. Hancock deemed it worthy of more appropriate and fitting mention than was accorded by any of the daily papers. Thinking that it might be an oversight, he went to the editor of the St. Louis *Republican*,

the leading paper of that day, called his attention to the facts, and was promised a speedy and special mention of the circumstances. The promise, however, was not fulfilled, the editor apparently concluding that enough had been written upon the subject. Not so with Mr. Hancock. He was determined that something appropriate should be said, and thereupon wrote the following article, and had it published in the editorial column :

"As a matter of justice to a gallant gentleman, now on a bed of suffering, it should be known that after the explosion occurred on board of the *Kate Kearney*, nothing saved the boat from being entirely destroyed by fire, and with it other boats in the vicinity, but the personal exertions of Major Buell, United States Army, assisted by another gentleman whose name is unknown. They continued to throw water on the fire, which had broken forth in two places, until the arrival of the fire-engines, which were enabled to reduce the flames, so manfully kept at bay. It is certain that several persons who were wounded, if not others, who are now alive, would have perished but for such prompt and efficient action. In times of danger, presence of mind in a soldier is expected ; but it is thought that under the circumstances Major Buell's conduct deserves especial notice, he having been previously so injured by the explosion that for some time afterwards his life was despaired of."

Since that time General Buell, by his greater achievements upon a larger and grander field, has sustained the remarkable qualities that distinguished him upon this occasion.

CHAPTER II.

Life at the Barracks—Thrilling and amusing anecdotes—Volunteer mode of conducting a court-martial—Jack the Bean-killer—Cholera at the Barracks—Self-Protection on the Mississippi—General Twiggs and Major Banks.

OUR garrison life at the barracks was generally quiet and uneventful. Our evenings were enlivened by social gatherings, and such amusing raconteurs as Major Page, Captains Kirkham, McDowell, Gibson and others, who improved these opportunities to fight their battles over again. A few years only had elapsed since the close of the Mexican War, and field experiences were yet fresh in their minds. I have listened to many amusing and thrilling anecdotes, of which I can now recall but a few.

One of our officers had entered the service in 1846 as a sergeant of volunteers. His account of the volunteer mode of conducting courts-martial was very funny, being in such contrast to the rigid discipline existing in the regular Army. In utter ignorance of the proper rules of procedure, they conformed as closely as possible to their knowl-

edge and recollection of the Civil Courts of Tennessee, in which State the regiment specially referred to had been raised. On opening the court, the crier, a soldier, would go to the front of the tent and cry: "O! yes: O! yes: O! yes: The Honorable Court is now assembled pursuant to an adjournment!" The method of summoning a witness was also unique. The crier would go out in front of the tent and call in a loud voice: "Peter Mullin, Esquire: you are requested to draw nigh this court." Not infrequently was the honorable court subjected to rough handling by the friends of the prisoner, who would turn out in large numbers and stone the tent in which the trial was being held.

A regular officer's experience with the Arkansas volunteers was equally amusing. A court-martial, composed entirely of volunteer officers, was assembled for the trial of an orderly-sergeant charged with stabbing a regular soldier. The regular officer, being in command, had loaned the court Macomb's work on courts-martial, in order that some system might be observed in the conduct of the trial. On visiting the court-room to see how they were progressing, the president of the court apologized for the doors being shut, saying that he knew the book said the court should sit with open doors, but as the weather was

very cold they had ventured to close them. The prisoner had removed his coat, and in his shirt-sleeves was walking up and down the room, shaking his fist in the witness's face, denying in forcible language all that the witness had said, and forbidding the court to enter it on the record. The members of the court would interfere by saying: "Now, John, don't, don't; we will make it all right," and other soothing expressions. The court-martial room contained a jug of whiskey, from which all might imbibe at pleasure, and the members of the court, as well as the prisoner, had pipes in their mouths. The next morning after adjournment the president of the court came to the commanding officer and said that John had been found guilty, and that he had advised him to leave; and in an injured tone he added, "Sure enough, he has gone, and stolen one of our best horses." This man was a strong candidate for the captaincy of his company, and was distinguished for having killed three men before entering the service.

Many other good stories of a similar character were given upon different occasions, but are doomed to oblivion in consequence of my faulty memory. With few, very few, exceptions, the recounters have passed beyond this veil. Still, there are individuals left who by their misapplica-

tion of established phrases and miscalling of words afford constant amusement to those around them, though most efficient and capable officers. I bear in mind one or two extraordinary characters whom I knew long ago, whose original expressions are beyond compare, and should have been caught up and preserved for future generations. One of the gentlemen would insist always upon thanking God for at last "reaching visa-versa," whenever he escaped from a tight place either on land or water, and was permitted to stand securely again upon terra firma. And "things would grow" (in his opinion, if properly cared for), "just like Jack the bean-killer." Few things created a greater disturbance in his mind than to be impaneled upon a jury, especially when "he knew nothing of the case." He would say, "I told him that it was no use my going, as I knew nothing of the case." So I could go on until the end of the chapter.

The feeling was so strong among the Mexicans against our volunteers, that had we lost a battle all the captured volunteers would have been murdered. Not so with the regulars. In consequence of this well-known fact volunteers were anxious to get regular clothing at any price. One of our officers, who served through the Mexican War as a volunteer, paid $7 for a forage cap, the

price of which when new was but ninety cents; and he subsequently gloried in a complete suit purchased at corresponding rates. He was the envy of his less fortunate companions, who made frequent raids upon his wardrobe.

Cholera was at this time epidemic in St. Louis and Jefferson Barracks. We lost many men in our garrison daily, who were carried silently to their graves at nightfall in one wagon, in order to prevent a panic, which needed but the slightest pretext to burst forth. Several officers fell victims to this dread disease, while others who were attacked were fortunate enough to recover. Athletic sports, theatrical entertainments, shooting-matches, and every conceivable diversion were instituted to make the poor fellows forget; but the gloom could not be dispelled. Few of those who entered the hospital ever left it alive. Their doom was inevitable. The surgeon in charge, though attentive when present, was unfortunate in his treatment. Moreover, his duties required him to visit the arsenal and recruiting rendezvous, twelve miles distant, once a day, which left us practically without medical attendance. Mr. Hancock kept on hand a "cholera specific" in large quantities, which, if applied in time, was esteemed infallible; and I can testify that our quarters were fairly besieged by the soldiers, who pleaded with my husband not to

THE REV. W. G. ELIOT, D. D.

send them to the hospital. Of those who came to us in season the majority recovered.

In the midst of this terrible scourge Mr. Hancock was ordered to St. Paul with recruits. His experience was such as few have been called upon to record. He lost many of his men from cholera during the journey, who were buried at once on some lonely sandbank of the Mississippi River. Yet to every picture there are two sides, and the journey had rather an amusing feature, except to the unwary victim. The day after starting, one of the boilers of the boat began to leak, and show other signs of weakness—not an unusual occurrence in those days, but one that occasioned some uneasiness among the passengers. Upon inquiry as to whether the boat was considered safe, the captain replied, "Perfectly." But on the same afternoon he approached Mr. Hancock, who had a stateroom in the rear of the boat, saying that he was quite sick, and would deem it a favor if he would exchange staterooms with him for a few days, complaining that his was a very noisy one, directly over the boilers. Not suspecting the motive, Mr. Hancock readily acquiesced. Days passed, finally a week went by, and though the captain was about, and appeared in his usual condition of health, the journey came to an end before he felt able to restore to its owner the safe and

quiet quarters that had been so generously yielded up. The ruse was considered a capital joke by all but the inexperienced soldier, who was not familiar with the wily manœuvres of the Mississippi captain—one of a class who, as a rule, are obliging and courteous, but who understand very well the art of self-protection.

During this memorable trip a disquieting rumor reached Mr. Hancock to the effect that the several companies of his regiment (the Sixth Infantry) had been ordered to concentrate at Jefferson Barracks preparatory to service in California. This was considered very hard, as at that time the facilities for reaching the Pacific coast were not such as they are to-day, and the possible separation of officers from their families was to many a sad reflection. After the concentration of the regiment, General Clark was relieved of the command of the Department of the West by General Twiggs, and ordered to assume command of Jefferson Barracks and of the cavalry depot, which had hitherto been a separate command, although a part of the same garrison. In the absence of a regular Adjutant-General, Mr. Hancock was asked by General Twiggs to act in that capacity until Major Winship, Assistant Adjutant-General, should arrive. This he consented to do, provided he was not required to

visit St. Louis, twelve miles away, oftener than three times a week, as he was then acting regimental and post adjutant. He found General Twiggs a very agreeable officer to serve under, so long as no offense was given him, otherwise he had a mode of address peculiar to himself, which was very effectual, and afforded much amusement to those around him. For example: A very pompous, self-sufficient officer (so considered by General Twiggs), having failed to pay his respects as promptly as etiquette required, the General took occasion to visit this remissness upon him, when granting a leave of absence which this officer had asked for. When his adjutant called attention to the issuing of the order for this leave, General Twiggs handed him a rough copy of one prepared by himself, which read: "Commissary Major Banks," etc., a very unusual form, and so discourteous that the adjutant made an effort to excuse the officer by representing to the General all that he had heard of his intention of calling upon the commanding general, and the cause of his delay. After listening attentively, General Twiggs replied, "Yes, I once heard a preacher say that a very bad place was paved with good intentions," and remarked at the same time, "To operate upon a wound, you must know your patient. If I know anything, it is human nature. I have designated

Major Banks in this manner because I know he will feel it," and the order was published without alteration.

General Twiggs was dissatisfied with his station in St. Louis, and very soon applied for permission to remove his headquarters to Fort Smith, Arkansas. The Secretary replied that such a removal would not be in the interests of the service, but on account of General Twiggs's distinguished record, he was finally allowed to make the desired change. The General availed himself of this permission, and General Clark again assumed command of the Department, and relinquished the command of the post to Colonel Sumner.

The Sixth Infantry was then under orders to proceed to California, but about the same time General Clark received orders to suspend the movement of the regiment. This announcement disturbed the command, not so much at the possible change of destination as the dread of delay, for all were packed and ready for the start. It turned out that we remained in this state, enduring every discomfort, from November 27, 1854, until April 18, 1855.

CHAPTER III.

Concentration of troops at Fort Leavenworth—General Harney and General Clark—Correspondence between General Sumner and Lieutenant Hancock—Lieutenant Hancock made a captain.

EARLY in the year 1855 troubles occurred with the Sioux nation, which finally resulted in the concentration of troops at Fort Leavenworth for the purpose of organizing an expedition against these Indians. In April, the Secretary of War ordered the Sixth Infantry to Leavenworth to report to General Harney, who had been placed in command of the expedition. The disappointment was great to General Clark and his staff, as the General thought he should have had the assignment, if for no other reason than because he was the senior officer. The order followed soon after for the removal of headquarters to St. Louis, and preparations were commenced at once to effect this end, which would leave Colonel Sumner in command of the cavalry depot, a position most acceptable to himself and officers, as there had always been a conflict of authority between the Department

and Post commanders. Though appeals were constantly made, General Scott's decision would always be in direct opposition to that of the Secretary of War. The difficulty was caused by the question of brevet rank. The Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, decided that the commander of the cavalry depot should also command Jefferson Barracks, no matter what his rank. Further, that if an emergency arose which would make it necessary that some one should command the whole, brevet rank should take effect. In the minds of many prominent officers this decision was clearly illegal. In General Sumner's natural impatience to control the whole, he overstepped the bounds of courtesy, and remarked to his quartermaster, in the presence of many officers, that General Clark's and Lieutenant Hancock's quarters were assignable, and that any subaltern that wished could have them. This remark was reported to Mr. Hancock, whereupon he wrote to Colonel Sumner the following:

"SIR : I am pained to learn this morning that you have taken public occasion to declare, in the presence of a number of officers, that my quarters were assignable. I supposed that military courtesy and propriety would have indicated that if such were the fact an intimation to me would have been the most proper, as certainly the most delicate, mode of conveying it. I merely wish to say that I have rights here, and one of them is the privilege of occupying quarters so long as I am on duty. I am

SCHOOL HOUSE WHERE GENERAL HANCOCK ATTENDED WHEN A BOY.

on duty at present, by order of General Clark, who long since established the headquarters of his regiment at this place, and has not removed them. For you to declare, because General Clark has been ordered to St. Louis, that neither he nor I (on duty with him) are entitled to quarters, is an argument that you are not entitled to any yourself, for you have orders to remove your headquarters to Fort Leavenworth. I had previously received an order to report for duty in St. Louis, and was making my preparations to remove there. I shall not now change my intention for the purpose of contesting my rights to quarters here, for it would be inconvenient to me ; besides, I will not run the risk of subjecting myself or family to further indelicate treatment by remaining here, but I have sufficient manliness to let you know that I resent it.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"WINFIELD S. HANCOCK."

This letter was not replied to. General Clark also opened his batteries, sharply and to the point, in defense of the same right.

"SIR : Heretofore I have deemed you a friend, not that I have any claims especially in that behalf, but I supposed former associations had created a good feeling, which I was disposed to reciprocate. I am sorry to entertain a present opinion, founded upon a recent order you gave orally, as I am informed, in relation to the quarters I have occupied, as well as those occupied by my adjutant, that I have been mistaken.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"N. S. CLARK."

In reply General Sumner sent the following :

"GENERAL : I have received your note. When one of my officers walked into my office yesterday morning and presented himself as your adjutant, and handed me your order assuming command of this post without my having received from you the slightest intimation of any such intention, I could not but feel

that you were treating me with great indelicacy, more especially as your right to assume the command after your regiment had been removed, and you had no men here but a sergeant-major and two or three sick men, was, to say the least, very questionable. At all events, it would have been questioned and carried to higher authority, if I had not received a prospective order to establish the headquarters of my regiment at Fort Leavenworth. I regret this affair altogether; it was unnecessary between officers who have known each other as long as we have.

"Your obedient servant,

"E. V. SUMNER."

In reply, General Clark said:

"COLONEL: I have received your note, and answer by saying that I came here under the orders of General Twiggs, and assumed command accordingly. My occupancy of quarters until I have time to vacate has nothing to do with your views of my mode of assumption of command.

"Your obedient servant,

"N. S. CLARK."

Other spicy notes were exchanged, until it was evident to General Clark that it must cease. A continuation would only separate them further, and the result, otherwise, would be the same. After a short time, the friendly intercourse between Colonel Sumner and my husband was resumed, without any diminution of the admiration which Mr. Hancock felt for that brave, strong soldier, and which was augmented during the last war.

On the 5th of November, 1855, Mr. Hancock was appointed captain in the Quartermaster's De-

partment. In default of getting an appointment in the Adjutant-General's Department, which had been promised, his friends advised the next best thing ; but the disappointment was great, as he very much disliked quartermaster duties. He could not afford to decline promotion, however, having been a lieutenant for nearly twelve years.

CHAPTER IV.

Ordered to Florida—Troubles with the Seminole Indians—Service in the Everglades—An exciting row down the river—A sentry shoots his friend—General Harney's negro—Threatening to hang the pappooses—Russell Hancock's intercession—Birth of Ada Hancock.

FEBRUARY, 1856, brought an order from Adjutant-General Jessup to Mr. Hancock to proceed without delay to Florida for duty, which he immediately obeyed, taking his family with him, not knowing until he reached Fort Myers, on the Caloosahatchee River, twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico, that hostilities were imminent between the United States troops and the Seminole Indians. Shortly after our arrival, General Harney was ordered to relieve Colonel Harvey Brown, whom he found there in command, and active operations were commenced at once. The duties of garrison quartermaster were quite familiar to Mr. Hancock, but the supplying of troops in the field, under such perplexing circumstances, was extremely difficult, unquestionably arduous, and involved serious and unaccustomed responsi-

bilities; these, however, he overcame with apparent ease, and entire satisfaction to each and every one in authority.

The departure of Colonel Harvey Brown and his agreeable family for an Eastern station left me the only lady at the post. To many this might have been a deplorable experience, cut off as we were from civilization, and suffering all the inconveniences and discomforts of a frontier station. Our mail came from Tampa Bay in a sailboat, and, wind and wave permitting, was received once a week. Commissary stores and other supplies came in the same way, and on one occasion, when the boat capsized with a load of these stores, we were without some of the necessaries of life for six weeks. Gail Borden was unknown then, and milk could only be obtained from the half-starved, miserable Florida cows. Fort Myers could not boast such an animal, and Mr. Hancock made four separate attempts before we could secure this luxury. The first cow strayed from the herd during the overland journey, and never reached us; the second came by sea, and while being landed at the dock fell overboard and broke her neck; the third was safely landed, but wandered into a quicksand on the day of her arrival and so was lost. Persistency was finally rewarded, and the fourth attempt was successful.

Such were some of the inconveniences of our life in Florida, yet I experience much happiness in reflecting upon those days, since through my presence, my generous, hospitable husband was enabled to alleviate in many ways the sufferings of our poor men and officers, who were brought back from their hard, inglorious service in the Everglades wounded by Indian bullets or ill unto death with swamp fever. Our bright, cheery home became a rendezvous for officers, who gladly acknowledged it to be an oasis in that desolate spot, and who frequently said that without this trysting-place they would have been driven to extremities in their search for diversion. How many times since have I felt repaid for the deprivations endured there, by grateful assurances from some of the gentlemen, who have never forgotten what a comfort our home was to them.

When the troops were concentrating for service in the Everglades, they encamped about one mile from Fort Meyers, there not being sufficient quarters for either officers or men at the post. During the rainy season the storms were frequently so severe and so prolonged that no fires could be lighted or cooking be done in camp. This was especially the case during the cold "northers" peculiar to that time of the year. Pork for the men was cooked in the fort, while the officers

fared as best they could. During this time I kept open house, and the table was always stretched to its full capacity. The officers drew lots for this privilege, and chance decided who should be our guests at breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

The probable, or at least possible, proximity of the Indians confined us closely to the post. Our constitutionals were limited to a long wharf projecting far out into the river. No other walks were permitted, and riding was out of the question. The river, however, afforded another diversion, and we often embarked on the current of the stream in a well-manned barge, and with the oarsmen well armed. On several occasions Indians were discovered on the bank, and by Mr. Hancock's direction I, with my son Russell, would lie down in the bottom of the boat, in which position we were covered with a heavy rubber blanket. In one case the amusing discovery was afterwards made that the stalwart Indians in their flaming red blankets were nothing but poor flamingoes, innocent of any evil intent, and occupied only with efforts to secure a dinner.

The monotony of garrison life was occasionally relieved by the startling sound of the long roll beaten at midnight, as a signal of attack (or supposed attack) from the Indians. Preparations

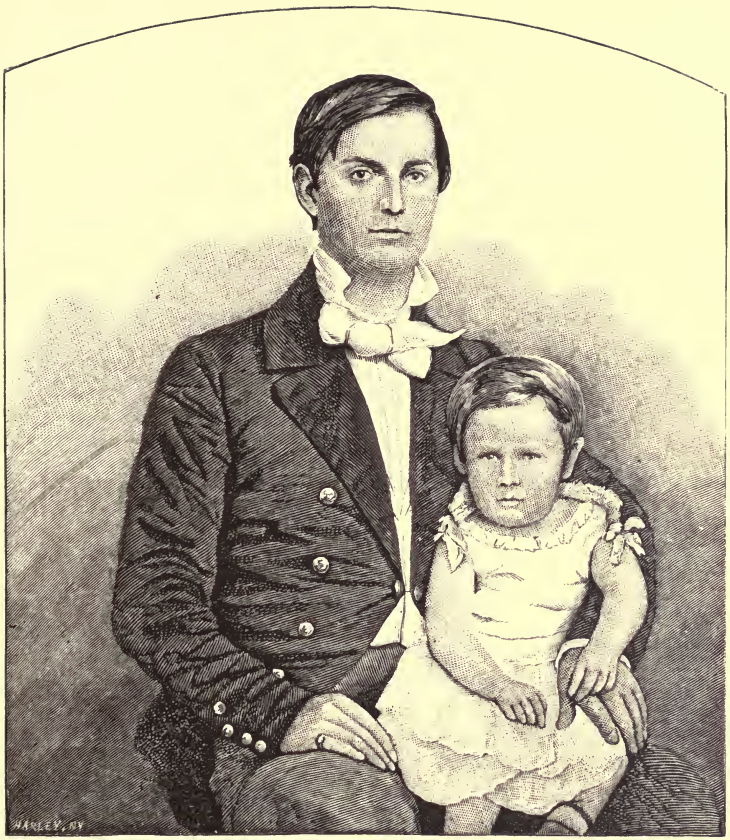
were immediately begun for a transfer to the block-house, and this was to be accomplished in the dark, as the orders prohibiting light in quarters were imperative. To meet such emergency required unusual preparation before retiring each night. One experience of this novel kind made all arrangements plain to the uninitiated. The alarm in every case proved to be false, occasioned by some intoxicated soldier's effort to pass the guard in Indian style, on hands and knees, under the sentry-boxes, which were suspended ten, twelve, or more feet above ground. Every attempt was attended with loss of life to those poor creatures. One of the sentries, a most worthy man, killed his best friend in this way, which so preyed upon his mind as to unfit him ever afterwards for service, and his discharge was recommended. He would desert his post when on guard, asserting that his dead friend appeared to him reproachfully, and he could not understand why others could not see what to him was so real.

General Harney's historically energetic mode of expressing himself when any offense, real or imagined, called for rebuke, was, to say the least, exhaustive, and left no room for doubts as to his exact meaning. When his attention was called to the possibility that my ear might be

offended by such vigorous demonstrations, he would at once pay his respects, and offer, in the courteous and deferential manner which invariably characterized him in the presence of ladies, profound apologies for thus offending; impressing upon me at the same time the utter impossibility of doing otherwise, because he could not reach "those fellows" by using any other phraseology. A memorable and amusing incident occurred that demonstrated his general knowledge of human nature, and his ever-ready resources to meet any occasion. In his employ was a tall, stalwart negro, who had been tempted at intervals to purloin a quantity of the General's wine, and who merited well the penalty that awaited him, should detection follow, as it ultimately did. His alarm was so great that he plunged into the bay, taking good care, however, to keep in sight of those who he knew would come to his rescue. In this way he hoped to excite the sympathy of every one, the General included. The poor creature was soon taken out of the water, apparently unconscious and nearly dead. The usual restoratives were resorted to, such as rolling him over a barrel, etc., but with little success, until the General appeared, with others who had been attracted to the spot. He soon took in the situation, and ordered the men to bring him a heavy barrel stave, to desist

from their own efforts, and let him try a remedy which had never failed in such cases. Suiting the action to the word, he commenced applying the stave to the poor negro's back, and soon brought forth wild yells for mercy. When the General was satisfied of his perfect restoration, he ceased his applications, and remarked, "You will not try to drown yourself very soon again; hey?" And he did not make a second attempt.

A little episode worth repeating, occurred upon one occasion during a council of war, when General Harney ordered the captured Indian women to appear before him for the purpose of extorting from these frightened creatures the secret abode in the Everglades of Billy Bowlegs and his followers; information, by the way, that he was never able to obtain from those faithful squaws, though harsh measures were resorted to. Our little son Russell, then four years of age, was sitting with his father in the midst of this august body, listening with bated breath to General Harney's threat, given through an interpreter, of hanging the pappooses, who were playing at the feet of their mothers unconscious of any danger. Unable longer to endure the suspense, especially when the General brought forth a formidable looking rope, which Russell thought was being used in a very reckless way, he sprang from his seat and commenced



LIEUTENANT HANCOCK AND HIS SON RUSSELL.

pleading piteously for the lives of the little Indian babies. Finding the General inexorable, he finally gave it up, and in deepest grief exclaimed, "Well, if you will hang them, please give me their bows and arrows." This was too much for the equanimity of the council, and too much human nature not to suggest the never-failing old adage, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The General remarked afterwards, "That boy spoilt all our fun, and we had to give it up until another time."

In this forsaken country, prodigal only in the number and variety of venomous snakes and insects of every kind, our sweet child Ada was born—"sole daughter of our house and home." How proudly the father always spoke of her, in his loving way, and how often he expressed his satisfaction "that all things had gone well with us, and we had many inducements to make life worth living, and painful to give up." 'Tis well the waiting shadows had not yet grown from out the gathering darkness.

CHAPTER V.

Ordered back to Fort Leavenworth--Trouble in Kansas—Benden becomes noted as a pugilist—Starting for Utah—Captain Hancock's Journal—Ordered to Benecia, Cal.—Twenty-one hundred miles on mule-back—Anecdote of a mule—Incidents of the long journey — Vigilantes and Anti-Vigilantes — Why General Hancock preferred the Infantry.

THE troubles in Florida had been practically settled, when General Harney was transferred to Fort Leavenworth, Kas., where disturbances of a serious nature were anticipated. Soon after, he applied for Mr. Hancock to join him, who rejoiced to turn his back upon the discomforts and unrestful life which had been ours, during fifteen months of toil and anxious watchfulness in which he was involved throughout the time that military operations were in progress. He joined the troops at Fort Leavenworth, serving in the Quartermaster's Department until March 31, 1858, when he was ordered to accompany General Harney's expedition to Utah, where complications had arisen between the Mormons and the Gentiles.

Life at Fort Leavenworth during the time of the Kansas trouble was not without interest or

novelty. Partisan feeling ran high, and those not in sympathy with armed Federal interference were bitter against us all, placing everyone upon the defensive for self-protection. Few ventured into the little town of Leavenworth without encountering some adventure. Not being a timid woman, fortunately, the novel experience was rather pleasing than otherwise. My husband did not permit me to go unarmed into the town, but relied upon the courage and strength of our sturdy Irish coachman, Benden, to protect me against the annoyances, petty in themselves, that were practiced upon others. On several occasions Benden was forced to come to my rescue, and quick retributive justice was the meed of the offenders, until his fame and presence guaranteed an absolute right of way in all directions and under all circumstances. A repetition of similar annoyances occurred at Weston, Mo., a little town eight miles north of Leavenworth, which gave Benden other opportunities of displaying his pugilistic abilities. These little episodes helped to give spice to our otherwise monotonous life.

Many were the incidents crowded into that eventful winter; too many, indeed, to record; but, perhaps, if its history should ever be written, the survivors, many of whom became eminent on both sides during the late war, will recall the

charm of that garrison, where the cream of our Army in every branch of the service had gathered to organize and equip for the expedition which the troubles in Utah made necessary. During the concentration of troops the garrison was frequently thrown into confusion by one officer taking precedence over another in the selection of quarters. On one occasion it amounted to a ten-strike, the one ball prostrating the whole, and changing the homes of twenty families. Mr. Hancock was made the exception in the great upheaval—a forcible illustration of the advantage of "casting your bread upon the waters," etc. The members of the regiment with which we had served in Florida, that had been ordered to Leavenworth from the South to join the expedition to Utah, and which had caused so much unintentional discomfort, felt that the opportunity had arrived when they could manifest their gratitude for past favors. They resolved that we should not be disturbed, and that the first man who made any demonstration in that direction should be drummed out of the regiment. This decision was formally announced to me by a committee of officers, headed by Colonel William Morris, who long ago, with many of his gallant soldiers, rendered up his last account.

Early in May Brigadier-General Albert Sidney

Johnson started, with an advanced detachment, for Utah, followed by General Harney with reinforcements. Mr. Hancock accompanied this last detachment as quartermaster. Many of the ladies followed their husbands as far as the first day's march (fifteen miles from Leavenworth) before bidding them a final adieu. The following extract is from Mr. Hancock's journal, written before retiring after reaching the first encampment: "I now feel sad enough. We are *en route*, indeed, and I am finally separated from my wife and children, and yet I feel that our expedition will probably result in nothing, and we will return this fall. I was thoughtful enough to put some ice in an old trunk which I found in my attic quarters. It carried well, and after reaching camp I sent some to each mess, keeping enough for one occasion. General Johnson, by way of returning what he considered a favor, produced a bottle of champagne, which, with ice, was quite a luxury when the thermometer had stood at 90° during the day. I retired at 8 o'clock, and felt like sleeping, but have not been able to. The novelty of sleeping in a tent, which I have not done for so long a time, and the luxurious habits I have fostered, seemed to unfit me for sleep in the camp. So here I am, some hours after midnight, inscribing my new situation."

His journal, which faithfully recorded on that long march the difficulties connected with his duties as quartermaster, and the responsibilities which a train of 128 wagons, five ambulances and 1,000 mules involved, told plainly of the weariness of mind and physical fatigue that he endured each day. A disappointment awaited him when General Harney's recall came and the troops were distributed to different posts. Mr. Hancock was ordered to transfer the public property then in his charge to his successor, and to report to Colonel Andrews, commanding at Fort Bridger, where he found his entire regiment, the Sixth Infantry, united for the first time in sixteen years. Instead of returning to Fort Leavenworth, as the regiment expected, its destination was left to General Johnson, who decided that they must go to Benecia, Cal. Then again devolved upon Mr. Hancock the arduous duties of organizing his part of the expedition, selecting stores and having them packed, hiring teamsters, herdsmen and other employees. The season being so far advanced, it was doubtful whether the expedition would succeed in crossing the Sierra Nevadas without encountering heavy snow-storms. He wrote each day a detailed account of his march, which records he found valuable afterwards when preparing his report. His letters contain statistics and accurate

descriptions of the country through which he marched; where to find wood, water and grass, and much similar valuable information.

From Fort Leavenworth to Fort Bridger the distance is 1,000 miles; from Fort Bridger to Benecia, Cal., 1,119; total distance 2,128 miles, and this was covered by Mr. Hancock on mule-back. A drawing accompanied one of his letters, which depicted him in the ludicrous situation of being tossed over the mule's head. The bruises which the third accident of this nature produced were so disabling as to confine him to his ambulance for days and bring down hot wrath upon his mulish tormentor, who was consigned to hard labor until the journey's end, when death overtook him. The journal before me records the sagacity of this same animal. The poor creature was suffering intensely from the bite of a snake (supposed to be an adder), and just before death, while several gentlemen were sitting around the quartermaster's tent, he deliberately came up, walked into the tent, and with difficulty could be gotten out. The suffering animal seemed to know that Mr. Hancock was the quartermaster, that he was supplied with medicines for the "like of him," and he wanted his share. After petting him a while, Mr. Hancock said, "You must go; I don't know what to do for you." The mule then walked

to the wagon and looked in, seeming to think the quartermaster had been deceiving him, and then slowly moved along the entire line of officers' tents, as if demanding from each assistance, or bidding them good-bye before he died. No one had ever seen an animal display so much sagacity, nor did this incident soon pass out of their minds.

Onward, day after day, for four months was the weary march continued, accomplishing twenty-five, twenty-nine and as many as thirty-six miles a day. With the watchfulness necessary to fulfill a great charge, one cannot convey an idea of the difficulties to be overcome, and the nervous prostration that followed. Yet his journal was carefully prepared in every minute detail before retiring each night, and put in shape to post, if an opportunity presented, on the following day. There was much of interest to one traveling for the first time through such a wild and picturesque country, peopled only here and there, and where many indications pointed to the existence of gold, silver and other ores of value. The class of men and women who inhabited these small settlements was peculiar to that region, and their characteristics were such as were totally unknown east of the Rocky Mountains. These people and their habits amused our troops so long as they remained disinterested spectators, but they realized fully

how formidable an enemy these pioneers would make were they antagonized. From one of my husband's letters I will quote his impressions as they were recorded.

"*October 20, 1858, Company in Camp in Eagle Valley*.—We followed up the valley of Carson River and came to a steep rocky hill. In eight-tenths of a mile are the gold-diggings and a few houses, principally occupied by Chinamen engaged in trading and digging gold. A few of the Chinamen could speak English quite well. I thought better of the Chinamen after seeing these specimens. They were hired, I was told, by a company to bring water from Carson River into the mouth of 'Gold Cañon.' After digging many miles they fancied the ditch was running up-hill. They then stopped work and built a town (if you can call their establishment a town). A party was given to us by the residents of this place, who are Vigilantes. This was in opposition to the 'Grand Military Ball' to be given to us in 'Genoa' to-morrow night. Some of the principal men of the town came over to *kall* on me and invite me to *kall* on and see their wives, who would be at the ball. Every one was saving himself for the ball to-morrow night to be given by the Anti-Vigilantes. Finding that no one was going, I induced two or three officers to go with me. We went in, and were immediately introduced to the principal 'ladies' of the place. There were two tallow candles in the room, one at each end. The house in which the party was given was a new one, not entirely shingled, so that you could see the heavens above. It was unplastered, and looked like a barn. In a few minutes I heard that one of the officers had been knocked down on the outside of the house and nearly killed by some one. This hastened our departure a few *minutes only*. I have seen enough of Carson Valley parties. Our object in going was merely to show the people that we had no prejudice against, or in favor of, either of the two factions into which the population was divided. I danced a quadrille with the principal married lady of the place, and I have reason to believe that my vis-à-vis was one of my teamsters. Fine, eh!

Well, you can imagine I have not gotten over my chagrin. The march was resumed on the following day in the midst of a snow-storm, which covered the mountains and the plain, and rendered the march laborious and unprofitable by loss of mules from cold, exposure and other casualties."

In the following letter he writes:

"It is natural that you should wish to hear of the ball given by the Anti-Vigilantes the night following the experience of which I wrote you in my last. I did not go, having done my duty and full share the evening before. It was a funny ball. Lieutenant Higgins was dancing with a woman (lady, so-called), and the conversation turned on the division of parties—Vigilantes and Anti-Vigilantes—and the state of the country generally. She remarked 'that she ought to be dissatisfied, as her husband had been hung only three weeks before.' His name was Lucky Bill, a notoriously desperate character, noted only for his cruelties, and the universal verdict in that part of the country is that he well merited the punishment that overtook him."

It will be observed that these weary and foot-sore soldiers were not very fastidious in their search for diversion; indeed, they were quite willing to utilize their resting moments in any and every way that presented, so as to annihilate time, and vary the interest and incident of this long four months' march through the desert. The physical drudgery pertaining to the infantry arm of the service upon so long a tramp cannot be conceived by those who have not experienced the difficulties to be overcome.

This recalls a reply I once received from my husband to an inquiry as to why he preferred the

infantry to any other arm of the service. "Because I am only a soldier. This resting fancifully upon my guns, or making guns for others to shoot with, though somebody *must* do it, or being a professor at West Point, as you desired, is all well enough, and there must be capable officers to perform such duty, but it does not belong to me." Well did he understand himself. Such talent and acquirements did not belong to him—he required broader fields for his nervous, energetic character, otherwise his profession would have become irksome and profitless.

CHAPTER VI.

A two months' leave of absence—Life in Washington—Mrs. Joe. Johnston—Major Robert E. Lee—The start for California—Arrival at Aspinwall—An overloaded vessel—The fight on the boat—Ordered to Los Angeles—An exciting eighteen mile stage drive.

UPON arriving at Benecia he found awaiting him a leave of absence, and soon returned to the East, by way of the Isthmus, for the purpose of escorting his family back again to the Pacific coast. A short sojourn of two months, most delightfully spent in Washington City, brought him to the close of this indulgence.

As I refer to those days, so rich in memories and reminiscences of men and women who at that time occupied the most honorable and distinguished positions in the Government, and who were destined to play so important a part in the great drama that soon followed, I may be pardoned if I digress a little in giving them a passing notice. Miss Harriet Lane, mistress of the White House, with her personal charms and courtly manners, was a universal favorite, and did great credit to Mr. Buchanan's administration. Mrs.

Davis, wife of the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, whom I well remember, was endowed with many remarkable qualities that made her eminently fitted to be a presiding genius, and her entertainments brought together the most cultivated class of Washington society. Mrs. Joe. Johnston was another shining light in that great Capital, a person of unusual intelligence, and quick at repartee, which made her most fascinating in conversation. Her charming reunions are long to be remembered by those who were admitted within this charmed circle. Our happiness that winter was complete, and we left Washington with sincere regret and the most agreeable impressions.

How well I remember General Robert E. Lee, then a major, who was stationed there at that time. He was the beau ideal of a soldier and a gentleman. When bidding us "good-by" and "godspeed," upon the eve of our departure, he said to me: "I understand that you contemplate deserting your post, which is by your husband's side, and that you are not going to California with him. If you will pardon me, I should like to give you a little advice. You must not think of doing this. As one considerably older than Hancock, and having had greater experience, I consider it fatal to the future happiness of young married

people, upon small provocation, to live apart, either for a short or long time. The result is invariably that they cease to be essential to each other. Now promise me that you will not permit him to sail without you."

The sequel shows how faithfully I sought to follow that noble man's admonition, and how often in my varied experience I had occasion to transmit to others his disinterested, truthful convictions. With many regrets we bade adieu to a host of friends, most of whom I never saw again. Not so with my husband, however. He met them face to face on the battle-field in less than three years.

The day appointed for the sailing of the California steamer was the 27th of April. As this came upon Friday, it deterred many from sailing, and frightened off a number of our party, whom we did not urge to a reconsideration, deciding that sixteen women and children (families of brother-officers stationed on the Pacific coast), who had been placed under the care of my husband, involved quite as much responsibility as should be put upon one man. From the moment of starting, everything portended an eventful journey. From New York to Havana, our vessel, the *St. Louis*, was greatly overcrowded, having on board eleven hundred and fifty passengers. That knowledge

alone caused mutterings of a decided character. At different coaling places we received accessions to our numbers. Relief came only when we stepped upon terra firma at Aspinwall, for a few hours, before starting across the Isthmus for Panama. There we were detained on the bridge overhanging the Chagres River fourteen hours, with the thermometer ranging from 90° to 100° in the shade, and warned not to drink the water without dilution. Thanks to Mr. Hancock's forethought, we were well supplied with ice, claret and lemons. Hundreds of others, however, were famishing for a cool drink, and had to pay the penalty ; possibly losing their lives from lack of experience. The situation was in other respects a very uncomfortable one. It was trying to the nerves to recall the horrible massacre committed upon this same spot by the natives, led on by negro guards, involving every passenger who came over on the steamer preceding our own. We found the guards very insolent and unbearable, but the gentlemen were fully armed, and prepared for an assault. Such discomfort and danger could all have been avoided had the Transfer Company been in readiness to convey passengers at once, instead of permitting the delays which invariably occurred, attended as they were with so much suffering and danger.

Our troubles were not to end here. After reaching the steamer *Golden Gate*, on the Pacific side, our peace of mind was utterly destroyed by the information imparted to us and others by Captain Whiting, that he was carrying seventeen hundred and fifty passengers, remarking, "God knows what will become of us all in the event of disaster." Our horror can well be conceived; nor was it difficult to conjecture the fate that awaited every soul should any accident take place. It was not long before this fact became generally known, and the indignation against the captain was extreme, being manifested by the number of meetings held denunciatory of his reckless manner, of placing so many human beings in such a perilous position. Upon every occasion Mr. Hancock would appear as peacemaker, throwing the responsibility upon others, where, in his opinion, it properly belonged.

The secret of the captain's imprudence, doubtless, was his indulgence to the steerage and second-cabin passengers, who were allowed access to every part of the vessel, much to the annoyance and inconvenience of first-cabin passengers. Whenever complaints were carried to the captain, by those who claimed the right to remonstrate, the steerage passengers would reciprocate by threatening and denouncing those whom they considered instrumental in the effort to confine them

to their proper places. Unfortunately Mr. Hancock came under their ban; unjustly so, for in no instance did he unite with those who were resisting such innovations. He was utterly unconscious of the revengeful feeling that had been growing against him below decks, until notified by a young man from the steerage, that he was looked upon suspiciously, and that he had come quietly to put him on his guard, remarking at the same time: "You once, Captain, did me a great favor when I was in your employ, and now my opportunity has come to serve you. Those fellows down-stairs are organizing, and propose to give you a ducking in the sea, or something worse. Last night I quieted them by making a speech, telling them they had better be sure of their man, and that I knew you were not the one. Still, you had better be watchful, as they are a bad lot of men to handle. If there is any fighting to be done, consider me on your side." Mr. Hancock assured him of his non-interference with the steerage passengers, but he wished it understood, and the sooner the better, that he was not afraid of them, and would be prepared to meet them whenever they were ready. The crisis soon came. The following morning, before breakfast, Mr. Hancock was called to the upper deck in haste to protect our little son of nine years from an assault

which had been made upon him by six villains, who had tried to injure him by dragging the child by the hair of the head from one end of the deck to the other. He was not many moments in routing this party, and forcing them by his determined bearing to stand before him in presence of several hundred passengers. He warned them, at their peril, never to approach him, and never again to lay their hands upon his child, or he would kill every man who attempted it. This salutary lesson had the desired effect for the rest of the voyage. Yet we fully realized that a smoldering volcano was alive beneath us. Captain Whiting remarked, and others also, that they had never witnessed "a fiercer assault and quicker rout than that one, without lock, stock or barrel in sight." Yet every man was armed with a knife, and of course Mr. Hancock, also, was well prepared to defend himself.

Pages might be filled with the recital of similar controversies and sensational occurrences, but like all things, pleasant and unpleasant, it had an ending, and through God's mercy we were permitted to reach our destination, San Francisco, on May 23. Yet for us rest had not come. The order transferring Mr. Hancock to Los Angeles, five hundred miles distant on the southern coast, was found awaiting him, and at the same time he was in-

formed by Colonel Swords, the Chief Quartermaster, that the regular steamer, *Senator*, which plied up and down the coast, was in readiness to start upon her voyage that afternoon. This information decided him to avail himself of the present opportunity, for if lost it would occasion him a delay of two weeks, as the boat made but two trips monthly. Our transfer from one vessel to another being effected, we were soon again upon the ocean, *en route* for our new home. After a rough voyage of thirty-six hours, the little *Senator* cast anchor three miles distant from Wilmington, there to await the coming of a still smaller steamer, which conveyed the passengers to shore.

After a short delay a Concord coach was made ready for the wild ride before us of eighteen miles to Los Angeles, behind six untamed California ponies, two of which had never before been in harness. The conditions were anything but promising, and after earnest protest from my husband against riding behind such a lawless team with his family, it was made plain to him that there was no alternative, "unless he remained upon the beach all night," as General Banning, the generalissimo of that section, expressed it. From the start, with lash applied, these horses were on the run, the General assuring us there was no danger under his skillful handling, and promising

a safe delivery of his precious charge, which was faithfully performed.

One soon became imbued with that reckless sense of adventure and disregard of life that was nowhere experienced more than in California, attributable partly to social conditions, and in part perhaps to the exhilarating influences of that delightful climate. The later return to the methodical, quiet, conventional habits practiced in the "States," was a contrast unendurable for a time, and suggested the possibility that the world on this side was indulging in a Rip Van Winkle sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

Description of Los Angeles—Amusements—Coyotes interfere with lunch—Adventure with a drunken Indian—Church services—A Spanish demonstration—Indian etiquette—A Fourth of July celebration.

LOS ANGELES in 1858–59 was not the Los Angeles of to-day; now it contains 25,000 inhabitants, then it boasted of 4,000. Its main street was lined on both sides with adobe houses of true Spanish type, and not very many of them; but the surrounding country, with its beautiful hills and valleys, its snow-capped mountains and variegated fields, was unsurpassably charming. The American colony at that time was small, not numbering a baker's dozen; yet they knew how to live and make the most of the life, that had much to offer for those who sought it. Not long, however, was accorded to us the privilege of rest and opportunity to investigate our new home and surroundings. Our little daughter was at once taken ill with Panama fever, contracted on the Isthmus, and for six weeks her recovery was considered doubtful. Among strangers, in a strange land, was it a matter of surprise that I also should

have succumbed to fatigue and anxiety after the ordeal I had gone through! My unfortunate illness added to the perplexities that environed my husband in entering upon so large and important a field of duty, necessitating his absence from home, often for days at a time. What words can express my appreciation of the cherished friends that were raised up to us in that hour of darkness and despair; friends who never tired of well-doing, who contributed so much to our relief, and added so much to our future happiness and contentment, during Mr. Hancock's three years of service in California.

The little town of Los Angeles presented nothing of interest in itself, being too small to attract or sustain public amusements of any kind. We were not without diversions, however, such as should satisfy every reasonable desire. With a lady friend I would frequently drive to the seashore, some eighteen miles distant, where we would gather moss and shells on the beach. Our driver was supplied with several revolvers, with which he would keep at bay the coyotes while we were boiling our coffee and preparing our luncheon. The odor of the coffee seemed to attract these cowardly animals in great numbers, and their howls and cries made a weird and rather unpleasant accompaniment to our meal.

Yet this added attraction to the novelty of the situation, which was more than half the enjoyment experienced upon these excursions.

The absence of a daily mail was a source of regret, and we often wished it otherwise, as the distance seemed to be lengthened, in consequence, between us and our loved ones at home. The population consisted principally of Spaniards, a few rough American adventurers, and many Indians of a low order, who were treacherous and required watching, and were at times very disorderly. This recalls to my mind a very unpleasant predicament, in which I was wakened from a sound sleep and found myself placed upon the defensive. The door and window of our bedroom opened on a low piazza, easy of access from the street. I saw within two feet of my bed a drunken Indian striving with all his might to unloose the window blinds. After each attempt he would peer cautiously within, then resume his determined efforts to force the window. I recognized at once that the safety of myself and children depended upon my ability to keep him at bay until Mr. Hancock's return. I felt more reassured after possessing myself of a six-shooter, removing the light to one side, and placing myself in a position to command the window. Thus I sat for one hour, hoping every moment for

a release, until the well-known footstep of my husband announced that it had come. One moment afterwards the irresponsible wretch was flung into the street and chastised until well sobered. Incidents of this kind were not infrequent, but were soon forgotten, as they rather added interest to the ever-varying scenes of this one side of life known to but few, yet possessing an attractiveness which partly disqualified one for appreciating any other.

The majority of the community were Spaniards, naturally strong adherents of the Catholic Church, and they made no concealment of their dislike and disapproval of every attempt to establish a Protestant Church. The absence of a place of worship was keenly felt by the little colony of which I was a member. When the Rev. Mr. Boardman, of Philadelphia, arrived in Los Angeles for the improvement of his health, he proposed to hold services every Sunday morning and evening, for the benefit of the dozen faithful. I gladly volunteered to preside over the organ which was sent from San Francisco, and soon organized a quartet which would have done credit to any choir. These services were held in a long room appropriated for the city courts, and in a little while our congregation was all that one could desire, for numbers were attracted by the interest-

ing and beautiful services. A few ladies, earnest church workers, succeeded by zealous and continuous efforts in building a church, but before completion it unfortunately had to be sold as a Jewish Synagogue. This was caused by the dispersion of the congregation, by death or otherwise. I have often cried out, "Why should this have been!" The answer comes, "He doeth according to His will, and none can stay His hand, and say unto Him, why doest thou?"

The presidential election was impending, and excitement ran high. In Mr. Hancock's opinion the situation was pregnant with danger in the event of Mr. Lincoln's success. This conviction caused him much uneasiness, which he did not hesitate to express; but few believed it possible that the South had the intention of actually seceding from the Union. In the absence of railroads, telegraph lines, and even direct overland mails, tidings were meagre, and slow in reaching the Pacific coast. The suspense in the interval can well be imagined. Portentous rumblings came from the East, and from the utterances of those around him, a majority of whom were Southern sympathizers, Mr. Hancock concluded that rebellion was imminent, and the extent of this rebellion he seemed to foresee intuitively. The reckless character of the large portion of the population composing the Disunion-

ists, most of them adventurers, willingly participating in any movement which presented opportunities to themselves, made the situation very hazardous. The Spanish element was in entire sympathy with the project to establish an independent Pacific republic, and it was understood that they had actually raised the "Bear" flag in one of the adjacent towns. The Spaniards in that region indicated their desire for war in a novel way, and by an old and time-honored custom, as I afterwards learned. Eight or twelve horsemen in full regalia would form a line, riding slowly past the offender's house (in this case the offender being Mr. Hancock, as the representative of the United States Government), with heads turned in a menacing manner. I enjoyed this picturesque spectacle until warned of its significance as indicative of future mischief. On the second appearance of this troop my husband assumed a defiant manner that was not to be mistaken. The situation was critical, and the fact became more apparent each day that a struggle for supremacy was impending. Mr. Hancock believed that it was only deferred by the prompt measures he had taken for the protection of the Government property, which consisted of supplies and munitions of war. These were very insecurely stored within a short distance of our residence, and afforded a tempting opportunity

for the insurgents. Upon the receipt of information that it was the purpose of these people to possess themselves of this material, he began his preparations for defense, by concealing the boxes of arms and ammunition under innumerable bags of grain, and in addition, placing his wagons in such a position as to improvise a quite formidable barricade, behind which he intended to contest every foot of ground, aided by the few loyal friends who promised their support, at a given signal, in case of emergency. Fearing a personal assault upon himself, a very possible event, as he was the only United States official within a hundred miles of Los Angeles he collected a small arsenal of twenty Derringers within his own house, in readiness for use at a moment's notice, relying upon my assistance to prevent his capture, should the attempt be made. I was at the time a pretty good shot, having been taught the use of fire-arms while in Florida, a necessary accomplishment in that country, and I felt quite equal to the confidence reposed in me. The preparations that were made fortunately sufficed to prevent the threatened outbreak.

Previous to this excitement, the Mojave Indians had been giving the troops much trouble, but had been finally subdued. After peace had been established, as a matter of policy the chiefs and

other prominent Indians were invited to visit the Quartermaster in Los Angeles, as they had already been much impressed with the grandeur of his formidable train of wagons. On arrival they were formally escorted to the residence of the big chief. When passing the large market building, which had just been completed, they turned to go in, thinking it was in keeping with his great wealth, etc. Their disappointment was evident when they reached the modest little cottage, minus one gable-end, a result of the heavy rains. They gave three audible grunts, and shook their heads dubiously, that so great a man should live in so humble a manner. As soon, however, as they were taken to their tents, pitched in the corral, within a short distance of the house, and there viewed the great possessions of the Quartermaster's Department, their increased respect was apparent. Jack, a bright young Indian, who spoke a little English, and who was the heir-apparent of the Mojave chieftainship, exclaimed, "Much mulie and wagon, much pork and beanie, *house no goodie*," pointing toward the Captain's home, with evident discontent. In music they evinced much interest, and, if possible, would keep me at the piano, or "music table," so called by them, from early dawn until night. Upon one occasion, when I was entertaining these dusky

friends with "The Girl I left Behind Me," and other airs with which they were familiar, from having heard them played by drummers and fifers, at Fort Mojave, I was nearly overcome, upon completing the performance, to find half of the Indians in as complete a *deshabille* as possible to conceive, some making strenuous efforts to force their legs into the sleeves of some gaudy shirts that had been presented to them, others trying on hats, and making their toilet in numerous ways. It was time for me to make an exit, and to have the miserable creatures sent away, as they were having altogether too good a time at our expense. The principal decoration used upon these Indians' heads was mud. I have seen them sit an hour beside a puddle of water saturating their hair, and separating it in thick strands to dry. It was some time before the Quartermaster could make them understand that their visit must have an ending, and when it came they marched in Indian file through the town, decked out in his discarded dressing robes, hats and uniform, much to the merriment of those who witnessed the departure.

All the while the secession movement was in progress, which determined the Union element to arrange a plan to make such a display as should overawe the opposition. A squadron of United States cavalry was ordered from Fort Tehone, one

hundred miles away, which, added to the gathering, from all directions, of Union men, made quite a respectable, if not a very formidable, procession. It was at this time, the 4th of July, 1860, that Mr. Hancock made his maiden speech, a strong and impressive, if not eloquent, appeal to his countrymen not to separate themselves from the common memories and interests which had so long bound them together. Whether this 4th of July celebration had any effect upon the disturbances I cannot say, but it was generally considered to have quieted for a time the rising spirit of dissatisfaction, which was assuming an importance manifestly not illusory.

This recalls to mind another occasion, when General Hancock felt called upon to entertain a half-dozen Sioux chieftains, who were *en route* to Washington for a visit to their Great Father, President Pierce. The open piano at once claimed their attention, and was closely inspected with evident curiosity, though not expressed by word or gesture—Indian-like. When this was observed, I was requested to give them some music, which seemed to have "power to soothe the savage," for immediately negotiations commenced through an interpreter to purchase the "big Captain's" squaw, along with the "music table." Beads, robes and blankets were first offered for the exchange. When

the "big Captain" rejected these, supposing the inducements were not sufficient, they added ponies to an increased number of robes,and trinkets of all kinds. Their indignation and dissatisfaction were apparent, and quickly made evident by their leaving the house in Indian file, without a glance here nor there, seeming deaf to the interpreter's appeals to return.

CHAPTER VIII.

News of the fall of Sumter—Mr. Hancock applies to be ordered East—General Albert Sidney Johnston—Feeling in the West—The parting at Los Angeles—Incidents of the voyage from San Francisco to New York—Startling rumors.

WHEN the news of the fall of Sumter reached the Pacific coast, Mr. Hancock applied to be relieved and ordered home, but his application was totally ignored. After waiting a reasonable time he made another request to General Scott, and wrote at the same time to the Postmaster-General, Montgomery Blair, whom he then regarded as a friend, asking for his influence with Mr. Lincoln to obtain the desired order. After a long silence the order came, but in the interval, fearing his application would meet with the same fate as before, he told me that it was his intention to offer his services to Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania. Whether he actually took this step or not I cannot now recall, but before he could possibly have heard from the Governor he had been ordered to report for duty in Washington, preparatory to his assignment as Chief Quarter-

master on the staff of General Robert Anderson, commanding the Union forces in the State of Ohio.

It is with sadness that I revert to those days of trial, when the hearts of some of our gallant officers were torn almost asunder by the conflicting passions of fidelity to their country and to their State, the sovereignty of which they were educated to believe superior to all other. Full allowances must be made for the brave men of the South, who were as honest in their convictions as the bravest on the side of the Union. Many conferences were held in our home in Los Angeles, between my husband and the Southern officers, who were urged by their relatives and friends to resign their commissions and offer their services to their own States, as otherwise they would be regarded as renegades throughout the South. They sought the advice of my husband, hoping to receive from him some comfort or encouragement, but he could give none, and would say to those dear friends, Armistead, Garnett, Pickett, and a host of others whom he loved: "I can give you no advice, as I shall not fight upon the principle of State-rights, but for the Union, whole and undivided, as I do not and will not belong to a country formed of principalities. I cannot sympathize with you; you must be

guided by your own convictions, and I hope you will make no mistakes." Thus drifting along, they hoped for a peaceful solution of the impending difficulties; but their fate was finally decided by the attempted separation of the Southern States.

At that time I was in San Francisco, and had occasion to visit the Headquarters of General Albert Sidney Johnston, who was in command on the Pacific coast. He met me that morning, and said, with tears in his eyes: "You are not aware that General Sumner was among the passengers who arrived on the steamer this morning, and who came to me unannounced, expecting to catch me in treasonable intentions. I have not yet seen him, but I understand that he has been sent out to relieve me of my command." I replied, "General, you are morbidly sensitive, I think, and hasty in your conclusions." "I hope that I have been, but why was the General's name omitted in the passenger list, that was sent by the overland mail? If my suspicions are correct, I shall at once resign, and God knows what then. I had intended to remain where I am, as my wife is so opposed to my giving up a certainty for an uncertainty."

It was soon known that General Johnston had resigned. There are many loyal men and women

still living who are cognizant of these facts, and can certify to General Johnston's loyal and determined efforts to protect the Pacific coast as long as he remained in the service of the United States. He employed every means within his reach, as any Northern soldier would have done. His treatment was denounced by both sides, and the unwarrantable suspicion shown by the Government was considered humiliating and discreditable.

General Johnston moved with his family to Los Angeles, believing it might be within the power of his brother-in-law, Dr. Griffin, who was a prominent physician of that lower country, to assist him in some practical way in the support of his family, which consisted of his wife and five children; but he found it impossible to succeed, and finally concluded to join a few officers who were *en route* for the South, and go with them as far as Texas, where he proposed to establish himself upon an old ranch that had once been his home, and later to send for his family. Fate decreed otherwise. Upon reaching the spot that was once called home, there was nothing left but the ground: all had been devastated. His letters to his wife at this time, extracts of which were read to me, indicated a hopeless and desperate state of mind, which ultimately placed him in the position that

he and his devoted wife had tried hard to resist, she urging him to remember his age, and the dependent condition in which he would leave his family in the event of his death, a contingency which was soon after realized.

A never-to-be-forgotten evening was the one spent at our home by the officers who were to start upon their overland trip to the South at 12 o'clock that night. General and Mrs. Johnston were of the party. Before leaving, the General said to his wife, "Come, sing me one or two of the old songs you used to sing, 'Mary of Argyle,' and 'Kathleen Mavourneen.'" She complied reluctantly in the presence of such an audience, saying, with deep emotion, that she felt as though her music days were over. Those songs will ever be remembered by the survivors of that mournful gathering. All were endeavoring to conceal, under smiling exteriors, hearts that were filled with sadness over the sundering of life-long ties, and doubts as to the result of their sacrifice. The most crushed of the party was Major Armistead, who, with tears, which were contagious, streaming down his face, and hands upon Mr. Hancock's shoulders, while looking him steadily in the eye, said, "Hancock, good-by ; you can never know what this has cost me, and I hope God will strike me dead if I am ever induced to leave my native soil, should worse

come to worst." Turning to me, he placed a small satchel in my hand, requesting that it should not be opened except in the event of his death, in which case the souvenirs it contained, with the exception of a little prayer-book, intended for me, and which I still possess, should be sent to his family. On the fly-leaf of this book is the following: "Lewis A. Armistead. Trust in God and fear nothing." At the same time he presented Mr. Hancock with a new major's uniform, saying that "he might sometime need it." This particular promotion never came to him, as he jumped the grades from captain to brigadier-general. Armistead died in the way that he prayed for. I, as well as my husband, believed that he courted the death that finally came to him at Gettysburg, for I have often heard it related how bravely he came to the front of his brigade, waving his sword, and how he was shot through the body, and fell within our lines, asking to be taken to Hancock's tent. At the same moment my husband had fallen with what was supposed, at the time, to be a mortal wound. Three out of the six from whom we parted on that evening in Los Angeles were killed in front of General Hancock's troops, and others wounded.

The orders taking us from Los Angeles soon followed, and, with burdened hearts, we parted

from those dear friends, and abandoned a home which it was not our privilege to enjoy again for four weary and anxious years, for during that period I was permitted to be with my husband but nine months all told.

Before setting sail for San Francisco, General Banning had prepared for the christening of a little steamboat, nearly completed, to be called, for our daughter, *Ada Hancock*, who performed the usual interesting ceremonies, although but five and a half years of age. The boat was to be used for the purpose of transporting passengers from the beach to the steamers, which usually anchored three miles away. From some cause the *Ada Hancock*, while conveying a large party of ladies and gentlemen from Los Angeles and San Francisco to the steamer, blew up, killing the majority of the passengers, and injuring others so seriously that they died afterwards. Mrs. Sidney Johnston's eldest son was numbered among the victims. This untoward event occurred soon after our departure, and caused much sadness and regret.

We sailed from San Francisco during the last week of August, 1861. The voyage to Panama was devoid of incident, but made comfortable by the small number of passengers; the contrast being quite delightful between the out-going and homeward-bound trips. Our vessel had barely cast

MISS ADA HANCOCK.

anchor in Panama Bay before Mr. Hancock, in his eagerness to learn the latest war news, induced two sailors to row him ashore, and was soon rewarded by receiving from an American gentleman the latest Eastern papers (two weeks old, however), containing an account of the battle of Wilson's Creek, where General Lyon and so many of his brave men yielded up their lives. So soon as it was ascertained that a paper containing important news was in Mr. Hancock's possession, a rush was made for him. He invited all to adjourn to the dining cabin, and there he read aloud the latest accounts of Lyon's fight, which filled every one with awe and anxiety, no one being quite able to grasp the new situation, so rapid had been the march of events. Among the over-anxious passengers who could not resist their impatience, but stood behind Mr. Hancock, endeavoring to read beyond him, was an elderly lady whom we did not know. Finally, she anxiously inquired : "Do you see anything in that paper, sir, about my son? Pray tell me, and relieve my anxiety." In response Mr. Hancock begged that she would inform him who her son was. She answered, "General B. F. Butler." After search, the announcement came that he was safe.

Upon reaching Aspinwall it was understood that a Confederate vessel was cruising around, in

hopes of capturing the California steamer *Champion*, reported to be carrying an unusual amount of gold, which report was correct. The Government had provided a convoy, and we started, feeling secure under the protection of a United States frigate. She left us, however, after a few days' voyage, mystified as to the whereabouts of the dreaded cruiser, for she had been sighted many times before the sailing of the *Champion*. It was known afterwards that all that saved us was an accident occurring to the Confederate steamer, which disabled her and prevented a successful chase.

Before reaching Cape Hatteras we were startled by the appearance of a steamer whose movements were, to say the least, very suspicious. Not only did she show great speed, rapidly overhauling us, but she made no answer to Captain McGowen's signals, and we soon concluded that the enemy was upon us. The scene in the cabin was one of terror, ladies fainting, wringing their hands and crying aloud. On deck it was more serious. The captain ordered every light upon the ship to be put out, and preparations were made to meet the attack which was momentarily expected. The Government had supplied the vessel with arms and ammunition for self-protection against the cruisers that were then infesting the sea, relying

upon the passengers to assist in the defense. Mr. Hancock had organized a company from among the deck and steerage passengers, and drilled them every day. On our ship were quite a number of old Army friends who had resigned for the purpose of going South, and who enjoyed hugely the joke in connection with this "scrub company," and reminded my husband of the enemy in the rear that he would have to fight. "What, you fellows?" said he. "Oh, I shall take care to place you very soon out of harm's way. I give myself no uneasiness about that." Fortunately no occasion arose to test this forced confidence, for the pursuing steamer soon after answered the signals, and proved to be one of our own ships, whose commander was simply amusing himself by giving us a scare. The indignation among the passengers was great when the truth became known, and Captain McGowen's rage was boundless. We met with no further adventures, and reached New York in safety.

Upon nearing Sandy Hook our vessel was boarded by a pilot, and with him came the rumor that we were to be inspected by Government detectives, who had reason to believe that there were a number of Army or ex-Army officers on board bound for the South. If so, they were to be arrested for treason. After this information

our friends were not long in changing their minds and destination, and were rowed ashore, landing in close proximity to the cars on the Jersey side; an unnecessary precaution, as it was ascertained upon reaching the wharf that the disquieting rumor was unfounded. Indeed, the air was filled with startling sensations, improbable to a degree, yet implicitly believed and widely circulated until they became accepted as facts. It was under these circumstances that we arrived in New York, with the intention of spending two days for the purpose of recuperating and replenishing our wardrobe, which had been depleted by the theft of a large chest, containing everything of value in wearing apparel belonging to each member of the family. This box had been prepared before leaving Los Angeles, sealed ready to express from San Francisco to New York, but we were relieved of all further trouble by having it carried off at Santa Barbara, between Los Angeles and San Francisco, by one of the Spanish women passengers. It could have easily been recovered had a proper effort been made, but time was not allowed for the search.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival in Washington—Mr. Hancock promoted to be a Brigadier-General—Social life in Washington—Mr. Stanton—Trying to pass through the lines—Mr. Dana.

WITHOUT opportunity or a day's delay we were required to start for Washington on the first train, expecting, from rumor, which grew less plausible as we neared our destination, to find the Capital, as was then believed in New York, almost within the grasp of the Confederates, and all bridges to the approach burned. We found, on the contrary, the entire route as calm as a summer sea, but the stir within Washington itself was bewildering, indicating fully that the strife was in progress, and the struggle, it was believed, would be short, sharp and decisive. Mr. Hancock arrived in Washington with the determination of not remaining upon General Anderson's staff as Quartermaster, should the Secretary of War still intend that assignment, believing that he could serve with more distinction and efficiency in the volunteer service than in the regular Army, in that capacity. General McClellan, however, that great

soldier so often misrepresented and misjudged, soon heard of my husband's arrival in Washington, and sent his chief of staff, General Marcy, to him, requesting that he would remain quietly in the hotel (Willard's) until such time as he, General McClellan, would be able to talk with him upon the subject of his promotion to a brigadier-generalcy. The General expressed his intention to recommend Mr. Hancock for this grade, and to make his request to President Lincoln without delay. The leap from a captaincy to the grade of brigadier-general appeared incredible, and I so expressed myself to an officer, himself a newly fledged brigadier, who replied: "That's all right; but if a cannon were fired down Pennsylvania Avenue it would strike a hundred or more newly created brigadiers." This announcement somewhat dampened the ardor and pride to which I had yielded, at what I supposed was an exclusive compliment bestowed upon Mr. Hancock; nevertheless, it was a compliment, so recognized by himself and friends, and greatly appreciated for the opportunities it afforded, which might have been long in coming had he at once united himself with the volunteer service, and gone into the field as a colonel. This, however, at the outbreak of the war, was the height of his ambition. I have often heard him say that he cared for no

GENERAL HANCOCK. (TAKEN DURING THE WAR.)

greater opportunity than to go into action as the colonel of a fine regiment.

At 10 o'clock in the evening on the day of our arrival, Mr. Hancock received a summons from General McClellan requesting an interview, which lasted until the early hours of the morning. In the interval the air was filled with martial sounds, and the tramp of soldiers bewildered me with the apprehension and uncertainty that this new situation naturally produced. One of the minor disquietudes of that memorable night was my effort to keep at bay two large rats, that were running riot about the room, and were only driven off the bed by missiles in the shape of shoes, combs, brushes, etc. My husband's return, with a most satisfactory recital of his prolonged deliberations, and his prompt ejectment of my unwelcome visitors, made a peaceful ending to a most uneasy night.

General Hancock was assigned to General Baldy Smith's division (Sumner's corps), and assumed command of his brigade, then stationed in front of the Chain Bridge road, near Lewinsville. Then it was that I realized for the first time that the country was involved in a desperate, pitiless struggle over the contemplated dissolution of the Union. The preparations at the North were on such a gigantic scale, and our resources

appeared so boundless, that it was the universal opinion that thirty days would end the rebellion. This result might possibly have been attained in six months or a year, had not incessant political intrigues interfered to hold back some and advance others who had no claims to the high places assigned them other than the influence of their political associates.

In accordance with my husband's wishes, I took a house in Washington for the winter, that I might readily reach him in case he were wounded in the battles which were momentarily expected. The clouds were dark indeed which overhung our country, and depression and apprehension filled the hearts of all, as to the probabilities and possibilities of the impending conflict.

The Government was always on the defensive, in the belief that the Confederates' main object was to capture the Capital. In spite of excessive caution several opportunities for this were afforded, none of which were taken advantage of.

Still, the fear was ever before us, with a terrifying apprehension of the results which would follow such a disaster. The air was full of rumors, which sometimes assumed tremendous proportions, and which were too frequently credited by those who should have been able to allay the widespread anxiety.

In those soul-stirring days, official and social routine were quite as exacting—indeed, more so—than ordinarily. Washington society was extremely diversified, frivolous and pretentious, differing materially from the brilliant assemblies that had graced the Capital City in earlier days. One of the principal events of that winter was a very exclusive ball, given by Mrs. Lincoln at the White House. Such an innovation upon established customs subjected her to severe criticism from every quarter. Nevertheless, the ball was given, and passed off with great *éclat*. Mrs. Lincoln was congratulated upon the spirit of independence which she inaugurated in the Executive Mansion, and which should have found a place there long before. She had the courage to emancipate herself from the limited routine of action and habit prescribed for our Presidents and their wives by the populace, who religiously believed that the whole establishment, including the body and soul of the President, belonged to them.

The invitations were to be limited to the Cabinet, the Senate, the Diplomatic Corps, and the major-generals of the Army. Brigadier-General Hancock and his family were the only exceptions. This was not understood by ourselves or friends, until explained to me by Mrs. Lincoln, who expressed her gratification at the opportunity

which enabled her to return the hospitality and attention that her sister and other members of her family had received from my mother upon different occasions when they were visiting St. Louis. Mr. Lincoln rather demurred at first, but was overruled by his wife, and the invitation was extended. This simple and unexpected recognition by Mrs. Lincoln quite won upon me. In all the sorrows and reverses which came to her in after years she had my entire sympathy, and I have always believed that her subsequent peculiarities were occasioned by a mind weakened from prolonged anxiety and strain.

Mr. Lincoln's careworn face I recall to-day as vividly as then. At one of his levees, in passing him I remarked that it would be showing a greater consideration if I were to refuse his proffered hand, as he must be weary enough of handshaking. To this he replied, in never-to-be-forgotten tones: "Ah, if this were all that I was called upon to do, how willingly would it be done for all time; but to say No to the poor unfortunates who come to me, in the belief that I am all-powerful to pronounce that little word of only three letters, and who do not and will not understand that I cannot act always as I wish, but have others to consult—this keeps me always unhappy."

Mr. Stanton frequently said to me: "Mr. Lincoln

LONGWOOD, HOME OF MRS. HANCOCK, ST. LOUIS.

has the biggest heart of any man in the world, and for that reason we have to watch him, or the Southern women, with their winning ways, would get his permission to carry with them enough contraband goods to supply the Southern army."

This reminds me of an incident that came under my observation, and particularly interested me. I was appealed to by a lady to assist her in procuring a pass to go to Petersburg, Va., to see her mother, eighty-five years of age, who was dying for want of the necessaries of life. I referred her to Mr. Montgomery Blair, who was then Postmaster-General in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, and whom she well knew. He obtained from the President the desired pass, and also permission to take with her the articles on her list, which were then considered contraband of war. On the following morning, at an early hour, she started on her journey, rejoicing at her good-fortune in obtaining the much coveted pass so easily, and anticipating the joy that her coming would bring to her aged mother and other dear ones who were impatiently awaiting her. Instead of these bright hopes being realized, she was turned back at Alexandria, and her pass torn up and thrown into the waste-basket in her presence. No reason was assigned for this act. Of course, to me her case seemed hopeless; how could it be otherwise when the consent of the

President of the United States had been so ignominiously disregarded? Still, the exigency of the case demanded another effort, so I volunteered to take advantage of an oft-repeated invitation of Mr. Stanton, to call upon him, without hesitation, for favor or for assistance, should I ever desire or need it. In not the most enviable frame of mind did I start out upon this mission of mercy, knowing well the inflexibility of the nature I had to work upon. Yet, to my husband and myself Mr. Stanton had been a consistent friend, and from this fact I derived courage as I proceeded to the War Office, to inquire into the extraordinary and disrespectful treatment of President Lincoln's permit. I found that Mr. Stanton was at home, ill, and my business had to be transacted with the Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Dana. This announcement did not serve to give me increased confidence in the success of the undertaking; still, as I had put aside my prejudice against the interference of women in matters of a public nature, I determined to make my appeal to Mr. Dana. He received me very graciously, listened to my story with apparent interest, and, at its conclusion, assured me of the utter impossibility of getting through the lines either at Culpeper or Alexandria. Upon my informing him that I knew of persons going and coming by way of Alexandria (a

fact as well known to others as to myself) he referred me, for positive information, to General Augur, then commanding the District of Columbia, in the belief that this would practically dispose of the matter which he was unwilling to consider favorably. General Augur could only express his surprise that I should have been sent to him upon so needless an errand. Thereupon I retraced my steps to the War Department, only to be informed that Mr. Dana was "not in." Finding me resolute, and patient to wait for his coming, however, he returned, purposing to dismiss the case at once. I was equally determined to pursue it; and to make short work of this last interview, I said: "Mr. Dana, I have returned to ask whether it is your purpose to grant me this favor. I ask you but to say Yes or No, and I promise not to give you further trouble." He was going to renew his previous arguments, when I interrupted him, and begged that he would give me an answer Yes or No. My persistence doubtless exasperated him, for turning to me, and at the same time bringing his hand down upon the table in a most emphatic manner, he said, "Madam, if all the men were as determined as you are, this war would be ended in thirty days." The permit was given; my friend passed the guard, unquestioned, and reached her home without further delay.

A year or more after, I happened to mention the incident to a volunteer officer who had been stationed at that very time with the guard in Alexandria. He did not seem to regard the treatment of Mr. Lincoln's pass as anything out of the way; in fact, he said that it was a frequent occurrence. Instructions were often received from the War Department, by telegraph, to destroy the President's pass, No. 120 or 300 (as they happened to be) hours before the presentation of the pass.

I afterwards related the circumstance to Mr. Stanton. He assumed a most quizzical expression and manner, indicating that he considered it as a huge joke, and replied, "Why didn't you report it to Mr. Lincoln?"

"I certainly should have done so," I said, "had I understood the enormity of the offence, at the time."

"You remember what I told you about pretty faces and persuasive ways, in connection with Mr. Lincoln?"

"Yes; but surely you could not have seen this special petitioner, or you would have been forced to attribute some other motive in this case; besides, I do not consider Mr. Lincoln a phenomenon in this respect, nor is this idiosyncrasy, as you seem to regard it, an unusual failing in your sex. My observation has been quite the contrary, and

I contend that there are no exceptions to the rule."

Mr. Stanton received my lecture in good part, and always remained our steadfast friend. He repeatedly told me to always come to him with my complaints and grievances, and they would receive prompt attention, which was proven upon more than one occasion.

CHAPTER X.

The spy system during the war—The battle of Williamsburg—At Fredericksburg — Hooker's remark before the fight—Hooker replaced by Meade—The advance in the direction of Gettysburg—General Hancock wounded—Removed to Norristown—Stanton's letter to General Hancock—Resolution passed, thanking General Hancock.

THE spy system was so thoroughly established during the war that nearly every household was invaded by one or more in the employ of the Government. On two occasions were these creatures detected in my own house. I reported the fact to Mr. Stanton, and commented to him upon the lack of confidence shown by the Government towards loyal officers and their families.

The capture of Generals Crook and Kelly occurred shortly after we reached Washington. Mr. Stanton sent to General Hancock to inquire how long it would take him to prepare a special train for the scene of action. The reply was, "As long as it will take me to reach the station." It had been our intention to attend the Secretary of War's reception on the following evening; my husband, being prevented by his hasty departure,

A. E. Blanchard

requested that I should go without him. I did so. After meeting our hostess I wandered into an adjoining room, where I met numerous friends. While engaged in conversation I heard Mr. Stanton's voice asking, "Where is Mrs. Hancock? I want to see the wife of that soldier who is ready for an order in ten minutes." He greeted me most cordially and remarked, "If we had more such soldiers, if our generals were all so ready, so unquestioning in obeying an order, what materials we would have for our Army." With some excitement, he continued, "The friends of the captured officers have been to see me about having them exchanged. I replied, 'Gentlemen, when there are only two men left for exchange, then you can come and present your appeal.'" The capture was accomplished by the brother of the lady who afterwards married General Crook. This gay, gallant cavalier had doubtless ventured into the town, not with the expectation of securing such live game, but for a little rest and refreshment at the hotel, which then belonged to his father.

General Sumner's corps embarked from Alexandria for Fort Monroe, March 23, 1862. On this day my husband writes: "I am off at last, and it is a matter of great pain to me that I am unable to see you again before we part—God alone knows for how long. I rode all last night, and while I

rode, did not cease to think of how and where all this unhappiness is to end."

The battle of Williamsburg was his first triumphant success. With less than 2,000 men he fought and won the action on the right which resulted in the evacuation of Williamsburg. He wrote me: "On this occasion my men behaved beautifully, and captured the first color yet taken. My loss was 126 in killed and wounded, a great number showing hard and determined fighting."

An interval of some months intervened between Williamsburg and Antietam. General Hancock was engaged in every battle up to the time when the order was issued relieving General McClellan, and appointing General Burnside to the command of the Army of the Potomac. An extract from a letter before me says: "The Army are not satisfied with the change, and consider the treatment of McClellan most ungracious and inopportune. Yet I do not sympathize in the movement going on to resist the order. 'It is useless,' I tell the gentlemen around me. 'We are serving no one man: we are serving our country.'"

At the battle of Fredericksburg, which soon followed this change of commanders, General Hancock again lost heavily, and narrowly escaped being killed. "We went into action to-day, but did not gain the works we sought, although we held

all the positions we gained. I had three of my staff wounded yesterday, and four of their horses killed. I had one bullet through my overcoat, just escaping my abdomen; one-half inch more and I would have had a fatal wound. Out of the 5,700 men I carried into action, I have this morning in line but 1,450. Out of seventeen regiments of my command, there are but three or four commanders who are not killed or wounded. In one regiment two officers are left. In one brigade the general officers and all the field-officers, except one, in six regiments were killed or wounded. It was a desperate undertaking, and the army fought hard." Shortly after this Burnside was relieved, and General Hooker appointed by the President in his place. These frequent changes had a most disheartening influence upon the troops, and the failure at Chancellorsville was not calculated to give increased confidence in Hooker's ability. General Hancock wrote me the following lines on the battle of the first day:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
"May 4, 1863, 6 o'clock A. M.

"MY DEAR WIFE:

"I have had no time to write to you the last day or two. I have sent two dispatches to you on the 2d and 3d. We have had tremendous fighting at Chancellorsville. The losses on both sides are very heavy, more so than any battle of the war. The battle is not through yet by a long ways. I am unhurt, though

I was struck several times with small fragments of shells, and had my horse killed under me. John is unhurt. My horse was shot twice. My division did well. General Hays was wounded twice. Canall's command did well.

"We will, I suppose, have another fight to-day.

"Kiss my dear children for me, and believe me to be, as ever, your "Fond husband,

"WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

"*To Mrs. W. S. Hancock, Cameron, Mo.*"

My husband writes :

"I do not know what will be the next turn of the wheel of Fortune, or what Providence has in store for this unhappy army. I have had the blues ever since I returned from the campaign. I will send you a more complete account of this battle soon. We get the *Chronicle* and *Inquirer* daily: they are filled with inaccuracies. We are not allowed to have the New York papers. They may not contain more truth, and I suppose they have some attacks against the Government. I am told that some of the New York papers recommend General ———— and General ———— for the command of the Army. That would be too much. I should ask to be relieved at once. I cannot stand any more inflictions of this kind. I have not recovered from our last failure, which should have been a brilliant victory. Hooker had two large corps (Meade's and Reynolds's), which had not been engaged. He was implored to put them into action at 10 o'clock on Sunday, when the enemy had, apparently, used up all their troops. He would not do it. Now the blame is to be put on Sedgwick for not joining us; as if it were possible to do so with one corps, when we had six corps, and this force was not considered strong enough to attempt to unite with Sedgwick, without risk to the command. But it seems that Providence for some wise purpose intended our defeat. The day before the fight Hooker said to a general officer, 'God Almighty could not prevent me from winning a victory to-morrow.' Pray, could we expect a victory after that? He also told Mr. Lincoln that he would either win a victory or be in hell. The President told him

to 'carry plenty of water along.' Success cannot come to us through such profanity. I regret I cannot ask now for leave; no general officer is allowed a leave of absence. General Couch asked for one, but was refused. I understand that the opinion of officers high in rank, at this time, would be unpalatable. Hooker's day is over. I have been approached again in connection with the command of the Army of the Potomac. Give yourself no uneasiness—under no conditions would I accept the command. I do not belong to that class of generals whom the Republicans care to bolster up. I should be sacrificed."

His purpose, as expressed to me many times, and his only ambition, was to fight his battles successfully, that he might gain the full confidence of his soldiers, and receive the approbation of the army in which he was serving. That was glory enough.

It is impossible to particularize the many points of interest involved, concerning the movements of General Hancock in connection with this grand army. It is not my purpose, except here and there, to portray the obstacles which he, as well as others, had to encounter.

On the 28th of June, 1863, General Meade received orders to relieve General Hooker of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and advanced in the direction of Gettysburg. A vivid account of the battle that ensued, written by my husband's chief of staff, General Morgan, and verified as to the facts by General Hancock himself, was found among his war papers, and is appended to

BRIGADIER GENERAL C H. MORGAN,

MEMBER OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S WAR STAFF.

these reminiscences.* I will attempt no further account here.

At that time I was visiting my mother in St. Louis. On the morning of July 3 General Hancock telegraphed me from the battle-field (as was his custom each day while the action lasted), "I am all right, so far." A few hours afterwards he sent me the second despatch, while lying upon the battle-field desperately—and presumably, fatally—wounded. This telegram read: "I am severely wounded, not mortally. Join me at once in Philadelphia. Parker and Miller, I fear, are gone up." The surgeon objected to its wording, and asked permission to send one conveying intelligence of his critical condition, but General Hancock would not permit the change, in view of the long journey before me, and the unhappiness that would result from knowing the full truth. After reaching Philadelphia the heat was found insupportable, and it was desirable to have my husband removed to his father's home at Norristown; but thirty days elapsed before his surgeons considered it prudent to permit the change. In the interval his wound showed no signs of healing, and his discomfort increased rather than diminished. Not the least of these was the apparent utter forgetfulness of his

* See Appendix A.

presence in the city, and that of two of his gallant staff-officers, who were in a condition as critical as his own, from wounds received at the same time. Gay bands of music, followed by cheering, exultant crowds, would nightly pass his hotel without a sign of recognition, but heaping upon General Meade's family the entire honor of that victory, which saved Pennsylvania and the Nation. This oversight, though deeply felt by him, he considered very natural, as General Meade was the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and while the roar of the battle still swelled the air, it was to him the populace wished to express their gratitude. Thus, in his charitable, generous heart did my husband find excuses, when some expression of bitterness would have been pardonable. There were a few friends, however, who gathered around him to testify, in a most touching manner, their sympathy, admiration and regard, the recollection of which was always cherished by him. After it became evident to General Hancock's surgeons, Drs. Agnew and McClellan, that his wound was not healing as readily as it ought, with the careful attention bestowed, they decided to have him removed to his father's home, sixteen miles from Philadelphia, believing that strength and vigor would sooner come to him than it could possibly under the torrid heat, which had been continuous throughout

that memorable July of 1863, and to which was attributed his slow, weary convalescence. This was not the only cause, which was afterwards proven by the extraction of a "minie-ball" found to be imbedded eight inches in the thigh, and which failed to manifest itself until a probe was procured that would reach the full depth of the wound. When it became known that it was General Hancock's intention to leave the city, the firemen volunteered to transport him from the hotel La Piere to the car that had been provided for this purpose, without injury to the invalid. Well did they perform this service. They presented themselves in full regalia at the time appointed for the journey, and in a tender, impressive manner, conveyed him, worn and shattered, but without fatigue, to the Philadelphia depot. When he arrived at Norristown, a detachment of the Invalid Guards were in waiting, besides a large concourse of people, to receive him. The Guards carefully bore him along the street to his father's home. There he had every surgical attention; and with a strong constitution, it was not long before his strength revived, and convalescence came slowly but surely. Shortly after General Hancock's removal to Norristown Mr. Stanton telegraphed him to name his successor to the command of the Second Corps during his absence. General Warren was indicated, and was

at once placed in command. Following the despatch came a letter from Mr. Stanton, expressing much concern and sympathy for the General, which is here given, and needs no comment.

"WASHINGTON CITY, August 5, 1863.
"WAR DEPARTMENT.

"DEAR GENERAL:

"I hope you are recovering from your severe wound. Of the many gallant officers wounded on the great field of Gettysburg, no one has more sincerely my sympathy, confidence and respect than yourself. We felt that the blow that struck you down was a heavy and disastrous one to the country, but rejoice that your life was spared, and that you were not among the list of those whose loss we deplore.

"Yours truly,
"EDWIN M. STANTON."

One of the most gratifying evidences of affection from his own towns-people, and one which he always referred to with unmistakable pride, was a service of gold and silver plate, containing nine pieces, which was presented to him in the following year, bearing this inscription: "To Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock, from citizens of his birthplace, Norristown, Montgomery County, Penn., July 4, 1864." The recipient of this testimonial regarded it as an inestimable assurance of the regard in which they held him, and he never ceased to labor that they should not be disappointed, nor their confidence in him be impaired.

General Hancock proceeded to our country home, Longwood, near St. Louis, Mo., as soon as he was able to make the journey, there to await full recovery before joining the Army of the Potomac. After six weeks' delay, which he occupied in trimming the forest trees on the lawn and planting others, always a delight to him, he started for Washington to join his corps as soon as he was able to throw away his crutches. His wound was still unhealed, and he was unable to ride a horse for a year after the extraction of the bullet. The minie-ball which had imbedded itself eight inches in the thigh was not cut out until two months after the battle. Through the Wilderness, and other fights following, he would leave the ambulance, mount his horse, and go through to the end without complaint, yet wrote: "I suffer agony on these occasions, but must go into action on horseback or ask to be relieved. Can't you secure me a bandage of some sort in New York that will give me assistance?" None, however, could be found; thus he had to suffer until he asked to be relieved.

One year afterwards, in February, 1864, the Select and Common Councils of Philadelphia passed resolutions thanking Mr. Hancock for his brilliant services in the cause of the Union, and placing Independence Hall at his disposal for a

reception by his friends, thus affording them an opportunity to testify their personal regard and appreciation of his gallantry and patriotism. These resolutions were transmitted to him and accepted. The Senate and House of Representatives, by joint resolution, also extended the thanks of Congress to Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock for his gallant, meritorious and conspicuous share in the great and decisive victory of Gettysburg. About the same time the Union League of Philadelphia presented General Hancock with a handsome silver medal in commemoration of his eminent public services. But subsequent to the promulgation of his Order No. 40 in New Orleans, this august body, forgetting his loyalty and services, considered his portrait, which hung in their Club, unworthy of the place it had occupied, and consigned it to the garret. General Hancock never forgot this treatment of his counterpart. The Union League Club in New York City pursued a similar course.

CHAPTER XI.

Episode at the battle of Spottsylvania.—Recruiting a Veteran Corps—News of Lincoln's Assassination—General Hancock's relations to the trial and execution of Mrs. Surratt—Headquarters removed to Baltimore—Trip to the Battle-field of Gettysburg.

GENERAL HANCOCK reported for duty as commander of the Second Corps on December 15, 1863, five months after the battle of Gettysburg. General Grant was then in command of all the Federal forces, including the Army of the Potomac. At the battle of Spottsylvania an interesting episode occurred which is worth relating. A portion of it is correctly told by the Rev. D. X. Junkin, D. D., in his life of General Hancock. When Johnson's division was captured by the Second Corps, including 4,000 prisoners, twenty pieces of artillery, with horses and caissons, and several thousand stand of small-arms, besides thirty battle flags, among the prisoners captured were Major-General Edward Johnson, a classmate and close friend of my husband, and Brigadier-General George Stuart. Johnson, after the capture, with tears in his eyes, threw his arms around Mr.

Hancock and exclaimed: "This is d——d bad luck; yet I would rather have had this good fortune fall to you than to any other man living."

General Hancock invited him to his tent, saying he would soon join him. Then approaching General Stuart with extended hand, intending to offer the same civilities to him, and at the same time to comfort him with news of his wife, whom he had met but a short time before in Washington, he said cordially, "How are you, Stuart?" With great haughtiness the latter replied, "I am General Stuart, of the Confederate Army, and under present circumstances I decline to take your hand." "And under any other circumstances, General Stuart, I should not have offered it. You should not have put an affront upon me in the presence of my officers and soldiers."

It is needless to say that Johnson enjoyed advantages over Stuart in more ways than one. Johnson related to General Hancock how the capture occurred, but did not admit that he was surprised by the Union forces on the morning of the 12th. He stated that he was expecting their attack, and had called his men up earlier than usual, to be ready for them. They had a short time before been dismissed from the ranks, and were cooking breakfast when the advance was made. A few years ago Johnson died, leaving to my husband his

GENERAL W. G. MITCHELL,

MEMBER OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S WAR STAFF.

jewel-hilted sword, which had been presented to him by the State of Virginia, and carried by him during the war.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 26, 1864, General Hancock was detached from the Army of the Potomac for the purpose of recruiting a veteran corps. Mr. Lincoln selected him, as Mr. Stanton personally informed me, in the belief that he would be more influential in inducing veterans whose terms of service had expired, and who were unemployed, to re-enlist in the army. He was very successful in recruiting this organization, which was called the First Veteran Corps. His headquarters were first in Washington, afterwards at Winchester, Va.; his entire force including the Army of the Shenandoah, amounting to one hundred thousand men. His assignment to this command was insisted upon by Mr. Stanton.

The day preceding the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, I received a despatch from General Hancock asking that I would join him at Winchester on the following day, and stating that if I were prepared to do so, I would find an escort in Baltimore, and a special train in readiness to leave there at 9 o'clock in the morning. I complied with this request, passing the night in Baltimore, that I might be enabled to make the early start necessary.

The following morning, at an early hour, I des-

cended to the breakfast-room at Barnum's Hotel unconscious of the terrible revelations that awaited me. I observed an unusual silence throughout the house, and a total lack of attention on the part of the servants. It was soon explained, and the universal fear and dismay seized upon me, and those with me, no one knowing what dire results would follow. By special permit the car designed for my family, consisting of five persons, was allowed to leave Baltimore for the Relay House. At that place all trains, coming and going, were detained and searched for the assassin of President Lincoln. For six hours we were delayed, in a terrific storm, by order of the Secretary of War, but at last, after pleading with him by means of the telegraph, for permission to join my husband, he granted it, provided the car was not permitted to stop for one instant *en route* to Winchester, an order that was implicitly obeyed. On the same night General Hancock was awakened at 2 o'clock by a summons to repair at once to Washington. And at an early hour all was bustle and confusion, preparatory to the execution of this order. On the afternoon of the same day we were retracing our way to Washington.

General Hancock being the military commander of the district, his orders were to contribute in every manner to allay the alarm that was so wide-

spread, and take measures to meet the peril that every public man felt surrounded him. The condition of affairs and the responsibilities that had been placed in his keeping were far from being agreeable. His orders directed special attention to the employment of an adequate force in the arrest of the persons engaged in the murder of President Lincoln, taking all proper means for their detection, and to report to the Secretary of War daily for instructions. The proclamation that was issued about that time, calling upon the negroes to arm and assist in hunting down the President's assassin, was really written by Attorney-General Holt and Mr. Stanton, and only published formally over the Commanding Officer's signature. This proclamation Montgomery Blair maliciously endeavored to use as an argument against General Hancock's nomination in 1868.

The attempt to make General Hancock in any way responsible for the trial and execution of Mrs. Surratt is as unfair a charge as any man has ever been called upon to meet, and he never cared to discuss it, so obvious to all intelligent and fair-minded people did he consider its injustice. The troops, one hundred thousand men, were under his entire control, including those that guarded the prisoners. All orders came to him from the Secretary of War, and through him to General Hartranft, who was

the Governor of the Military prison, and who had immediate charge of the prisoners and gave the verbal orders for the execution. General Hancock never understood why he should be held responsible for that unhappy execution, as cruel a spectacle as ever stained the escutcheon of a Nation. President Johnson was wholly responsible for it. Not once, but many times, did my husband urge upon the President unanswerable reasons for granting a pardon. He would reply that he could not. The execution was demanded by many prominent men of his party; and a portion of his Cabinet were as uncompromising as the others. The question has many times been asked, and remained unanswered, "Why did General Hancock consider it necessary to be present at the execution?" For the important reason that Miss Surratt had gone to the President at the last moment, by his advice, to plead for a pardon for her mother, and it was hoped up to the last moment that a reprieve would come. This fact necessitated his presence at the Arsenal to receive it from his couriers, stationed at intervals along the route from the White House to the Arsenal, in order that, if the President relented and granted a reprieve, not a moment would be lost in reaching him.

To hold General Hancock responsible for the death of Mrs. Surratt was absurd. His connection

with the affair was purely military and official, and such personal interference as it was proper for him to undertake was all in the direction of a reprieve. To the Court that tried Mrs. Surratt belongs the odium, and the President, Secretary of War and Judge-Advocate-General may all be criticized for the part they took in carrying out the decree of the commission.

On July 31, 1865, General Hancock's headquarters were removed to Baltimore, the Military Division having been discontinued and the Middle Military Department established. In a conversation with Mr. Stanton after the issuing of this order, he assigned as a reason for giving this command to General Hancock, that in his opinion the General was best adapted to restore confidence and a more kindly feeling among the majority of the citizens than then existed, as the Baltimoreans were in a chronic condition of exasperation against the North, and he believed General Hancock's administration, if managed as he knew it would be, would soon promote a better condition of affairs.

In this he was mistaken. Many civilities were extended by General Hancock to the Southern as well as to the loyal social element, but every overture was rejected.

One reason was assigned by a party of South-

COLONEL J. W. PARKER,

MEMBER OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S WAR STAFF.

ern ladies, whom I overheard saying, when asked if it was their intention to attend General Hancock's reception: "No, indeed; how can you expect oil and water to mix?"

Nevertheless, we enjoyed the station, and left Baltimore at the expiration of the year with many regrets, for in that time my husband and I cemented friendships that have since been highly valued.

During our stay in Baltimore General Hancock projected a very charming and most interesting trip to the battle-field of Gettysburg, inviting many prominent citizens of the place and their families to accompany us. Horses were provided, and taken along for both ladies and gentlemen, in order that every foot of the ground might be gone over by those interested in that great and decisive battle. The cavalcade included most of the party at the start, led by the General and his officers who were with him during that battle; but it was not a great while before our strength diminished, a result due to the great heat and the fatigue of so long a ride by those unaccustomed to such exercise. Arriving at the base of Big Round Top, its formidable ascent decided all the party but myself, General Mitchell and Colonel Wilson, aides-de-camp of General Hancock, to abandon the field and return to the hotel for dinner. We rode to the top and down again, making a complete inspection of the entire battle-field.

CHAPTER XII.

Transferred to the Department of the Missouri—Troubles with the Indians—A stolen Cheyenne chief—The big chief of the house—An Indian fight—Ordered to New Orleans to command the Fifth Military District.

SHORTLY after this, orders were received relieving General Hancock from the Middle Military Department and transferring him to the Department of the Missouri, in spite of Mr. Stanton's assurances that we were to remain in Baltimore as long as it was agreeable, and that it was best for us to make ourselves perfectly comfortable, which we had to do at a heavy cost. The headquarters of the Department of the Missouri had always been in St. Louis, so that we felt somewhat compensated for the sacrifice we were called upon to make in relinquishing our home in Baltimore. But other difficulties presented themselves, when General Hancock reported to General Sherman, who had selected St. Louis for his Division headquarters. In his (Sherman's) opinion Fort Leavenworth, Kan., was the proper place for Department headquarters, and he assigned as

a reason that our territorial field had become too extensive for the headquarters to longer remain in St. Louis. Though his views may have been correct, they were not convincing enough to convert my husband to his way of thinking, but the order was, of course, promptly obeyed, and once more we established a home, delightful in every particular. But again it was not accorded us long to enjoy it.

During the fall and winter of 1866 the Indians in the Department of the Missouri became turbulent. Depredations were committed daily, stages were stopped and robbed, dwellings burned and settlers murdered, until it became necessary to take measures to avert a general war. With this view General Hancock was directed by General Sherman to notify the Indians that there must be war or peace, but the outrages must cease. In March, 1876, in compliance with this order, the General marched to Fort Larned, Kansas.

A short time before starting on this expedition, General Hancock was ordered by the authorities at Washington to take charge of and to restore to the Cheyenne tribe, an Indian boy, who with his sister were the only survivors of the Chittenden massacre. The Indians asserted that this boy was then the heir to the chieftainship of their tribe. The children were

babies at the time of their capture, and for several years their whereabouts were unknown. When search commenced, after the demand had been made by their tribe, it was ascertained that the boy had been turned over to a roving circus company, by a sergeant who had taken charge of the children after the battle, and that the little girl had died some time before. At this time the boy was only seven years old, and bore the name of Wilson Graham. Instinctively, this little fellow felt degraded by his association with the circus, and would fly into a passion, with murderous intent depicted upon his face, whenever mention was made of this part of his history, or when called upon to personate Napoleon, George Washington, or other notable characters, which were among the rôles he had to fill in the show; nor could he be induced by bribery or other means to give information concerning the men from whom he had been taken, but was emphatic in the expression, which was all he ever ventured to say: "They are bad, wicked men. I want the General to kill them with his big guns." The conclusion was evident that this child had been cruelly treated by these people, and he was afraid to inform upon them. In his manner and the attention he demanded at all times, his self-importance was plainly discernible. He rebelled openly

against being served at meal-times at a separate table, and abstained from eating for some time, until he found that we were obdurate, and that he would not be permitted to sit at the same table with the family. It was long before I could bring him under subjection, which, with his savage nature, became necessary in the absence of General Hancock, whom he alone considered supreme, within and without. Upon one occasion, while handling his knife in a threatening manner with my children, and especially towards a negro boy whom he had cowed into abject submission, I was compelled to take his knife from him, which he resisted most wrathfully, and otherwise to inflict punishment, which he resented by threats of my immediate extermination. In the midst of the mêlée the General put in an appearance, when Wilson complained that his woman said that she was going to cut off their ears, and asked, "Now what are you going to do with her?"

At this announcement the General affected to to be much alarmed, and replied that he was afraid to do anything to me, for I would surely cut off their ears if I wished to, and he could not prevent it, as I was the big Chief in the house. He said, "Every one has to obey her." This tact was timely, and saved further discipline.

Wilson was very imitative, and would wait for

GENERAL HENRY H. BINGHAM,

MEMBER OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S WAR STAFF.

the dinner-hour, when he would follow me to my room, and watch with apparent curiosity any changes of costume, not understanding the object of my taking off one dress and donning another, according to his notion not so fine as the bright robe de chambre discarded. He caught the idea at once when the reasons were explained, and began doing likewise in spite of all remonstrances. Unfortunately he boasted of but one suit off (and that much worn) and the best one on. The change, therefore, in his case, was out of the question and utterly useless. But he was not to be cheated out of this evident satisfaction, though he well knew that he would be forced in a short time to resume his discarded suit. This performance became a daily one, nor could I understand from him why he persisted in going through with it, when the result each day was the same. He was a queer compound, yet a very attractive one. This little charge afforded much amusement to the command on their march to the Platte River. One lady was permitted to accompany the command with the object of joining her husband at some distant post. A very pretty woman she was, too, and would have been much prettier without the artificial aid which, unfortunately, was quite evident. Wilson Graham was observed to watch her closely, and after many days he arrived at a con-

clusion which he quietly conveyed to the General, and no one else, in this way : "General, you know what I think ? this woman must have Injun blood in her." "Why ?" retorted the General. "Because she paints." "O no, you must not talk in that way; I cannot allow it." Wilson, however, remained unconvinced, and reiterated his conviction daily. His aversion to the Indians was very great, and his reluctance to be returned to them was pitiful. This so worked upon my husband's sympathies that he would have adopted him, could he have gotten my consent. During a council that was held with some of the leading chiefs, where our troops were in line, this boy stole up behind General Hancock, pulling vigorously at his coat, at the same time whispering savagely, "Now's your chance; kill 'em, kill 'em, General." A year after, a young officer was ordered to this same post in the vicinity of the Cheyenne camp. On the morning of his arrival, our former protégé, the little savage, in a perfect state of nature, and with his hair to his shoulders, came within the garrison The officer had known him well at Fort Leavenworth, and could hardly realize that this wild, untamed child, with bow and arrow strapped to his back, was none other than Wilson Graham, who had become a cruel, wicked fellow, and who was totally without sympathy for those who could

have protected him had he been disposed to pursue other than the life that seemed to belong to his nature. Upon learning these facts it quite reconciled us, and totally dispelled the regret, and indeed the pain, that it cost General Hancock to give this poor little Indian boy up to his tribe, while the boy professed such horror at the very thought.

On arriving at Fort Larned, the General arranged to hold a council with the Indians, for the purpose of explaining the intention of our Government towards them. The Indians, however, had resolved upon war, and during the night, although they had promised to meet General Hancock in council on the following morning, they abandoned their village, again attacking mail stations and working-parties, and committing other depredations. When informed of these facts, General Hancock gave orders for the destruction of their village as a punishment for their treachery. A few old people and sick had been left in the village by the Indians. These were well taken care of by my husband's orders. This speedy and well-deserved retribution gave the philanthropists of the North ample opportunity for airing their ignorance of a class of human beings whom they know little about, and always seem averse to a closer inspection of when invited to study the subject on the ground. At the same time they gave vent to un-

speakable calumny upon the offending officer, and his motive in dealing in this manner with the much-abused Indian. In their opinion his cruelty called for a Court of Inquiry. In face, however, of the annoyance and persecution that followed, he still pushed the war vigorously against them, until relieved by General Sheridan, September, 1867, nine months from the date of his assuming the command of the Department of the Missouri. He was then ordered to New Orleans to command the Fifth Military District, embracing the States of Louisiana and Texas. This order, as is well known, was very distasteful to him, and he was not long in letting it be known to President Johnson, who, being in entire sympathy with his views of administrating affairs in the South, would not listen to his appeals for relief. The loyalty he felt for his Government and its constitution would not permit General Hancock to assume an authority which, as construed by the Reconstruction leaders in Congress, in his opinion amounted to absolute despotism, a rule that was at variance with the spirit and the law of our institutions, and he was much perplexed over the difficulties which confronted him in his administration of this district; difficulties only to be understood by those coming into direct contact with them. He said to me: "I am expected to exercise extreme military author-

COLONEL W. D. W. MILLER,

MEMBER OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S WAR STAFF.

ity over those people. I shall disappoint them. I have not been educated to overthrow the civil authorities in time of peace. I intend to recognize the fact that the Civil War is at an end, and shall issue my order or proclamation accordingly. I tell you this, because I may lose my commission, and I shall do so willingly, rather than retain it at the sacrifice of a life-long principle." Gladly did I uphold him in these sentiments, and expressed a willingness to confront and share with him every difficulty that might come through the desperate men who were then making efforts to destroy the Government.

CHAPTER XIII.

The journey to New Orleans—How Order No. 40 was written—Its grateful acceptation by the Southern People—Reception at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum—The reign of the Carpet Baggers—An effort made to drop General Hancock from the Army rolls—Its failure—General Hancock resigns his command of the Fifth Military District.

ON November 29 we left St. Louis on the New Orleans steamer. The trip was long and tedious, and was rendered memorable by a peculiar malady that made its appearance a few days after our departure, with fatal results in several cases. We were told afterwards that the epidemic was the result of yellow fever, which had raged on the boat some time previously, and the germs of which had not been wholly eradicated.

It is well to state here that General Hancock's Order No. 40, which many asserted must have been written by another, was fully considered, and concluded upon, during our downward trip to New Orleans. I have every reason to recall the circumstances, in consequence of an unpleasant night which he unwittingly caused me. I had retired at a late hour, but awakened some time

after 3 A. M., and finding that my husband was still absent, my fears were excited. I arose, dressed myself and left my stateroom. The cabin was deserted, and no one was visible. For some time I awaited the appearance of the stewardess or watchman, or some passer-by, but finally I descended to the clerk's room, where I found the General absorbed in his writing, and somewhat annoyed at my interruption. When informed that it was nearly 4 o'clock, he was greatly surprised, and promised to retire shortly, as his order was completed.

In a few moments he came up to our room, and standing in the open door, by the subdued light of the cabin lamps he read me the original draft of Order No. 40, which was issued a few days later, exactly as written that night.

I heartily approved, and congratulated him upon the wording of the order. "Now" said I, "we will break stones together, should the conscientious reconstructionists, use their power against you."

"They will crucify me," he replied. "I warned the President of my intentions before he finally issued my order." He continued, "I know I shall have his sympathy, but he is powerless to help me."

A more grateful people could not be found

than the Louisianians and Texans when this order was promulgated. The old French element, who seldom or never came from their retirement, either to receive or extend civilities from or to the Americans, and many of whom were unable to speak a word of English, came to me with open arms and cried, "Dieu merci pour le bonheur vue votre noble mari nous a apporti."

This gratitude was universal, and my time was taken up for many days after our arrival in returning gifts of every kind and description, including chignons of every shade and color, which were pouring in upon me with such messages as, "Thank God we are at peace again." "Glory be to God for sending us this great and good man." "From a grateful Louisianian," etc., etc.

This feeling of gratitude pervaded the entire community, and even extended to every institution, large and small, throughout the State. Illustrating this, I will relate one little incident connected with a visit to the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum, New Orleans, which myself and husband have many times since referred to as one of the most interesting of our lives. The welcome that was accorded us by those earnest Christian devotees was conveyed by Mr. Charles Macready in the following address:

"To General W. S. Hancock,

"*Good and kind General:* Grateful for your thoughtful and generous action for the relief and support of this Institution in connection with many other charities of the State, the little orphan inmates who claim it as their only home bid you welcome to St. Vincent Infant Asylum. We thank our Heavenly Father that he has sent you here to restore peace and order, to bind up the broken hearts, to revive the hopes and make less wretched the suffering of our people, among whom, in the days of their prosperity, were once numbered many, very many, of the orphans' best friends, who now, alas, are themselves destitute. There is a pleasing belief, cherished by many, that a gift carries with it some special grace or blessing from Heaven. In the hope that this beautiful idea may be realized to the fullest extent in your behalf, we ask you to accept our humble gift, which has been prepared in this home of the helpless, expressly for you. We will offer up our prayers that it may please Him who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless, to bestow with this, our little gift, upon you and all dear to you His choicest blessings here below; and when, in the fullness of time, He shall call you and them to receive the reward of a worthy and well-spent life, that you shall all be united in a blessed and immortal home. May health and happiness be vouchsafed to you and yours, and, in the trials and difficulties which are inseparable from this life, may you always have the assistance of our good Lord, will ever pray the Little Orphans of St. Vincent Infant Asylum."

At the close of this touching and impressive ceremony, General Hancock accepted the testimonial in a few appropriate words. With eyes suffused with tears he received the caresses of the little orphans, who covered his hand with kisses, embraced his knees, and in every possible manner endeavored to make plain to him a sentiment which they were too young to comprehend, yet

instinctively knew, from all that had passed before, that in some way he was in close unity with them, and it was with difficulty that these little creatures could be induced to give up their hold upon him, when the time came for our departure.

When I reflect upon the supreme happiness and confidence which his presence in their midst at that time promoted, their absolute faith in his controlling powers, and the era of good feeling and prosperity thus inaugurated, the more monstrous and vicious appears to my mind the abolishing afterwards of sound principles, and a system of happy government, for a reign of terror under the rule of that ubiquitous class, the "carpet-baggers." Naturally his ideas of administration would conflict with this arbitrary class, whose harsh measures and extreme views were in perfect sympathy with the radical wing of the party; therefore, it is easy to imagine the obstacles that were thrown in his way, to interfere with his efforts and ideas of reconstruction. It is seen here how unhappy and vexatious were the duties devolving upon him, and how heroically he defended the principles laid down in his Order No. 40. But his constitutional government was far from being palatable to the radical wing of the Republican party then in Congress. General Garfield was at that time included in this distinguished assemblage, and it was he who pro-

posed to pass a bill reducing the number of major-generals in the regular Army. The bill was introduced, but failed to become a law. This was an unglossed scheme, invented to drop General Hancock from the army rolls, which failed only through fear of its reacting in an opposite direction from the one intended. In after years General Garfield expressed himself publicly, at a dinner given by Secretary Bayard, as heartily ashamed of the part he had taken in that discreditable course of action intended to humiliate General Hancock, and in a manly way asked him to forgive and forget.

After repeated appeals to the Government by the "carpet-bag" officials of the South, to protect them against General Hancock's administration, General Grant finally came to their assistance, and by his interference with General Hancock's authority, so impaired his usefulness as to force upon him finally the necessity of being relieved.

The direct cause of this humiliation is as follows: The nine Aldermen members of the City Council had undertaken to elect a City Recorder, an office elective by the people, and this innovation, too, was attempted in contempt of an order previously issued by the Commanding General (General Sheridan). For this and other acts of insubordination General Hancock removed them. Two

CAPTAIN G. L. S. WARD.

were white and seven negroes. Upon the representation of some one, I know not whom, General Grant by telegraph ordered General Hancock to restore them. Upon the receipt of this despatch General Hancock asked permission to delay the reinstatement of the Councilmen until his report, which had already been sent by mail, should be received, as he felt quite sure that General Grant would understand his motives in the removals, and would approve the action taken. Grant's response came in the following economical suggestion: "Despatches of such length as yours should be sent by mail, when there is not a greater necessity for prompt reply than seems to exist in this case." He added: "There is nothing in my order that doubted your authority to make removals or appointments, when the public exigency requires it. I only exercised an authority given to me as General of the Army, under which law both of us find our authority to act in such matters. Your order of removal was based on certain charges, which I did not think were sustained by the facts as they were presented to me." Naturally the question would arise, By whom were these so considered "facts" presented? By the two white men and seven negroes who were interested parties in the case, or their friends in Washington, would be the conclusion. This discourtesy deter-

mined my husband to ask to be relieved. Accordingly he did so, but his request was unheeded at headquarters. In the interval President Johnson made an able appeal to Congress, which is given below, stating that some public recognition was due General Hancock for his patriotic conduct and important services. Instead of taking the course of action recommended by the President, every effort was made to bring General Hancock's military career to a close. Success for a time seemed to favor the scheme, when General Garfield presented to Congress for consideration his beforementioned happy and economical scheme for reducing the number of major-generals in the army, which, to the credit of Congress, failed to become a law.

After General Hancock's failure in obtaining a response to his application to be relieved, he applied direct to President Johnson, to accept his resignation in case his application was not attended to at once. After this arbitrary action, it would have been impossible for him to continue with advantage his honest purpose in the administration of Southern affairs, if for no other reason than the arrogance of the negro element, manifested in their unbearable insolence after their triumph over General Hancock, for such they considered it; and the sequel showed that to a certain extent

they were right. To show their utter contempt for his authority, on one or two mornings following the reinstatement of the so-called Aldermen, the negroes *en masse* paraded round and round the Commanding General's residence at a very early hour in the morning, in a turbulent and threatening manner, which left no doubt that his work was done in Louisiana and Texas, and that he must leave its future in the hands of the "carpet-baggers" and those who had sustained them. He soon determined upon his course, and left New Orleans, after permission had been granted, without delay, leaving his family to follow a short time afterwards.

CHAPTER XIV.

General Grant and General Hancock—Convention of 1868—General Hancock Refuses to Commit Himself—Letter from Hon. S. T. Glover, and Reply—Assigned to the Command of the Department of Dakota—Fight with the Blackfeet Indians—False Sentiment in the East with reference to the Indians.

ARRIVING in Washington, my husband repaired at once to the Commanding General's headquarters to report and register, thereby complying with every requisite, whatever may be said to the contrary. It could not be expected that General Hancock felt at that moment *entirely* cordial and uninjured, after the discourteous treatment he had just been subjected to, and it would be expected that his sentiments toward General Grant were not contrary to those usually actuating the average human being when a slight or wrong has been inflicted on him. Still, never by word or action did he forget to recognize General Grant as his superior officer, or to do him justice in every way. He would even refuse to listen to anyone attempting to depreciate the qualities that made General Grant a successful commander; he fully realized that he possessed them, and believed that

he was an instrument selected by Providence to carry out this great work, which enabled him to succeed in controlling public opinion and sympathies—in not a few instances committing righteous wrongs. Historical facts in evidence will sustain me in this declaration. Neither can it be denied that General Grant betrayed feelings of hostility toward General Hancock, which in his position he was fully able to gratify. An instance of this kind, in which I can frankly say that he was not (upon this one occasion) upheld by the press or country, was the sending my husband—then a major-general—to Dakota, appointing him to a command without consideration of his legitimate rank in the United States service. General Grant's friends urged that Hancock was too sensitive with regard to the claim of rank, and that he or his friends should not have noticed the slight offered him.

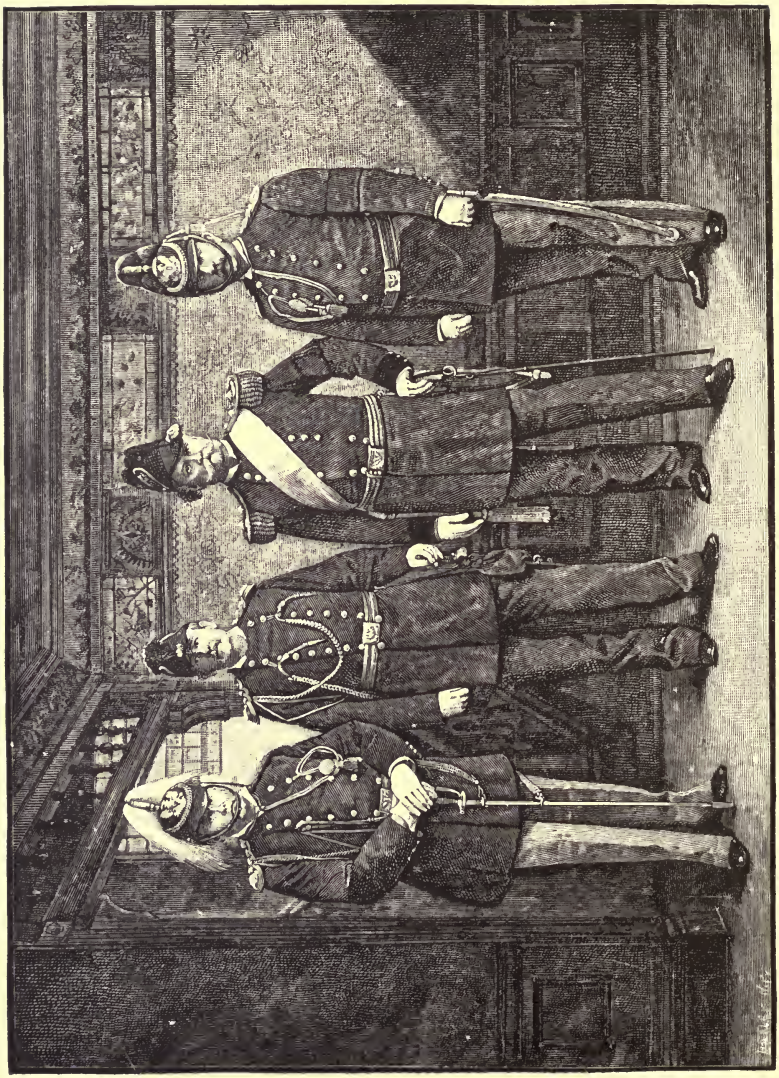
The *esprit du corps* at least, and *morale* of the service, would demand this recognition, for nothing tends more to chill the high impulses of a soldier than a disregard of justly made claims by superior officers. Of this treatment General Hancock complained with reason, and considerable discussion on the subject took place at the time. To quote General Hancock's exact expressions in relating this affair, he remarked:

"The difference which arose between General Grant and myself was mostly, if not entirely, due to misrepresentation and exaggeration of the language and conduct of both of us by gossips, who thought that, because he and I had had some different views in official matters, it would be agreeable to General Grant to hear unkindly things purporting to come from me. I believe that they were in this mistaken. There were people, too, who wished to keep us apart. I believe General Grant always felt kindly toward me, and I certainly felt thus toward him. I never did him the slightest injury, though I consider I have had occasion for grievance. In General Grant's official report, I did not think he gave the Second Corps, or myself as its commander, all the credit that justly belonged to the Corps and to me. When, however, his attention was called to this omission, he gave, as his reason, 'that when his own report was made out, he had not received full reports from all of the commanders of the several corps.'

"It was an unfortunate omission for me, as General Grant's report will always in the future be regarded as the one truthful, correct reference for historians."

It is gratifying to consider that General Grant's Memoirs make ample though late amends, by the very handsome and just mention of General Hancock's services. It cannot be denied that he had fully earned such a tribute. Before yielding up his command in the Fifth Military District, General Hancock was approached by friends, and urged to be a candidate for the Presidency. He would not listen to these appeals, nor allow his name to be used in any manner to further his own advancement; everything that was done was through enthusiastic friends and supporters.

The Convention assembled in New York City, July 4, 1868, the Hon. Horatio Seymour presiding.



Captain John S. Wharton. General W. G. Mitchell. Lieutenant T. H. Barber.

GENERAL HANCOCK AND STAFF IN 1885.

The balloting continued for hours without a result, until the twenty-eighth ballot, when General Hancock received 144 votes. One more ballot would have decided it in his favor had not the Convention adjourned at this juncture. Naturally the crowds continued throughout the night, and despatches were received by General Hancock at intervals, insisting that he should commit himself in favor of certain individuals, in the event of his nomination. He received positive assurances that if the desired promises were made, nothing should prevent his receiving the nomination on the first ballot in the morning. The same reply was sent in each and every case: "I shall promise nothing, nor commit myself in any way."

The result is well known, and the parties nearest to success knew well the machinations that were used to embarrass the Convention and defeat the popular candidate, resulting in the presentation of ex-Governor Seymour's name to the Convention on the following morning. He received the nomination on the twenty-second ballot. After the defeat of Governor Seymour for the Presidency, the Radical journals asserted that General Hancock had refused to vote, and was dissatisfied with the result of the Convention, which accounted for his inactivity during the canvass; but this assertion was not heeded, nor would it have been

noticed had not the Hon. S. T. Glover, of St. Louis, an eminent lawyer and personal friend of General Hancock's, written him a letter of inquiry, which I give below:

"ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 13, 1868.

"MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK:

"*Dear General:* I deem it proper to direct your attention to statements made by the Radical press, to the effect that you are greatly dissatisfied with the result of the National Democratic Convention. The object of these statements is to create an impression that you do not acquiesce in the judgment of the Convention; that your friends do not, and, in consequence, Seymour and Blair will not have their cordial support. I wish you to know, General, that I have taken the liberty to pronounce these statements false, and to assure those who have spoken to me on the subject, that nothing could cause you more regret than to find your friends less earnest in supporting this ticket which has been nominated, than they would have been had your name stood in the place of Governor Seymour's. I am,

"Very sincerely yours,

"S. T. GLOVER."

Whereupon General Hancock hastened to reply to Mr. Glover in the following letter:

"NEWPORT, R. I., July 17, 1868.

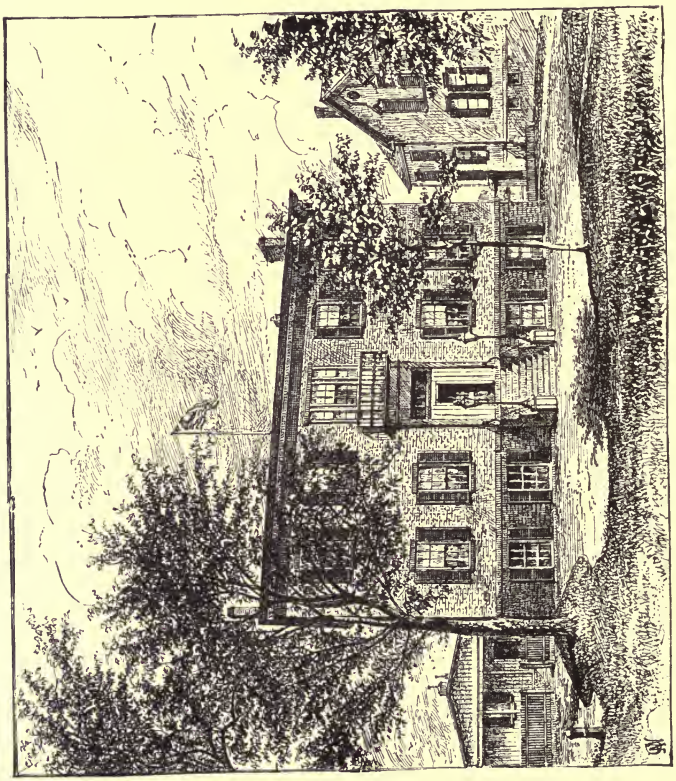
"S. T. GLOVER.

"*Dear Sir:* I am greatly obliged for your favor of the 13th inst. Those who suppose that I do not acquiesce in the work of the National Democratic Convention, or that I do not sincerely desire the election of its nominee, know very little of my character. Believing, as I verily do, that the preservation of Constitutional Government eminently depends on the success of the Democratic party in the coming election, were I to hesitate in its cordial support I feel I should not only falsify my own record, but commit a crime against my country. I never aspired to the Presidency on account of myself. I never sought its doubtful honor and

certain labor and responsibilities merely for the position. My only wish was to promote, if I could, the good of the country and to rebuke the spirit of revolution which had invaded every sacred precinct of liberty. When, therefore, you pronounced the statements in question false, you did exactly right. 'Principles and not rulers,' is the motto for the rigid crisis through which we are now struggling. Had I been the Presidential nominee I should have considered it a tribute, not to me, but to principles which I had proclaimed and protected; but shall I cease to regard these principles, because by the judgment of mutual political friends another has been appointed to put them in execution? Never! never! These, sir, are my sentiments, whatever interested parties may say to the contrary; and I desire that all may know and understand them. I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance the faithful friends who, toiling from every section of the country, preferred me by their votes and other expressions of confidence both in and out of the Convention, and shall do them all the justice to believe that they were governed by patriotic motives, that they did not propose simply to aggrandize my personal fortunes, but to serve their Country through me, and that they will not now suffer anything like personal preferences or jealousies to stand between them and their manifest duty. I have the honor to be, dear sir,

"Very respectfully yours,
"WINFIELD S. HANCOCK."

At this time he was in command of the Military Division of the Atlantic, with headquarters at Washington, D. C. In October of the same year, in accordance with his wishes, the headquarters were changed to New York. It was generally understood at the time that the change was attributable to the lack of *entente cordiale* between the general commanding the army and General Hancock, but such was not the case.



EXTERIOR OF HEADQUARTERS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

General Grant had meanwhile been inaugurated as President, and General Meade assigned, by order of General Grant, to the Division of the Atlantic, and General Hancock to the Department of Dakota, headquarters at St. Paul, Minn.

General Hancock was unable to assume command until May 17, 1869, by reason of his attendance on the Dyer Court of Inquiry. After the conclusion of this duty he repaired to his new station, and before the summer closed had inspected every post in his Department. Upon the conclusion of this inspection he writes:

"Again at home, feeling well, happy, and satisfied with my summer's work. I can now command my Department understandingly, having studied well its necessities, which is better than accepting the impressions of others, whom I should have been obliged to send had I not gone myself. We have had a hard, toilsome, dangerous trip. I have established a new post near the town of Pembina, located on the Red River of the North, and have made arrangements for the protection of the settlers in this section, guarding and keeping open lines of travel, and protecting the work of constructing the railway (Northern Pacific), of which more than three-fifths of the length lies within the bounds of my department. You see now what I have to accomplish."

The Blackfeet Indians had for some time annoyed the settlers in Montana by marauding and murdering. It was thought best to punish them by a winter campaign, and General Hancock arranged an expedition against them. Our troops surprised a camp of the Piegan band of the Blackfeet, killed 173

Indians and captured 100 women and children and 300 ponies. Unfortunately some of the women and children were killed in the mêlée. Much blame was thrown upon the commanding officer and his men, but General Hancock exonerated him in his official report from any intentional severity. The orders were to punish the Indians wherever found, for their cruelties and depredations. Well-merited justice was meted out to them, though severe censure followed those whose duty it was to chastise them. General Sherman, in the following letter, agreed with General Hancock concerning the conduct of this campaign.

"DEAR GENERAL:

"I received a few days ago your letter and the amended report. I would not, were I in your place, notice the efforts of the men who are trying to raise a smoke about the Indians. Their motive is so transparent that they cannot deceive anyone familiar with the facts, and they don't know or care anything about the truth. I have made up my mind to go right along and pay no attention to the clamor of the Peace Advocates.

"Truly yours,

"W. T. SHERMAN, *Lieutenant-General.*"

The false sentiment bestowed and entirely wasted upon this treacherous race by a class who know nothing of their character and habits, except from the sentimental brain of the imaginative Cooper, have been and will always be the *bête noir* of the frontier service. They have thrown many obstacles, with the assistance of the govern-

mental policy, if such it can be called, in the way of a simple but quick solution to this difficult question. If it were left to the Army, much discouragement and perplexity would cease, and the hard, thankless service, which results always in discontent and chronic fault-finding, whatever the result, would be made comparatively light.

CHAPTER XV.

Convention of 1872—General Hancock's name proposed—Transferred to the Division of the Atlantic—The Babcock Court of Inquiry.

THIS same year, 1872, another Presidential election was approaching, and, as before, General Hancock's friends were active in their efforts to bring his name before the Convention. This was not to his liking, and he wrote, or caused to be written, hundreds of letters to the effect that he was not a candidate for the Presidency, nor did he wish to be so considered. His friends, however, as well as others, were quietly at work, believing him to be the most available man at that time for the nomination. The following article, which appeared in the St. Louis *Republican*, gives their arguments:

"In the matter of general, admirable and popular reputation, it is supposed that Hancock bears off the palm from all competitors. His name is inseparably and honorably connected with those great achievements of the war, in which are bound up the affections of our Union soldiers, upon which their admiration is immovably fixed, and around which will cluster, while they breathe, all the honor and glory of their country. His name is familiar to the hosts of our Union soldiery. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of those soldiers have known him personally. Which of the other gentlemen named for the Presidency can be compared with him in this? It is also suggested that Hancock is

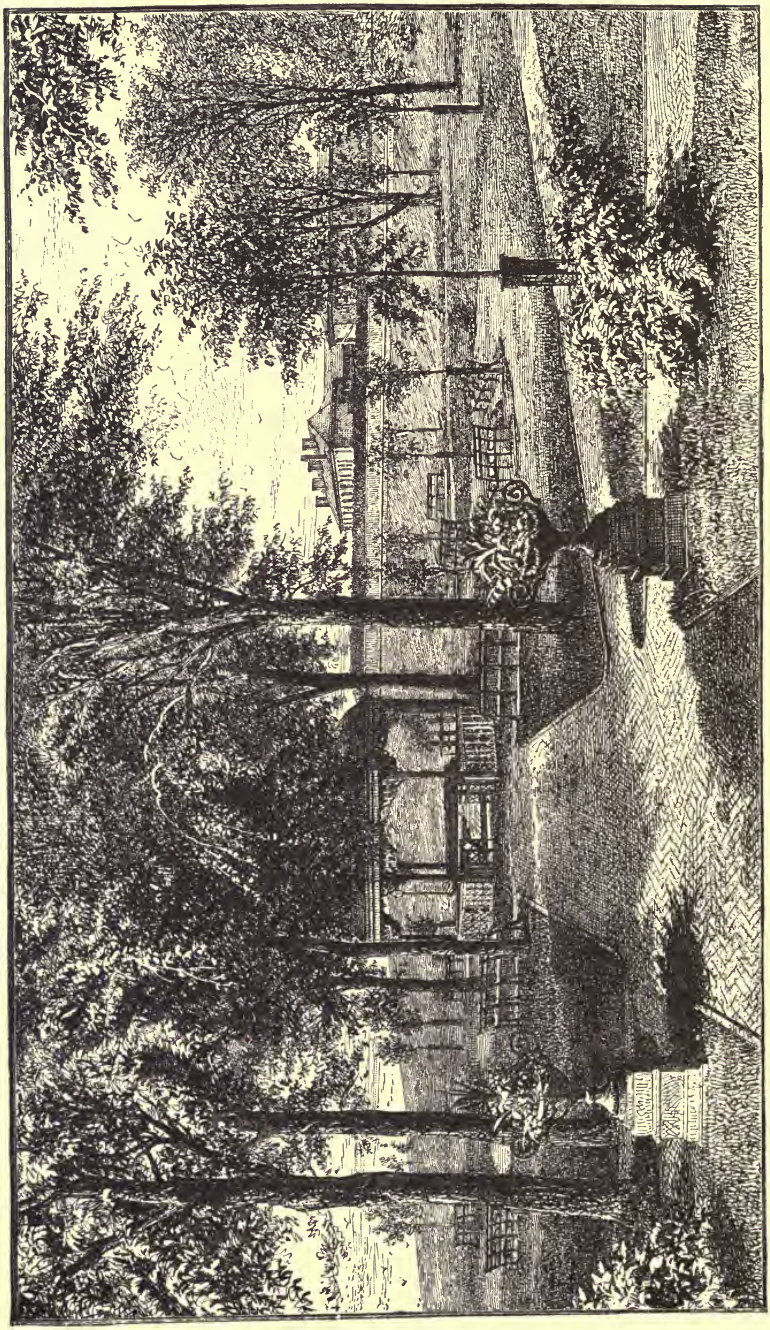
favorably known to soldiers who fought on our side of the Rebellion. There is something peculiar in the fact, yet the fact is undoubted, that honorable and brave men who fight each other though never so desperately, are more ready than outsiders to be friends when the strife has ceased. Why may not Hancock command the respect and admiration of Southern soldiers? In him they beheld the Chevalier without fear and without reproach—the Union leader, of all others the most terrible in the rush of battle, the most generous and magnanimous in victory."

Then again came a like appeal from the Boston *Post:*

"I need not speak of Hancock, the soldier-statesman, whose generous and heroic spirit rolled back the tide of despotism, whose orders and letters are among the noblest appeals for the supremacy of Civil law to be found in the annals of any country."

Thus was the one side presented, while on the other hand there were friends who considered the political situation peculiar, and the confidence in the Democratic party not absolute by any means; and their desire was to offer inducements, on account of these features of the situation, for a compromise candidate, believing General Hancock's time had not arrived. Their candidate, as all the world knows, was Horace Greeley, who was defeated by a large majority and the re-election of General Grant.

On the death of General Meade, General Hancock became the senior major-general of the Army, which entitled him to the command made vacant by General Meade's death. It was not General Grant's intention at that time to make this change,



PARK ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

as was well understood, but he reversed his decision finally, and ordered General Hancock to the Division of the Atlantic, with headquarters in New York City. General Sherman stated that he had always considered New York the proper place for headquarters, though he permitted General Meade to use his pleasure in the selection of Philadelphia, that city being his home. The official duties entailed by this command were unlike any others, inasmuch as they were not so laborious, requiring vigilance, but without the grave responsibilities that were ever present while serving in the Indian territory. Yet his services in this Division were not without incidents which brought him prominently before the public. In 1875 a Military Court of Inquiry was convened at Chicago, to investigate the charges that were brought against General Babcock, private secretary to General Grant, in connection with the alleged whisky frauds. The court consisted of Lieutenant-General Sheridan, President, and Generals Hancock and Terry. During the sitting of the court, the Grand Jury of St. Louis found a true bill of indictment against General Babcock. Before leaving for Chicago, General Hancock expressed himself in positive terms as to the illegality of the whole proceedings, in the calling for a Military Court of Inquiry while an investigation was pending in the Civil

courts. He mentioned his determination to question their possession of any authority, as a military tribunal, to proceed with the case before them, until the Civil court had pronounced upon the accused. He believed the court would listen to his objections when he presented them, which he did in the following address:

"A sense of duty to the laws of the military service, and to the accused, impels me to ask your concurrence in a postponement of this Inquiry for the present. We are all bound to believe in the innocence of Colonel Babcock, and the presumption cannot be repelled without evidence. It is due to him to suppose that this Court of Inquiry was asked in good faith for the reasons given. What were the reasons? In the course of a legal trial in St. Louis, Colonel Babcock was alleged to be guilty of high criminal offense. He asked for a hearing in the same court, but was informed he could not have it because the evidence was closed. Those circumstances led him to demand a Court of Inquiry, as the only means of vindication that was left him. Since then he has been formally indicted, and he is now certain of getting that full and fair trial, before an impartial jury, which the laws of the country guarantee to all its citizens. The supposed necessity for convening a military court for the determination of his guilt or innocence no longer exists. It is believed that our action as a military tribunal cannot oust the jurisdiction of the Court while the indictment is pending. The President has said, through the Attorney-General, that such was not the intention. Then the trial at St. Louis and this Inquiry must go on at the same time. Unless we await the result of the Inquiry there, the difficulties are very formidable. The accused must be present at the trial of the indictment. Shall we proceed and hear the cause behind his back, or shall we vex him with two trials at once?

"The injustice of this is manifest.

"I presume, from the nature of the case, that the evidence is very voluminous, consisting of records, papers and oral testimony.

Can we compel the production of these while they are wanted for the purposes of this trial at St. Louis? Certainly not, if the military be, as the Constitution declares, subordinate to the civil authorities. Shall we proceed without evidence and give an opinion in ignorance of the facts? That cannot be the wish of anybody. I take it for granted that the trial at St. Louis will be fair as well as legal, and that the judgment will be according to the very truth and justice of the cause. It will without question be binding and conclusive upon us, upon the Government, upon the accused, and upon all the world. If he should be convicted, no decision of ours could rescue him out of the hands of the law. If he be acquitted, our belief in his innocence will be of no consequence. If we anticipate the trial in the Civil court, our judgment, whether for the accused or against him, will have, and ought to have, no effect upon the jurors. It cannot even be made known to them, and any attempt to influence them by it would justly be regarded as an obstruction of public justice. On the other hand, his guilt and his acquittal will relieve him from the necessity of showing anything but the record.

"I do not propose to postpone indefinitely, but simply to adjourn from day to day, until the evidence upon the subject of our Inquiry shall receive that definite and conclusive shape which will be impressed upon it by a verdict of the jury, or until our action, having been referred to the War Department, with our opinion that our proceedings should be stayed during the proceedings of the Civil court, shall have been confirmed. In case of acquittal by the Civil court, the function of this court will not necessarily have terminated. The accused may be pronounced innocent of any crime against the statute, and yet be guilty of some act which the military law might punish by expulsion from the Army. In case of acquittal, he may insist upon showing to us that he has done nothing inconsistent with the conduct of an officer and a gentleman, as the Articles of War run; but the great and important question is, Guilty or not, in manner and form, as he stands indicted? And this can be legally answered only by a jury of his countrymen."

The Court of Inquiry immediately adjourned

upon the conclusion of this address, to await further orders from Washington. These soon came, enabling General Hancock to repair at once to his home in New York after a short absence, as he predicted would be the result before parting from me.

CHAPTER XVI.

Excitement during the Campaign of 1876—General Hancock's Letter to General Sherman.

THE exciting Presidential campaign of 1876 was one of engrossing interest, and the only one that I can recall that my husband followed with intense interest and anxiety, not even excepting that in which he was himself the nominee of the Democratic party.

To quote from a letter he wrote me from Carondelet, St. Louis, Mo., enclosing a copy of one that he had written to General Sherman upon the same subject, and which I will give hereafter in explanation of some matter that can only be explained in this way, he says:

"A very strange and critical period are we passing through. We shall see what our Institutions are worth. The methods are provided in the Constitution for the adjustment of such difficulties. To me they are very plain. Will they be regarded? I believe and fear not. In my opinion Mr. Tilden has been elected to the office of President of these United States, and should take his seat. I shall be very much surprised if he consents to this Electoral Commission. What is that? I consider this matter has already been decided by the official count, showing a popular majority of a quarter of a million in favor of Mr. Tilden.

"Yes, I think it likely there may be some truth in the rumor

that I am to be sent to California. It has been denied, but where there is so much smoke you may rely upon it there is some fire."

In the letter which follows, General Hancock gives his reasons to General Sherman for crediting a rumor which seemed to him very natural and plausible.

"To General W. T. Sherman,

"*Commanding Army of the U S., Washington, D. C.*

"*My Dear General:* Your favor of the 4th inst. reached me in New York on the 5th, the day before I left for the West. I intended to reply to it before leaving, but cares incident to departure interfered. Then, again, since my arrival here, I have been so occupied with personal affairs of a business nature that I have deferred writing from day to day until this moment, and find myself in debt to you another letter, in acknowledgment of your favor of the 17th, received a few days since. I have concluded to leave on the 29th, to-morrow, P. M., so that I may be expected in New York on the 31st inst. It has been cold and dreary since my arrival here. I have worked like a Turk (I presume that means hard work) in the country, in making fences, cutting down trees, and repairing buildings, and I am at least able to say that St. Louis is the coldest place in winter, as it is the hottest in the summer, of any that I have encountered in a temperate zone. I have known St. Louis in December to have genial weather throughout the month; this December has been frigid, and the river has been frozen more solid than I have ever known it.

"When I heard the rumor that I was ordered to the Pacific coast, I thought it probably true, considering the past discussion on the subject. The possibilities seemed to me to point that way. Had it been true, I should, of course, have presented no complaint, nor made resistance of any kind. I would have gone quietly, if not prepared to go promptly. I certainly would have been relieved from the responsibilities and anxieties concerning Presidential matters which may fall to those near the throne, or in authority within the next few months, as well as from other incidents or matters which I could not control, and the action

concerning which I might not approve. I was not exactly prepared to go to the Pacific, however, and I therefore felt relieved when I received your note informing me that there was no truth in the rumors. Then I did not wish to appear to be escaping from responsibilities and possible danger which may cluster around military commanders in the East, especially in the critical period fast approaching.

"'All's well that ends well.' The whole matter of the Presidency seems to me to be simple and to admit of a peaceful solution. The machinery for such a contingency as threatens to present itself has been all carefully prepared. It only requires lubricating, owing to disuse. The army should have nothing to do with the selection or inauguration of Presidents. The people elect the Presidents. Congress declares, in a joint session, who he is. We of the Army have only to obey his mandates, and are protected in so doing only so far as they may be lawful. Our commissions express that.

"I like Jefferson's way of inauguration; it suits our system. He rode alone on horseback to the Capitol (I fear it was the 'Old Capitol'), tied his horse to a rail fence, entered, and was duly sworn, then rode to the Executive Mansion and took possession. He inaugurated himself simply by taking the oath of office. There is no other legal inauguration in our system. The people or politicians may institute parades in honor of the event, and public officials may add to the pageant by assembling troops and banners, but all that only comes properly after the inauguration, not before, and is not a part of it. Our system does not provide that one President should inaugurate another. There might be danger in that, and it was studiously left out of the Charter. But you are placed in an exceptionally important position in connection with coming events. The Capitol is in my jurisdiction, also, but I am a subordinate, and not on the spot, and if I were, so also would my superior in authority, for there is the station of the General-in-Chief. On the principle that a regularly elected President's term of office expires with the 3d of March (of which I have not the slightest doubt, and which the laws bearing on the subject uniformly recognize), and in consideration of the possibility that the lawfully elected President may not appear

until the 5th of March, a great deal of responsibility may necessarily fall upon you. You hold over. You will have power and prestige to support you. The Secretary of War, too, probably holds over; but, if no President appears, he may not be able to exercise functions in the name of a President, for his proper acts are of a known superior, a lawful President. You act on your own responsibility, and by virtue of a Commission only restricted by the law. The Secretary of War is only the mouth-piece of a President. You are not. If neither candidate has a Constitutional majority of the Electoral College, or the Senate and House on the occasion of the count do not unite in declaring some person legally elected by the people, there is a lawful machinery already provided to meet that contingency, and to decide the question peacefully. It has not been recently used, no occasion presenting itself; but our forefathers provided it. It has been exercised, and has been recognized and submitted to as lawful on every hand. That machinery would probably elect Mr. Tilden President and Mr. Wheeler Vice-President. That would be right enough, for the law provides that in failure to elect duly by the people, the House shall immediately elect the President, and the Senate the Vice-President. Some tribunal must decide whether the people have duly elected a President.

"I presume, of course, that it is in the joint affirmative action of the Senate and House; why are they present to witness the count, if not to see that it is fair and just? If a failure to agree arises between the two bodies, there can be no lawful affirmative decision that the people have elected a President, and the House must then proceed to act, not the Senate. The Senate elects Vice-Presidents, not Presidents. Doubtless, in case of a failure by the House to elect a President by the 4th of March, the President of the Senate (if there be one) would be the legitimate person to exercise Presidential authority for the time being, or until the appearance of a lawful President, or for the time laid down in the Constitution. Such a course would be a peaceful and, I have a firm belief, a lawful one.

"I have no doubt Governor Hayes would make an excellent President. I have met him, and know of him. For a brief period he served under my command; but as the matter stands I

can't see any likelihood of his being duly declared elected by the people, unless the Senate and House come to be in accord as to that fact, and the House would of course, not otherwise elect him.

"What the people want is a peaceful determination of this matter, as fair a determination as possible, and a lawful one. No other determination could stand the test.

"The country, if not plunged into revolution, would become poorer day by day, business would languish, and our bonds would come home to find a depreciated market.

"I was not in favor of the military action in South Carolina recently, and if General Ruger had telegraphed to me or asked advice, I would have advised him not, under any circumstances, to allow himself or his troops to determine who were the lawful members of a State Legislature. I could have given him no better advice than to refer him to the special message of the President in the case of Louisiana some time before. But in South Carolina he had the question settled by a decision of the Supreme Court of the State, the highest tribunal which has acted on the question, so that his line of duty seemed even to be clearer than the action in the Louisiana case. If the Federal Court had interfered and overruled the decision of the State Court, there might have been a doubt, but the Federal Court only interfered to complicate, not to decide or overrule. Anyhow, it is no business of the Army to enter upon such questions, and even if it might be so, in any event, if the Civil authority is supreme, as the Constitution declares it to be, the South Carolina case was one in which the Army had a plain duty. Had General Ruger asked for advice, and I had given it, I should of course have notified you of my action immediately, so that I could have been promptly overruled if it should have been deemed advisable by you or other superior authority. General Ruger did not ask for my advice, and I inferred from that and other facts that he did not desire it, or, being in direct communication with my military superiors at the seat of Government, who were nearer to him in time and distance than I was, he deemed it unnecessary. As General Ruger had the ultimate responsibility of action, and had really the greater danger to confront in the final action in the matter, I did not venture to embarrass him by suggestions. He was a Department

Commander, and the lawful head of the military administration within the limits of the Department; besides, I knew he had been called to Washington for consultation before taking command, and was probably aware of the views of the Administration as to Civil affairs in his command. I knew that he was in direct communication with my superiors in authority, in reference to the delicate subject presented for his consideration, or had ideas of his own which he believed to be sufficiently in accord with the views of our common superior to enable him to act intelligently, according to his judgment and without suggestions from those not on the spot, and not so fully acquainted with the facts as himself. He desired to be free to act, as he had the eventual responsibility, and so the matter was governed as between him and myself.

"As I have been writing thus freely to you, I may still further unbosom myself by stating that I have not thought it lawful or wise to use Federal troops in such matters as have transpired east of the Mississippi, within the last few months, save as far as they may be brought into action under the Constitution, which contemplates meeting armed resistance and invasion of a State, more powerful than the State authorities can subdue by the ordinary processes, and then only when requested by the Legislature, or, if that body could not be convened in season, by the Governor; and if the President of the United States intervenes in the matter it is a state of war, not peace. The Army is laboring under disadvantages, and has been used unlawfully at times, in the judgment of the people (in mine certainly), and we have lost a great deal of the kindly feeling which the community at large once felt for us. It is time to stop and unload. Officers in command of troops often find it difficult to act wisely and safely, when superiors in authority have different views of the laws from them, and when legislation has sanctioned action seemingly in conflict with the fundamental law, and they generally defer to the known judgment of their superiors. Yet the superior officers of the Army are so regarded in such great crises, and are held to such responsibility, especially those at or near the head of it, that it is necessary on such momentous occasions to determine for themselves what is lawful and what is not lawful under our system, if the military authorities should be invoked, as might possibly be the case in

such exceptional times when there existed such divergent views as to the correct result. The Army will suffer from its past action if it has acted wrongfully. Our regular Army has little hold upon the affections of the people of to-day, and its superior officers should certainly, as far as lies in their power, legally, and with righteous intent, aim to defend the right, which to us is *the law*, and the institution which they represent. It is a well-meaning institution, and it would be well if it should have an opportunity to be recognized as a bulwark in support of the right of the people and of the law.

"I am, truly yours,

"WINFIELD S. HANCOCK."

CHAPTER XVII.

A Rescinded Order—General Hancock's Letter to Wm. H. Hurlburt—Scheming against General Hancock—His Letter to General Sherman—The Great Strikes—Removing Headquarters to Governor's Island—Anecdote of Russell Hancock.

SOME time after the widespread circulation of the rumor that General Hancock had been ordered to the Pacific coast, an article appeared in the New York *World*, headed "A Rescinded Order. Did General Hancock Refuse to be Transferred to the Pacific Coast?" In reply to this query, General Hancock thought proper to write to the Editor of the *World* as follows:

"As an authority is given for the communication, it seems that I should publicly notice the same, and it would gratify me if you would, in the manner you deem best, make such correction as would be most likely to remove any misapprehension on the subject. I have not received any orders transferring me from this station, nor any intimation of the existence or contemplation of such orders. Hence, I did not refuse to be transferred to the Pacific coast. I have not tendered my resignation. All of my information in the matter has been derived from the newspapers of the day. I had no communication whatever, relating to the subject, with the authorities, until after the rumor of my removal was published from Washington as groundless. Then General Sherman wrote me a note to the same effect. I am in no wise responsible for any statement contained in the despatch in ques-

tion, or for any misconception which has arisen concerning this subject from the first to last. I am, very truly yours,

"WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

"*To Mr. William H. Hurlburt, Editor New York 'World,' Waverly Place.*"

Letters of inquiry about this time came to him from every source, asking for an explanation of the sudden and unexplained object of the Administration in their proposed course toward him. Many suggested that his absence *far away* would be advantageous, in the event of contingencies then pending, from the fact that his ideas upon Constitutional matters were antagonistic to those who were only too willing to recognize the power that Congress had assumed to enact new laws; laws for which there might have existed a necessity while the clash of arms continued, but which became unconstitutional and arbitrary in time of peace. These sentiments were not confined to a few, but to many—very many—who could not sympathize, for that reason, in some of the Revised Statutes, so called; the "Reconstruction Act," for example, originated for the sole purpose of chastisement of the South—an "Instrument" which did its work well and thoroughly when placed in the hands of the unscrupulous, for whose purposes it was enacted.

About one year from the date of General Hancock's letter to General Sherman, in connection

with the rumor of his change of station, he was informed, and by one high in authority, that the order sending him to the Pacific coast had actually been made out and was ready for promulgation, when it was thought advisable not to issue it, for the sake of General Grant and his party. The motives were too apparent. The contemplation of such an order was never doubted, in the opinion of General Hancock, for one moment, yet it was not for him to express it, for at that time his enemies were persistent in their efforts to procure some evidence of his disloyalty, not only to his Government but to those above him in authority. In their eagerness to seize upon something to suit the popular sentiment (according to their reasoning as to that sentiment), they resorted to a very transparent and novel mode of entangling him, which possibly might have succeeded had he been an officer who acted upon an order without due reflection. But as this was contrary to his rule of action, the plot failed. The following letter explains this:

"HEADQUARTERS,
"MILITARY DIVISION OF THE ATLANTIC,
"NEW YORK, January 2, 1877.

"GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, Washington, D. C.:

"An anonymous communication to the Secretary of War, dated Louisville, Ky., December 10, 1876, reached my headquarters on the 27th of that month, from the office of the Adjutant-General of the Army. It represents that, in the contemplated

uprising of the people to enforce the inauguration of Tilden and Hendricks, the Jeffersonville depot is to be seized, and is expected to arm and clothe the Indiana army of Democrats. The endorsement on the communication made at your headquarters, December 26, 1876, is as follows: 'Official copy respectfully referred to Major-General W. S. Hancock, commanding Division of the Atlantic, who *may* draw a company from General Ruger, commanding Department of the South, and post it at the Jeffersonville depot, with orders to protect it against any danger.' The terms of the endorsement imply an exercise of discretion on my part, which leads me to write you before taking action. In my judgment there is no danger of the kind the anonymous communication sets forth, or other kind, at Jeffersonville depot to justify a movement of troops to that place. Such a movement, it seems to me, would involve unnecessary expense, and would create or increase apprehension, for which there is no real foundation. There are no arms or ammunition at the Jeffersonville depot, and if such a force as is referred to could be raised for rebellious purposes, it is not likely that it would begin by seizing a depot of Army uniforms, and therefore, if there are grounds for action of the Government, I see no danger in the delay which will result from this presentation of the subject to you. If, however, in your better judgment a company should be sent there, it shall be promptly done as soon as you notify me to that effect. As I have already said, I do not act at once because in your instructions you say I *may* send a company there, which I consider as leaving it somewhat discretionary with me. I returned on the 31st of December, 1876, from St. Louis.

"I am, very truly yours,

"WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,

"*Major-General Commanding.*"

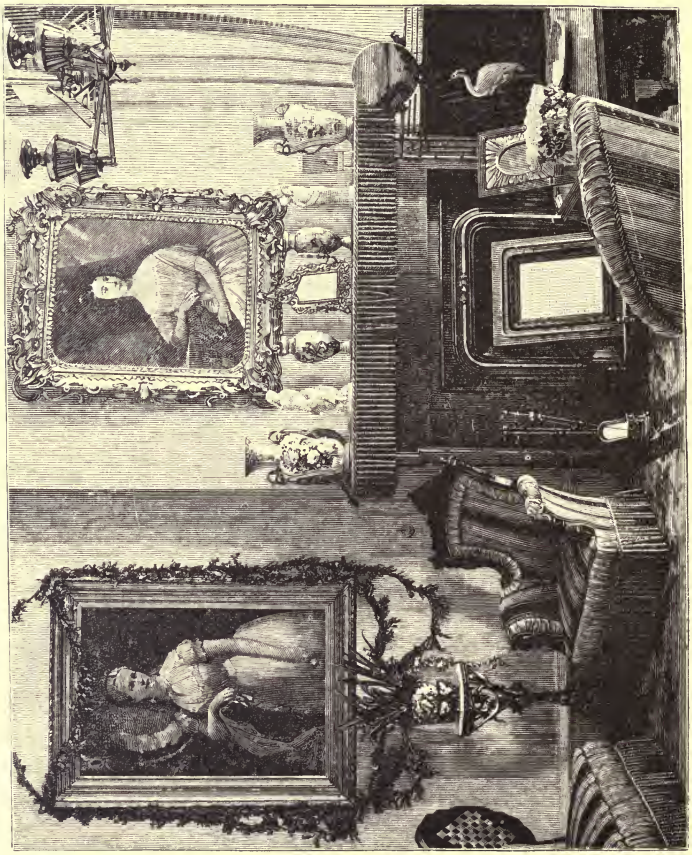
There are other letters of great interest pertaining to the events of those troublous times, which will have their place in the history that has yet to be impartially written. These letters could be produced now, were it my purpose to give more

than my own personal recollections of those who were nearest to my husband. He bestowed little thought upon partisan assaults and prejudices, thinking it but natural that such means should be resorted to by those who had no claims to recognition but their success in displacing others, in whom merit, honesty and integrity were paramount to all else.

In July of the same year (1877) the great strikes and labor outbreaks occurred, necessitating the calling out of the militia, which proved insufficient to suppress the rioters who were engaged in incendiary outrages. It finally became imperative to employ a force of United States troops to assist in the protection of public as well as private property. General Hancock being in command of the Division of the Atlantic, the weight of this responsibility fell upon him. For two days and nights, with occasional snatches of sleep, was he at work, with several telegraph operators, sending and answering despatches from Maine to Georgia. After getting his force well in hand, he started for Philadelphia, where were established his headquarters. The labor imposed upon himself and staff will never be comprehended by the public, but will surely never be forgotten by those who passed through the ordeal. My husband has often since referred to the herculean

work that was performed by those valuable, intelligent officers, who rendered such untiring self-sacrificing service at a time, never more momentous (not excepting the period of the war), when the greatest celerity had to be used in the subjugation of a class who were co-operating with the rioters, but who had no other purpose than spoliation and incendiarism. The militia were kept at bay, while the regular Army accomplished, in most cases by their presence alone, the purpose for which they were sent. During the continuance of the riot the destruction to railroad property was estimated to be between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000.

In 1879 General Hancock was ordered to remove the headquarters of the Division of the Atlantic to Governor's Island, a very desirable change, but one that seriously inconvenienced the officers, who were holding their houses under leases of a year or longer. But the order was imperative: there was no alternative but to obey, and continue to make monthly payments for a deserted home, and that without the assistance of the "commutation for quarters," an allowance which officers set much store by, though so absurdly inadequate in amount. It merely aids an officer in providing himself with shelter, without which he would certainly be found inhabiting an obscure domicile which might almost be purchased for the amount that his



PARLOR IN RESIDENCE ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

uniform and trappings cost him. Notwithstanding the meagre pay and other disadvantages, this soldier's life, so full of care, excitement and responsibility, has an attractiveness that no other can offer. If it were not for the opportunities that our Government gives its servants for *grumbling*, the soldier would be bereft of half his comfort, as there is nothing commensurate with the satisfaction of the military classes as recounting "grievances," imaginary or real, that have been imposed upon them; though in spite of oft-repeated assertions that, were they independent of their profession, they would soon leave Uncle Sam in the lurch, no inducement could tempt them to abandon their chosen calling. For nearly eight years it was accorded us to enjoy this peaceful, happy home on Governor's Island. The marriage of my husband's niece and adopted daughter shortly after our removal to Governor's Island, brought sunlight into our home, being the first event that necessitated our emerging from the seclusion, gloom and depression that had overshadowed our lives since the death of our daughter, five years before. It may be that in my personal reminiscences of my husband I ought to dwell more on the children of our hearth-stone—the children whom he so devotedly loved, and who made so large a portion of the sunshine of our home; a dear and only son,

a dear and only daughter. But I dare not trust myself to recall those loved so fondly, and lost so long before the time up to which I might reasonably have expected them to live. Our young daughter, Ada, grew up beside us a fair, tender plant; to be, unlike other children, in many things thoughtful and sympathetic, beyond her years in her intellectual pursuits and grave thoughts. Standing on the threshold of womanhood, with all the dreams and hopes of a long life before her, with but brief note of warning the summons came. She left us and earth life at twenty-eight years of age, March 28, 1875. This heavy blow had been aimed in the right direction, if designed to prepare and reconcile us to the various misfortunes which were portioned out, from that hour to the final parting of two lives more closely cemented than ordinarily, by reason of the eventful years that we shared together. Our son Russell was born in St. Louis, Mo., where his infancy and early childhood were spent, his father's station being then at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. His academic studies were pursued at New Haven, Conn., under the tutelage of Dr. Russell. The bent of his mind was in the direction of mechanics and engineering, and with the view of cultivating this talent he was sent to Lehigh University, at Bethlehem, Penn., but he was obliged to abandon his studies, in consequence of

his health, before the completion of his course. At the time of his death, December 30, 1884, he was engaged in the management of an extensive cotton plantation on the Sunflower River, Coahoma County, Miss. He was a close student of the labor problem of the South, and by his tact and skill became one of the most popular planters in his locality, which enabled him to secure abundant labor, not always an easy thing to do. He was approachable, gentle and forgiving; his genial, manly qualities endeared him to friends and associates. I will repeat a story once told of him by Reverend Dr. ————, of the North Mississippi Presbytery, who first met Russell Hancock on the *James Lee*, a local packet plying between Friar's Point and Memphis, Tenn. The Doctor was reading Herbert Spencer on "Education," when a mutual friend brought the two together. "Doctor," said Russell, "I have a fine boy at home; will you tell me how to educate him?" The answer came: "I am reading the best book in the English language on that very subject; let me offer it to you as a guide and as a mark of my respect. And now, Mr. Hancock, may I, in turn, ask you a question? How did you acquire your popular manner? I have observed that you are as courteous to the boot-black as to the captain?" "I came by it honestly, sir, I suppose; my father has always im-

RUSSELL HANCOCK.

pressed on my mind that all men are born free and equal." Said the Doctor: "With such a father, it seems to me one would be a little puffed up." "Not in the slightest, Doctor; while I am justly proud of such a father, yet I claim nothing from my fellow-man on his account." This illustration is perfect of his character.

"Unheeded o'er his silent dust
The storms of life will beat."

CHAPTER XVIII.

General Hancock nominated for President—His Acceptance—The Campaign—How he Accepted the News of His Defeat—The Yorktown Celebration—Death of Russell Hancock—Death of General Hancock—His Character—Conclusion.

IN 1880 General Hancock was nominated by the Democratic party for the Presidency. The Hon. Daniel Dougherty, of Pennsylvania, addressed the Convention in the following eloquent language:

"MR. CHAIRMAN:

"I propose to present to the thoughtful consideration of the Convention the name of one who on the battle-field was styled the superb,' yet won a still nobler renown as a military governor, whose first act, when in command in Louisiana and Texas, was to salute the Constitution by proclaiming that 'the military rule shall ever be subservient to the civil power.' The plighted word of a soldier was proved by the acts of a statesman. I nominate one whose name will suppress all faction, which will be alike acceptable to the North and South, a nomination that will thrill the Republic; the name of a man who, if nominated, will crush the last embers of sectional strife, and whose name will be the dawning of that day so long looked for, the day of perpetual brotherhood among the people of America. With him as our champion, we can fling away our shield and wage an aggressive war. With him, we can appeal to the supreme majesty of the American people against the corruption of the Republican party, and their untold violations of Constitutional liberty. With him

as our standard bearer, the bloody banner of Republicanism will fall palsied to the ground. Oh, my countrymen! in this supreme hour, when the destinies of the Republic, when the imperiled liberties of the people, are in your hands, pause, reflect, take heed, make no mistakes. I say I nominate one whose nomination would carry every State of the South. I nominate one who will carry Pennsylvania, carry Indiana, carry Connecticut, carry New Jersey, carry New York. I propose the name—(a voice—'Carry Ohio?'). Aye, carry Ohio—I propose the name of the soldier-statesman, whose record is as stainless as his sword—Winfield Scott Hancock."

His nomination was formally announced to him by John W. Stevenson, President of the Convention, on July 13, 1880, and replied to as follows:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:

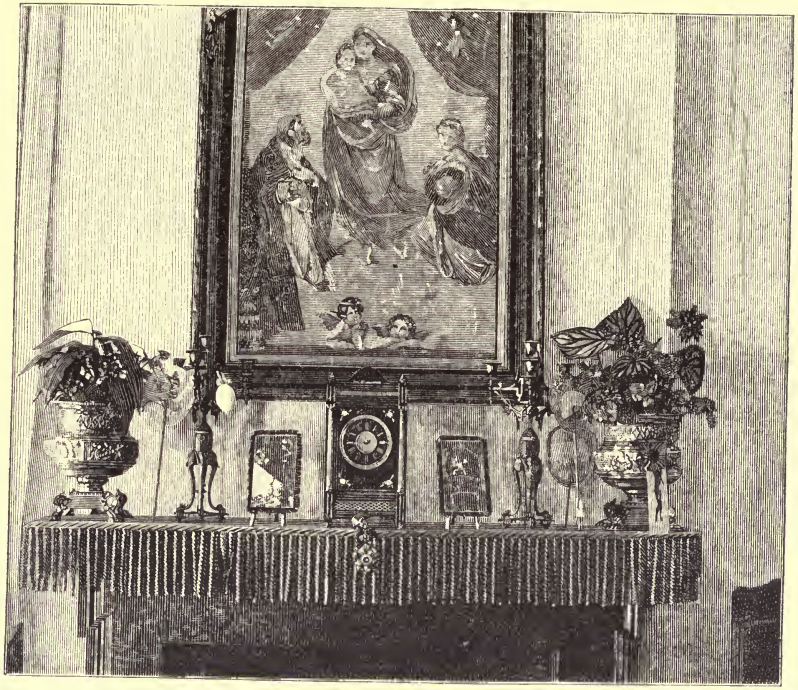
"I appreciate the honor conferred upon me by the National Democratic Convention lately assembled in Cincinnati. I thank you for your courtesy in making that honor known to me. As soon as the importance of the matter permits, I will prepare and send to you a formal acceptance of my nomination to the office of President of the United States."

The mournful event of the death of our grandson, my husband's namesake (a bright, winsome little fellow), which occurred at 7 o'clock on the morning of the day upon which this official announcement was made, changed an occasion which should have been cheerful and congratulatory. Where congratulations and rejoicing were to have reigned, a stillness of death pervaded the ceremony of announcement. Why was it decreed that at the moment of exultation and rejoicing, a

cloud as impenetrable as death itself should overshadow?

The campaign followed, and in nowise differed from others. Our home was invaded from the beginning to the end. All was turmoil, excitement and discomfort of every known kind. The conclusion was earnestly wished for, by none more eagerly than by General Hancock himself. The ordeal to him was severe, requiring herculean strength the entire campaign. Indeed, he was never afterwards so robust in health.

At 7 o'clock, P. M., on the day of the election, he yielded to the extreme weariness and prostration that ensued from his five months' labors and went to bed, begging me under no circumstances to disturb him, as the result would be known sooner or later, and to-morrow would be time enough. At 5 o'clock on the following morning he inquired of me the news. I replied, "It has been a complete Waterloo for you." "That is all right," said he, "I can stand it," and in another moment he was again asleep. An extraordinarily balanced temperament, it then occurred to me, as often before; one that was never quite comprehended by his superiors, or, indeed, by those who were the nearest to him. The only disappointment that he gave expression to, was the difference that his defeat would make



RAPHAEL'S MADONNA, WORKED IN WORSTED BY MRS. HANCOCK, IN PARLOR AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

in the future of many of his friends, who had suffered long and in various ways in consequence of their adherence to his cause. He accepted, however, the situation as a soldier, not as a politician. Still, he desired to live long enough to see his party once more in power.

His defeat determined him never again to permit his name to come prominently, in a political sense, before the people, so displeased was he with the lack of earnestness, that was observed and reported by active, disinterested friends, on the part of some of those in charge of the campaign, and the inaction of many of the pretended leaders, who manifested their discontent by indifference throughout the campaign. With all this, including the successful attempt to amalgamate tickets, which were drawn by hundreds who have since testified to the fact, from Tammany boxes, his popularity and strength before the people could not be concealed, for the successful candidate received a plurality of only 7,018 out of a total popular vote of 9,000,000.

Besides this, General Hancock was told by a prominent and well-known man of New York City, who offered to give evidence of the fact, that five thousand of his votes were cast into the Hudson River. Others since have corroborated this statement.

A few days after, while the events of the election were under discussion, General Hancock remarked that he was entirely satisfied with the result; that while it was his firm conviction that he had been really elected, and then defrauded, he would not exchange positions with Garfield for any earthly inducement.

With the characteristic earnestness which entered into every duty entrusted him, he attended the inauguration of his rival, and, I should judge from his own account, rather enjoyed the occasion. He received many letters inquiring whether it was his purpose to assist in this ceremony, to all of which he replied in a similar vein to the letter I give here, written the evening before starting for Washington.

"Yes, I am going to Washington on the 3d of March for a few days. General Sherman, my commanding officer, has asked me to be present. I have no right to any personal feeling in the matter. It is clearly my duty as a soldier to obey. A Democratic Congress has formally announced that the people have duly elected a President, and that is James A. Garfield. It certainly seems that a Democratic candidate should be there to support the assertion, otherwise he would not be a good Democrat. *Vox populi, vox Dei.* The will of the majority rules, you know. What I can do in Washington, with dignity, I shall do. I do not expect to be in advance of, or follow, the triumphal car, either on foot or on horseback. I only expect to do my level best. The situation does not, from this standpoint, look very well. I hope it may look better as I look back. I wonder how they did these things in Rome. I have read of the Roman ways, to be sure, but it was

a long time ago. When I return from Washington I can tell you how the Americans do it under the new census. Fifty millions of people have a way of their own, you know. I hope you are well, and may I live to see a Democratic President.

"I am, yours very truly,

"WINFIELD S. HANCOCK."

He never lived to realize what he had hoped for in the change.

In the fall of 1881 General Hancock was called upon to take charge of the Yorktown celebration, entertaining the nation's guests on the occasion of the Centennial celebration of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. In order to make this interesting event a success, *carte-blanche* was given him by the authorities at Washington, which enabled him, without fear of disapproval, to make the affair brilliant and a credit to his Government. In a very interesting work, just completed, by Monsieur le Marquis de Rochambeau, entitled "Yorktown Centenaire de l'Independence des Etats Unis d'Amerique, 1781–1881," he gives a most pleasing history of his experiences during that memorable visit to America. Among other things, he writes of Yorktown:

"At 2 o'clock in the afternoon General Hancock gave a lunch on board of the steamer *St. John*. Among the invited were President Arthur, Hon. David Davis, President of the Senate, Admiral Wyman, a large number of Army and Navy officers, Members of Congress and all the Governors representing the different States at Yorktown. All the French and German dele-

gates were present. This lunch, really a dinner, was served in the salon of the *St. John.* It was impossible to see anything more complete or more luxurious in its completeness, '*mets recherchés, vins exquis,*' nothing was wanting. It was easy to see that if General Hancock is a good general, he is no less a thoughtful and gracious host. Pretty staterooms for rest had been prepared for the guests, and the General had put at the disposal of the ladies a charming salon, decorated with flowers and elegant draperies, where the French flag was found in all possible and imaginable forms. At 4 o'clock the President, accompanied by his officers and his Cabinet, and the delegation, went on board his yacht, the *Despatch.* The *Trenton,* which carried the Admiral's flag, gave the signal for the manœuvres and evolutions of the Navy. This naval review was one of the grandest and most imposing spectacles that we saw while in the United States."

This Centennial will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to take part in or witness the grand military observances that were marked out for each day, and the other ceremonies equally novel and interesting.

In the spring of 1883 my dear mother was taken from us. She was a tower of strength within the family circle, and could not well be spared. The death of our son, who left a young wife and three little children, closely followed. This last and final blow produced a fatal impress upon my husband's mind, though he endeavored to convince me, as well as himself, that he had accepted with resignation this last strange dispensation, as it appeared to him, and would chide me for not making an effort to reconcile my stricken heart to the inevitable, as he

had done. Surely, there are as many and as hard-fought battles in life, requiring steadfast faith and endurance, as there are on a military field. It seems, sometimes, that the noblest natures have to meet and overcome the greatest and most frequent trials, permitted, perhaps, by the Supreme Power, that the spirit so fiercely tried by the storm may be worthy, when transplanted, of that wonderous world beyond, where alone it shall be perfected. We feel keenly, many times, that which affects those we love, more than we do that which affects ourselves; and watching my husband with the anxiety of a wife, I felt gladdened by seeing that the misconceptions or detractions which wounded his sensitive nature, served at the same time to strengthen the high and steadfast purposes which he believed to be sacredly entrusted to him.

General Hancock was seen for the last time in public, in his official capacity, commanding the pageant that escorted the remains of General Grant to their final resting-place, Riverside Park. His position as Commanding General of the Division of the Atlantic made it eminently proper that he should have been entrusted with all preparations for this ceremony, which he was authorized to make "one of the grandest and most impressive displays that lay within his power." His soldier-like directness served him faithfully upon this occasion. How

well he performed the arduous and difficult duty, his fellow-countrymen well know without further mention.

General Hancock was now the senior major-general of the Army, but had reason to hope and believe that promotion would soon come to him. Besides the honor attached to the grade, he was in hopes of the retention of his full salary by a special Act of Congress, when his term of service expired. But this recognition, like all others within my recollection, was slow in coming, and he had about given it up. Not infrequently would he reply to my impatience, "I consider that I am well paid for my services, and am satisfied, particularly so that I am indebted to no one but myself for the rank that I hold and the privileges that belong to it." Never was favoritism shown him. Of this fact he was well aware, and would say, often, "I cannot afford to make mistakes, and must strive to commit none." Governor's Island being so near to New York City, our social requirements had become very irksome and exacting. Few distinguished guests were permitted to leave the metropolis without a full inspection of a "model United States fort." Other strangers passing through the city would naturally desire to pay their respects to the soldier for whom they had voted for President of the United States. These constant social re-

quirements imposed, necessarily, additional labors, which were cheerfully and ably performed. General Hancock was a strict disciplinarian, untiring in his work, and demanded of his staff-officers or privates the same devotion, always recognizing their services by showing, in a cordial way, his appreciation of their efforts, and rewarding them accordingly. He was not without his faults, nor was he incapable of enmities; on the contrary, with his peculiar temperament and a frankness thoroughly characteristic, his intentions and motives were often misunderstood. When at fault himself, he quickly made amends. To his superiors he was uniformly courteous, quick to form decisions, but careful and judicious in expressing himself; never volunteering opinion except when called upon, and then speaking with an earnestness of honest convictions, which often convinced others of the sense and justice of his views. In concluding my recollections I wish to say, that, if nothing more could be claimed for my husband than his devotion to duty and strong principles of liberty, which he had the moral courage to proclaim in face of political fanaticism, these constitute a remembrance worthy of the perfect soldier, patriot, husband and father, from the beginning of his eventful career until the hour in which he was called upon to yield up his pure soul to God.

"Came an angel in the morning,
When the tides go out to sea,
Saying, 'There is one among you
That must rise and go with me.'
To the sound of lamentation,
Muffled drum and cannon's roll,
From the Fort of Castle Williams
Passed the great commander's soul.

"To the starry cluster beaming
In the blue midnight skies,
Ancients say a star is added
When a gallant soldier dies;
And amid the evening ether,
When the guns of sunset roll,
O'er the Fort of Castle Williams
Shines the great commander's soul."

—*Miss Irving.*

CAMPAIGN BADGE, 1880.

APPENDIX A.

Narrative of the Operations of the Second Army Corps. from the time General Hancock assumed command, June 9, 1863 (relieving Major-General D. N. Couch), until the close of the Battle of Gettysburg. By General C. H. Morgan, late Chief of Staff, Second Army Corps.

MAJOR-GENERAL D. N. COUCH was relieved from the command of the Second Corps on the 9th of June, 1863, in pursuance of his personal request to the Secretary of War, and General Hancock succeeded to the command. There was, perhaps, no other officer of the Army so strong in the confidence of the Corps, or who could have succeeded to Sumner and Couch so much to the satisfaction of the troops. Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had raised his reputation as a division commander to the highest point, and his appointment to the command of the Corps was a matter about which there could have been no question. Indeed, it was contemplated, before it was known that General Couch was to leave the Corps, to place General Hancock in command of the cavalry corps, and he was urged strongly by the most conspicuous and able officers

of the cavalry arm—General Buford and Colonel Davis—to accept the command. General Hancock did not desire this command, but finally agreed to accept it for the coming battle. Circumstances, however, occurred, making an immediate change of commanders impracticable, and before the matter was revived the vacancy in the Second Corps occurred.

General Caldwell succeeded to the command of the first division. The other divisions were commanded by Generals Gibbon and Hays. French commanded the third division when the Corps left Falmouth, but was relieved from the Second Corps, June 24, 1863, and assigned to another command.

On the night of the 13th and morning of the 14th of June, the Corps commenced its march with the Army of the Potomac to confront Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. The Corps moved on the right flank of the army, by way of Acquia Creek, Dumfries, Wolf-run Shoals and Sangster's station to Centreville. These marches were devoid of particular incident, those of the first and second day, however, being marches of excessive fatigue, on account of the dust and heat. The Corps remained at Centreville from the 18th to the 21st, when it moved across Bull Run to Thoroughfare Gap to watch the passes. The Corps was with-

drawn on the 24th. Simultaneously with its withdrawal the Confederate General Stuart's cavalry passed up the turnpike from New Baltimore to Gainesville, and at Hay Market fired a few shots from a battery into the flank of the Corps. The battery was rapidly driven off, and Stuart proceeded on the raid, which had no other result than to deprive Lee of his services at a most critical juncture. The Corps camped for the night at June Spring. Abercrombie's troops from Centreville joined the Corps at this point, and as General Abercrombie remained with the Corps but one day, General Alexander Hays became the senior officer present with the third division, and fell to its command.

On the morning of the 25th the Corps crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry. On the following day it moved to Sugar Loaf Mountain, and on the morning of the 27th to Monocacy Junction, near Frederick. General Meade assumed command of the Army this day. On the morning of the 29th the Army was again in motion towards Gettysburg. The Second Corps was to have moved at 4 A. M., but through a blunder on the part of the bearer of despatches the order was not received till 6 A. M., and it was 8 o'clock before the Corps was in motion. At 10 o'clock at night, however, the head of the column was halted between

Westminster and Unionville, thirty-two miles from the point of starting—a long march, considering that the Corps train, nearly eight miles long, accompanied the column, and that the heat was intense. Immediately on bivouacking, General Hancock ascertained that Stuart's cavalry was at Westminster. Considering this information of prime importance, he despatched a staff-officer to Army headquarters with the intelligence. General Meade sent for General Pleasonton, who stated that he was informed that General Gregg occupied Westminster, and persisting in this statement. The report of General Hancock was discredited, and Stuart moved off without molestation late the next morning. The mistake of Pleasonton probably arose from confounding the name of the place really occupied by General Gregg, New Windsor, with Westminster.

The Second Corps rested on the 30th, and on the morning of the 1st of July moved to Taneytown, arriving about 11 A. M. General Hancock having reported to General Meade at his headquarters, was now made acquainted with General Meade's plan to deliver battle on Pipe Creek. General Meade had heard the first reports of the enemy's appearance at Gettysburg, and felt that the matter was being precipitated heavily upon him.

General Hancock returned to his command after this brief interview, but had scarcely reached his tent when General Meade and his chief-of-staff, General Butterfield, made their appearance, the latter bearing an order for General Hancock to proceed to Gettysburg and assume command of the Eleventh, First and Third corps. As the exact purport of this order has been a subject of some controversy, it is here inserted in full.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
"July 1, 1863, 1:10 P. M.

"COMMANDING OFFICER SECOND CORPS:

"The major-general commanding has just been informed that General Reynolds has been killed, or badly wounded. He directs that you turn over the command of your Corps to General Gibbon; that you proceed to the front, and by virtue of this order, in case of the truth of General Reynolds's death, you assume command of the Corps there assembled, viz., the Eleventh, First and Third, at Emmettsburg. If you think the ground and position there a better one to fight a battle, under existing circumstances, you will so advise the General, and he will order all the troops up. You know the General's views, and General Warren, who is fully aware of them, has gone out to see General Reynolds.

"Later. 1:15 P. M.

"Reynolds has possession of Gettysburg, and the enemy are reported as falling back from the front of Gettysburg. Hold your column ready to move.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
(Signed) "D. BUTTERFIELD,
"*Major-General and Chief-of-Staff.*"

It will be observed that by this order General Meade placed General Gibbon in command of the Second Corps, over the heads of his two seniors,

Hays and Caldwell; that General Hancock was placed in command of the Corps of his seniors, Howard and Sickles; and that General Hancock was to advise General Meade whether the ground and position, under existing circumstances, was a "better one" to fight a battle, that all the troops might be ordered up. The copy of this order, filed by General Meade before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, differs from the order received by General Hancock, in that the word "better" is placed in parentheses, and the word "suitable" (which does not occur in the copy received by General Hancock) is inserted immediately after it. The purport of this change is to ignore the fact that General Hancock was charged with the responsibility of deciding between Gettysburg and Pipe Creek, or, at least, of holding on to Gettysburg until General Meade could decide. The latter claims that the troops were ordered up, irrespective of and before General Hancock's views were known. We will recur to this point when the narrative is far enough advanced to permit us to do so with clearness.

General Howard's friends have claimed that General Meade ordered Hancock up, in ignorance of the fact that General Hancock was the junior officer. General Hancock called General Meade's attention to this fact, however, and the latter re-

plied in substance that he could not help it, that General Hancock was acquainted with his views, that this was an emergency in which he could not stand upon such a point. General Hancock was also instructed verbally by General Butterfield that General Slocum, who had been summoned to the assistance of Howard, would receive the command when he arrived on the field. General Hancock started for Gettysburg about half past one, accompanied by his personal staff, and two or three other officers on duty at his headquarters. He rode in an ambulance for the first two or three miles, for the purpose of examining the maps and the instructions concerning the proposed formation on Pipe Creek. The rest of the journey was performed at a rapid gait on horseback. The ground was closely scanned by General Hancock as he rode along, with a view of noting the defensive positions which would be available should a retreat be made along the road. About half-way between Gettysburg and Taneytown an ambulance, accompanied by a single staff-officer, and bearing the body of a dead officer, was met. Inquiring who it was, General Hancock was informed that the ambulance bore the remains of General Reynolds.

Near Gettysburg the roads were blocked with the trains of the troops in front, so that an orderly retreat on the Taneytown road would have been

impossible. General Hancock directed the trains to be retired and the roads cleared. About 3:30 he reached Cemetery Hill. Near the Cemetery gate he met General Howard, and announced that he had been ordered to assume command. General Howard did not ask to see the order, but remarked that he was pleased that General Hancock had come. No time was spent in conversation, the pressing duty of the moment, it was evident, being to establish order in the confused mass on Cemetery Hill. Buford's cavalry was holding the front in the most gallant manner, the horse-holders, in some instances, voluntarily giving up their horses to retreating infantrymen, and going themselves to the skirmish line. General Buford himself was on Cemetery Hill with General Warren, where General Hancock met them for a moment. Generals Howard, Buford and Warren all assisted in forming the troops.

By threats and persuasion the tide flowing along the Baltimore turnpike was diverted, and lines of battle formed behind the stone walls on either side of the road. To show the disorder into which General Howard's troops had been thrown by the unequal conflict they had waged during the day, it is only necessary to mention that 1,500 fugitives were collected by the provost guard of the Twelfth Corps, some miles in rear of the field.

The enemy's line of battle was seen advancing up the ravine between the town and Culp's Hill, and General Hancock sent one of his staff to General Doubleday for troops with which to meet the threatened advance. The staff-officer was met with a series of excuses: that the men were out of ammunition, that they were disorganized by their losses, that they had no officers, etc. General Hancock rode up behind General Doubleday, and overheard these remarks, and rising indignantly in his stirrups, with his hand raised, said; "Sir, *I* am in command on this field; send every man you have got." Wadsworth's division and Hall's Fifth Maine battery were sent to the western slope of Culp's Hill, which important position they held during the entire battle. The brave Wadsworth was by no means daunted or weakened by the day's work, but was still full of fight.

With reference to Ewell's advance towards Culp's Hill, Lee's report says: "General Ewell was therefore instructed to carry the hill occupied by the enemy, if he found it practicable, but to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of the other divisions, which were ordered to hasten forward. In the meantime the enemy occupied the point which General Ewell designed to seize (Culp's Hill)." It will be seen that the movement narrated was, therefore, a very important one.

The lines having been so established as to deter the enemy from further advance, General Hancock despatched his senior aide, Major Mitchell, with a verbal message to General Meade that General Hancock could hold Cemetery Hill until night-fall, and that he considered Gettysburg the place to fight. Major Mitchell left Gettysburg about 4 o'clock, and arrived at Taneytown before 6 o'clock. Having delivered his message to General Meade, the latter replied, "I will send up the troops."

The following is the disposition of the troops, as made by General Hancock: The First Corps, except Wadsworth's division, which was placed as above, was on the right and left of the Taneytown road. The Eleventh Corps was on its right, on both sides of the Baltimore turnpike. Williams's division of the Twelfth Corps was established, by order of General Slocum, some distance to the right and rear of Wadsworth. Geary's division of the same Corps was established by General Hancock—not being able to communicate with General Slocum—to protect the left flank by guarding the important positions of Big and Little Round Top. Somewhat later, the Second Corps, which had moved toward Gettysburg by General Meade's order, was halted about three miles in the rear, in a position to secure the left flank against any turning movement around Round Top.

At 5:25 General Hancock found leisure to dictate a written despatch to General Meade, which was transmitted by the hands of Captain Parker, of General Hancock's staff. This despatch is here given in full (see page 39). Captain Parker arrived at Army headquarters with the despatch about 7 P. M.

General Meade states, in his testimony (see page 348, Report of Committee on Conduct of the War, Vol. I, 1865), that he had ordered up the troops without waiting for General Hancock's report. He speaks of the above as General Hancock's first report, forgetting the verbal message sent an hour before by Major Mitchell. We think General Meade is in error here, for the following reasons:

First. It would seem quite improbable that General Meade would order up all the troops, without knowing whether Gettysburg was a good position, or, indeed, without knowing that General Hancock had been able even to maintain himself there, and that he was not in full retreat toward Pipe Creek. It seems much more probable that any order sending troops to the front, before having heard from General Hancock, had reference to the position at Pipe Creek, than that General Meade would block up the very roads General Hancock might be using in his retreat, had he decided to fall back, as he was authorized to do.

Second. It seems probable, from a view of all the circumstances, that the word "better," in the instructions given to General Hancock, referred to the relative merits of Gettysburg and Pipe Creek. General Meade having persuaded himself, however, that he had determined upon Gettysburg without any advice from General Hancock, interprets this order by putting the word "better" in parentheses, and inserting the word "suitable," thus really changing the import of the order.

Third. General Meade's reply to Major Mitchell's verbal message would indicate that he had not previously formed, much less put into execution, any plan of concentration at Gettysburg.

Fourth. The orders for the Fifth and Sixth Corps to move to Gettysburg are dated 7 P. M. and 7:30 P. M., respectively, after the receipt of General Hancock's written despatch. General Meade rarely, if ever, moved large bodies of troops without written orders, and we find none of an earlier date directing the movements referred to.

Fifth. General Meade himself was at first of the opinion that he came to a decision upon information furnished by General Hancock, for in his first day's evidence (see page 330, Report of Committee on Conduct of the War, Vol. I, 1865) he says: "Early in the evening of July 1—I should suppose about 6 or 7 o'clock—I received a report from

General Hancock, I think in person, giving me such an account of a position in the neighborhood of Gettysburg which could be occupied by my army, as caused me at once to determine to fight a battle at that point."

We think the only error here is in attributing the report in question to General Hancock personally; but this is very natural, for after sending three despatches to General Meade, the two already referred to, and one by an officer of his escort, General Hancock returned to Taneytown himself, after having transferred the command to General Slocum, between 5:30 and 6 P. M. When he arrived at Army headquarters he found General Meade had already ordered up the troops.

Being somewhat exhausted by the labors of the day—for it is to be remembered that he had ridden from Unionville to Gettysburg, and after riding many miles to and fro on the field, back to Taneytown again—he laid down for a couple of hours to rest, General Meade himself starting for Gettysburg. Soon after midnight General Hancock returned to Gettysburg, rejoining the Second Corps before its arrival on the field at 7 A. M. The Corps formed on the left of the First Corps (official report says Eleventh Corps; this I think is a mistake), prolonging the line from the left of Cemetery Hill towards Round Top until connection

with the Third Corps was made. The divisions were posted from left to right, in the order of Caldwell, Gibbon and Hays, each division having a brigade in reserve. The five batteries were posted from left to right as follows: Rorty's, Brown's, Cushing's, Arnold's and Woodruff's.

The morning was enlivened by some very sharp skirmishing on Hays's front, the bone of contention being a barn midway between the lines, captured and recaptured several times by the contending parties. General Hays proceeded to force matters so vigorously that General Hancock ordered the barn to be fired, to prevent a general engagement being brought on. At one time, General Hays being dissatisfied with the Garibaldi Guards, announced his intention of going down on the skirmish line, and desired only one orderly to accompany him. A little Irishman on a white horse was detailed for this purpose, and on reporting to General Hays, the General asked him if he was a brave man? He was answered by a grin, and asked again, "Will you follow me, sir?" "*Gineral*," said the orderly, touching his cap, "if ye's killed and go to hell, it will not be long before I am tapping on the window." With his flag in his hand General Hays rode up and down the line, leading it forward, and the little Irishman on his white horse stuck to him as close as his shadow.

With the exception of skirmishing, and irregular artillery firing, the day passed quietly until General Sickles moved his Corps from its position in the general line of battle to the Emmettsburg road. By this movement he lost connection on both flanks. The flank next to the Second Corps was distant several hundred yards, and General Gibbon placed Huston's Eighty-Second New York and Ward's Fifteenth Massachusetts regiments, with Brown's Rhode Island battery, into the interval, the troops so placed being directly in front of Gibbon's division and masking its fire. The position of the battery, in particular, was faulty. The successful attack of the enemy on Sickles's line led to an immediate demand for reinforcements, Caldwell's division going to report to General Sykes, commanding the Fifth Corps; Willard's brigade to the support of Birney's division, Third Corps; and Devereux's Nineteenth Massachusetts and Mellon's Forty-second New York to the support of Humphreys. At this juncture General Hancock was informed by General Meade that General Sickles was disabled, and was instructed to take command of the Third Corps, in addition to his own. Gibbon again succeeded to the immediate command of the Second Corps. General Hancock led in person the brigade intended for General Birney towards the left

of his line, and was about proceeding with it to the front, when he met General Birney, who told him that the troops had all been driven to the rear, and had abandoned the position to which General Hancock was moving. General Humphreys's division was still in position, but the enemy, pressing him in front and turning his left flank through the interval left by Birney's division, he was forced to retire to the original line of battle, being placed by General Hancock, on the line just vacated by Caldwell. In regaining the line he suffered frightful losses, but succeeded in preserving the organization of his command, and had the satisfaction of forming his troops on the line. The Nineteenth Massachusetts and Forty-second New York had not arrived on Humphreys's line when he commenced his retreat; but observing that he was rapidly retiring, the regiments formed line of battle, delivered a few volleys, and retired in good order, though suffering heavy losses. So closely were they pressed by the enemy that prisoners were captured by the retiring regiments.

Brown's battery and the regiments of Ward and Huston were still more unfortunate. Having done good service in protecting General Humphreys's right, their left was exposed to the enemy's attack, and the regiments were forced back, losing both commanders and great numbers of officers and

men. The battery was served most gallantly, but continued its fire so long that it could not be entirely withdrawn, the left gun falling into the hands of the enemy. Captain Brown was shot through the neck, a dangerous but not mortal wound.

Willard's brigade was placed by General Hancock on the line at the point through which Birney had retired, and as the enemy was following sharply, the brigade was almost immediately engaged. Colonel Willard was struck in the face by a shell and killed, and the brigade met with severe losses. At this time reinforcements, for which General Hancock had sent to General Meade, began to arrive, and the line was now strengthened by Doubleday's division, and the remnant of Robinson's division of Newton's First Corps. By this time the enemy were advancing along nearly the entire front of General Hancock's command. The attack from the direction of the brick house on the Emmettsburg road was promptly checked by Gibbon, and the lost gun of Brown's battery regained. Colonel Heath's Nineteenth Maine bore a conspicuous part in this operation.

Two regiments of Lockwood's brigade of the Twelfth Corps, commanded by General Lockwood, were brought up by General Meade in person, and

advanced against the enemy on the left of the Second Corps. This part of the line was not complete, and the frequent intervals, and a fringe of undergrowth in front, afforded the enemy good opportunities for penetrating the lines. While General Hancock was riding along the line, he observed a rebel regiment about penetrating one of these intervals, firing as it advanced, Captain Miller, of the General's staff, being wounded by the fire. Turning to a regiment standing near, in column of fours, General Hancock said to the colonel, pointing to the rebel standard, "Do you see those colors?" "Yes, sir." "Well, capture them." The regiment charged as it was, formed in column of fours, in the most brilliant style, capturing the colors and a number of prisoners. While General Hancock was absent, wounded, he wrote to one of his staff, desiring him to ascertain what regiment this was, as he desired to recommend the Colonel for appointment as brigadier-general. Knowing that several Corps were represented at or near the spot, a circular was sent to the Corps commanders to get the required information. In his letter General Hancock described the man, and stated that he rode a black horse. Strange to say, several claimants were found for the honor, but the regiment was, in truth, one of the General's own command, the

heroic First Minnesota. The General was some what reluctant to come to a conclusion, on account of the number and pertinacity of the claimants, but several months after, he met the Colonel (Adams) in Harrisburg, and recognized him at once. The Colonel had been several times wounded, and had been in hospital at Harrisburg ever since the battle. In this attack and subsequent advance upon the enemy the First Minnesota lost seventy-five per cent. of its numbers.

One of the Vermont regiments afterwards advanced upon the right of the First Minnesota, and recaptured the guns of one of the reserved batteries. The Vermont troops behaved with great spirit during the entire battle.

The assistance rendered by these reinforcements enabled General Hancock to speedily repulse the enemy, and to recapture the artillery which had been left on the field in the Third Corps front.

Colonel Sherrill succeeded Colonel Willard in the command of the brigade of the third division, and with it made a gallant advance on the enemy's batteries to the right of the brick house. The One Hundred and Eleventh New York, Colonel McDougall, bore a conspicuous part in this advance. The brigade lost about fifty per cent. of its numbers, and showed by its splendid conduct that its capture at Harper's Ferry the year

before was not due to any lack of mettle on its part. Colonel Sherrill was killed on the 3d, and, Colonel McDougall being wounded, left the brigade in command of a lieutenant-colonel.

It is now time to follow the fortunes of Caldwell's division. As the division neared General Sykes's line it was met by one of General Sykes's staff and moved forward, part of the time at double quick, into the interval between the Fifth and Third Corps, with orders to check and drive back the enemy. The first brigade, under Cross, was in advance, and drove the enemy in splendid style across the wheat-field in his front. The second and third brigades were put in, in succession, to extend the line toward the Third Corps, and were likewise successful in driving the enemy. The fourth brigade under Brooke (now lieutenant-colonel Third Infantry) advanced to relieve Cross, and, fighting with his usual determination and energy, pushed his line far to the front, as far as any troops got that day, and gained a position impregnable to an attack from the front and of great tactical importance. Having established his division on this line, where he was reinforced by Sweitzer's brigade of the Fifth Corps, General Caldwell galloped to the right to establish some connection with the Third Corps, but found all the troops there broken and flying in

confusion. Before Caldwell could change front the enemy followed hard after the fugitives, and getting in upon his rear and right, compelled him to fall back hastily or see his command captured. Some confusion, of course, attended this sudden retreat, but the command was re-formed behind a stone wall near the Taneytown road, where it remained until relieved by part of the Twelfth Corps. On returning to his Corps, Caldwell was obliged to take up a position somewhat to the left, to cover the ground abandoned by Sickles, and the interval between his right and Gibbon's division was filled by other troops (First Corps) sent up to reinforce the line. It thus happened that Caldwell's division was separated, and took no active part in the attack of the 3d. Had the division resumed its proper place, the attack of the 3d would have been met entirely by the Second Corps, and its measure of glory would have been still greater, if possible.

Shortly after the division retired from Sykes's front, General Sykes informed General Hancock that it had not behaved well. He doubtless spoke in ignorance of the fact that its flank was turned, as afterwards happened to Ayres, but he did great injustice to Caldwell and to the troops. This was the division which, organized under Sumner, had attested its valor under Richardson at Antie-

tam, and which, under Hancock, had made, as we have seen, the most determined and desperate assault of the war at Fredericksburg. When, therefore, General Hancock heard this charge, he replied, with great indignation, that if the division had not done well it was not the fault of the troops. Subsequent investigation showed that General Caldwell had not only conducted himself with great coolness and bravery, but that he had handled his troops with great skill, and that the reverse reflected no dishonor upon either the troops or their commander. Its losses were great, over 1,200 out of a little more than 3,000 engaged. Two of the brigade commanders, General Zook and Colonel Cross, were mortally wounded, and a third brigade commander, Brooke, wounded, but kept the field. General Zook was an able and valuable officer, Colonel Cross was a very eccentric character, but an invauable officer. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and used to say his regiment, the Fifth New Hampshire, *dared not* fall back without orders. It would seem as if some one had neglected to give them these orders at Gettysburg, for that heroic regiment, numbering about 150 muskets, had over one hundred casualties, and the killed out-numbered the wounded. If Colonel Cross ever knew fear, no one ever discovered it. He had been several times wounded, and was prom-

inent on every field for his defiant bearing. At Chancellorsville, on the morning of the 3d, when our lines were about to be withdrawn, Colonel Cross made up his mind that "the affair was played out," and seating himself on the ground in front of his regiment, with a cracker-box on his lap, indited his report of the battle, under a very heavy artillery fire. He had led an adventurous life before the war, one of its incidents being a duel with Sylvester Murry, in Arizona.

Besides these officers, Colonel Roberts, One hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, and Lieutenant-Colonel Meriam, Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers, were instantly killed, and Colonel Morris, Sixty-sixth New York, wounded.

Colonel McKean, of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania, so distinguished at Fredericksburg, succeeded to the command of Cross's brigade, and brought it off the field in perfect order. Colonel Brooke was recommended for promotion for his distinguished services here.

It was nearly dark when the actions ceased along the Second Corps front, and it was soon followed by heavy firing on General Howard's front. The firing seeming to come nearer and nearer, General Hancock directed General Gibbon to send Carroll's brigade of Hays's division at once to the scene of the firing, to report to General Howard.

Hearing firing still farther to the right, and fearing that the troops Slocum had sent to his assistance had left him with insufficient force, General Hancock directed General Gibbon to send two regiments to the Twelfth Corps. These regiments, by some mistake, also went to Howard.

When Carroll's brigade arrived on Howard's front the enemy had nearly carried the position. The artillerymen in Stewart's and Ricketts's batteries ("B," Fourth United States Artillery and "I," First Pennsylvania) were defending themselves with sponge-staffs and rammers, or whatever they could lay hands upon, the bugler of one of the batteries having his brains knocked out by a trail hand-spike in the hands of one of the enemy. Carroll formed his line as best he could in the darkness, and with stentorian tones ordered the charge, and swept the hill. It was thought afterwards that the services rendered by Carroll's brigade were not so generously acknowledged in General Howard's report as they should have been, and several letters were published on the subject after the battle, the point in controversy being, not how well Carroll's troops did, for as to this there was no question, but as to the pinch to which Howard was reduced when Carroll arrived. General Howard himself admitted that affairs were critical and the reinforcements unex-

pected. It was afterwards claimed that the brigade was sent in pursuance of a request for assistance from General Howard, but it was sent by General Hancock solely upon his own motion and responsibility. The brigade was retained by Howard during the remainder of the battle, as was one of the regiments which joined his line by mistake. The Eighth Ohio, of Carroll's brigade, was not with it, but fought on Hays's line the next day—a kind of free-lance—capturing two colors and quite a number of prisoners.

General Meade stated before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, that of the 24,000 casualties in the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg, over 2,000 occurred by the night of the 2d. A council of war was held during the evening, which General Hancock attended, as commanding the left centre. General Gibbon was present, as the immediate commander of the Second Corps. The question was submitted to the council, whether there should be any change in the position of the army. On this question the vote appears to have been unanimous, though Generals Meade and Newton expressed the opinion that Gettysburg was not the place to fight a battle, or was not an advantageous one. The council having adjourned, General Hancock laid down on the porch at army headquarters to snatch a little sleep.

The forenoon of the 3d passed in comparative quiet, so far as Hancock's troops were concerned, though the artillery was frequently and warmly engaged. The heavy and continuous firing in front of the Twelfth Corps indicated that the main efforts of the enemy were on that front.

From 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. the silence was ominous, this being the interval of time in which the enemy was placing his artillery and forming his lines for the grand attack on the third day. When the cannonade opened, about 1 o'clock, General Hancock was lunching with General Gibbon in rear of Gibbon's division, and near to the Brown house. The staff-officers and escort made a considerable party. General Hancock was dictating an order to one of his staff concerning fresh beef for the men, when the first shell flew into the group. An attempt was made to finish the order in deliberation, but the shells came thicker and faster ; several of the horses broke loose and ran wildly about; the horses of the ambulance containing the lunch broke away, the driver, an old veteran of the regular service, being killed—altogether creating a scene of confusion such as is seldom seen, even on the field of battle. Such officers as could secure their horses mounted and rode to the front. The enemy's fire was very badly directed, the larger proportion of projectiles going over the line, so

that the safest positions were those nearest the enemy. The batteries on the line responded gallantly, but were greatly inferior in numbers to those brought against them; it being estimated that the enemy brought 145 guns against eighty on our side. General Meade, fearing that the supply of ammunition would be exhausted, sent an order, addressed to either General Hancock or General Hunt, to slacken the fire. The officer entrusted with the message, however, made no haste to deliver it, keeping it in his possession until one of General Hancock's staff passed his point of observation. General Hancock justly insisted, however, that the enemy should be stoutly answered, because of the moral effect a cessation of fire might have upon the infantry. Nearly all the ammunition except the canister was exploded. Brown's battery, which had suffered severely the day before, and had expended all its canister on that occasion, retired from the line before the assault. The officers having lost their horses, the battery became unmanageable, and when once turned from the field, stopped not upon the order of its going. The batteries suffered more from the cannonade than the infantry; several caissons were blown up—four in Thomas's battery of the Fourth Artillery alone.

After the firing had continued for an hour and

three-quarters it slackened greatly, and the enemy's infantry emerged from the fringe of woods beyond the Emmetsburg road. The attacking force numbered from 15,000 to 17,000 men, led by Pickett's division in double line of battle, the brigades of Kemper and Ganult in front, and Armistead's brigade supporting. On his right was Wilcox's brigade, formed in column of battalions, and on his left Heth's division, now commanded by General Pettigrew. The enemy's front covered just about the space occupied by the two small divisions of the Second Corps, Gibbon's and Hays's. As soon as the enemy's skirmishers made their appearance, General Hancock rode along the line to encourage the men and see that everything was in a state of preparation. It was quite remarkable that the General's favorite horse, one he had ridden in many battles, became so terrified by the roar of artillery that he seemed utterly powerless, and could not be moved by the severest spurring. The General was, therefore, obliged to borrow a horse from one of his staff—Captain Brownson. This was the horse, a very tall, light bay with a white nose, the General was riding when he was wounded. Captain Brownson was wounded in the Wilderness in the next year riding the same horse. The General's size and manner made him very conspicuous. He was accustomed

to wear his sword-belt under his coat, and the coat unbuttoned, except at the top, so as to expose his shirt-front.

On arriving at the right of the line General Hancock found that the troops he had posted across the Taneytown road on Cemetery Hill had been removed, and, fearing an attack in that direction, rode to General Meade's headquarters to ask that troops from some other command might be sent there. Finding General Meade's headquarters deserted he returned to the line. As he rode down the line he spoke to several of the regimental commanders, and was cheered by the troops as he passed. The enemy's attack was now in full vigor; our men evinced a striking disposition to withhold their fire for close quarters, and the enemy's advance was for some time opposed only by an irregular artillery fire. Hays had several regiments posted well to the front behind stone walls, and on his right was Woodruff's powerful battery of light twelves. Whether the fire was more close and deadly here, or whether, as some claim, the troops in Pettigrew's command were not as well seasoned to war as Pickett's men, it is certain the attack on Hays was very speedily repulsed. That it was pressed with resolution was attested by the dead and wounded, which were as numerous in Hays's front as on any other part of the

field. Colonel J. A. Smythe—whom we shall meet again—one of Hays's brigade commanders, was painfully wounded in the face, but did not leave the field.

The execution done by the battery was immense. The enemy closed in toward the centre to escape its fire, seeing which young Woodruff ordered a section to advance to secure an enfilade fire. While pointing to the proposed position, he was shot in the side and fell from his horse. This mortal wound did not, however, prevent him from urging the execution of his order. Fearing lest it might happen that our lines would be shifted so as to leave him in the hands of the enemy, Woodruff gave his watch and money—most of it company funds—to some officer of an infantry regiment near him. The miscreant proved unfaithful to his trust.

On the left of the line, fire was first opened upon the enemy from Stannard's Vermont brigade, which was placed at some distance in front of, and obliquely to, the main line. Either to escape this fire, or for some other reason, the enemy's right closed in to the centre also, so that the centre was urged forward against Webb's brigade by the pressure from both wings. Two regiments of this brigade, the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, were posted

behind a low stone wall and breastwork of rails hastily constructed on the slope towards the enemy. The rest of the brigade was behind the crest some sixty paces in rear, so posted as to enable them to fire over the heads of the two regiments in front. When the enemy's line had nearly reached the stone wall, the greater part of the advanced regiments abandoned their cover, but were rallied on the line in rear by General Webb and his officers. It was thought, at the time, that this movement was due to the fact that three regiments were isolated from the rest of their brigade, and were posted on the down-hill slope. Whatever the reason, the partial retreat emboldened the enemy to push their advantage, numbers of them crossing the breastworks, led by General Armistead. Cushing's battery, which was in advance of Webb's general line, seemed likely to fall into the hands of the enemy. The brave Cushing was instantly killed near his guns. A ball had entered his open mouth and lodged deep in the neck, leaving no trace of its entrance, nor any mark of wound except the discoloration of the back of his neck some time after death. It was about the time that Webb first received this attack that Gibbon was wounded.

General Hancock passing along at this time, Colonel Devereux, commanding the Nineteenth

Massachusetts Volunteers, begged to be permitted to move his regiment to the point of danger. Colonel Mellen, of the Forty-second New York, carried his regiment to the same spot. Hall's brigade was also moved by the right flank, the enemy having been repulsed in his front, and was followed by Harnn's brigade. These movements necessarily led to much confusion, particularly as the men frequently left the ranks, while marching by the flank, to fire at the enemy. Regimental organizations were in some measure lost, but the officers were there to hold their men to the work until victory was assured. Young Hascall, one of General Gibbon's aides, spurred his horse through the ranks, and waved the men on with his sword. Webb, Hall, Mellen, Devereux and others carried the colors forward, and, fighting almost breast to breast, stopped the enemy's advance and turned it into a surrender. General Hunt, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, joined in this mêlée, firing all the shots from his revolver, and having his horse shot under him.

General Hancock himself, observing the fortunate position of Stannard's brigade on the enemy's flank, had ridden down there to see what could be done with them. Before reaching these troops he met a small detachment, which he supposed to be a decimated battalion of the Second Corps.

As it contained but fifteen or twenty files, General Hancock thought it too small to effect any good, and ordered it to fall back to Stannard's line, intending to advance them all together.

From thence General Hancock passed down the front of Stannard's line—then lying down—and behind it to the right, where he met General Stannard, and directed him to send two regiments to attack the enemy's right. Turning away toward the clump of bushes in Webb's front, he was shot from his horse. All the General's staff were on other parts of the field, and he had with him at the time only his tried and faithful color-bearer, Wells, of the Sixth New York Cavalry. He received immediate assistance from some of General Stannard's staff.

While General Hancock was on his back, Major Mitchell rode to Stannard's brigade and reiterated the order in the General's name, not knowing that he was present or wounded. The officer addressed demurred attacking without his colonel's order, and it was then that Mitchell found that the General was wounded. Major Bingham, of the General's staff, who had himself been wounded in the head, but not seriously, came up soon after. He had received from the dying Armistead his watch, spurs and some other articles, to be transmitted to his relatives, and with them the mes-

sage, "Tell General Hancock that I have done him and my country a great injustice, which I shall never cease to regret." Armistead and Hancock had belonged to the same regiment before the war.

The medical director, surgeon Dougherty, was brought to the spot in about fifteen minutes, and took from the General's wound several pieces of wood, and a wrought-iron ten-penny nail bent double, which had entered the leg near the groin. Meanwhile Major Mitchell procured an ambulance, and the General was driven from the field. While his wound was being dressed he sent Major Mitchell to report to General Meade that he was wounded, that the troops under his command had repulsed the enemy's assault, that we had gained a great victory and that the enemy was flying in all directions in his front. The message was delivered to General Meade as he was riding to the crest of Cemetery Hill, and he replied, "Say to General Hancock that I regret exceedingly that he is wounded, and that I thank him, for the country and for myself, for the service he has rendered to-day."

As soon as the ambulance containing the General reached a place somewhat sheltered from the enemy's fire it was halted, and a despatch, in pencil, written to General Meade, by surgeon

Dougherty, at the General's dictation. No copy was kept, but the purport of it was given afterward by the writer as follows: "We have won a victory, and nothing is wanted to make it decisive but that you should carry out your intention.* I have been severely, but, I trust, not seriously, wounded. I did not leave the field so long as there was a rebel to be seen upright."

The officer who bore the despatch, and heard the dictation, thinks that the despatch urged that the Sixth Corps should be thrown in, to follow up the retreating enemy. The despatch was handed to General Meade on the Taneytown road in rear of the Second division. He replied, "Tell the General I do not understand what this artillery firing means," referring to the brisk cannonade kept up by the enemy to cover the retreat of the assaulting columns

Thus ended General Hancock's connection with the memorable battle of Gettysburg. He was taken first to the field hospital, thence that night to Westminster, arriving in Baltimore the following morning, and in Philadelphia at noon. It was at first supposed that his wound was made by a

* This had reference to a previous conversation between Generals Meade and Hancock, in which General Meade had expressed his intention of putting in the Fifth and Sixth Corps if Hancock was attacked. See "Report Committee on Conduct of the War," Vol. 1.—1865 page 408.

bursting shell, in which nails had been used for filling. On the following day a bullet hole was discovered through the pommel of the saddle he had ridden, and it was then suspected that a ball had passed through it, carrying with it the nail and pieces of wood. This turned out to be the case, for the wound, not healing kindly, was probed thoroughly six weeks afterwards and the ball extracted by the painful operation of cutting through the half cicatrized wound to the bone. The bone was injured, and to this fact is due the subsequent trouble the General has had with the wound.

The Second Army Corps had between 10,000 and 11,000 muskets in this action. The total casualties were 4,413—nearly forty-four per cent. of all engaged. The missing numbered only 350 enlisted men, most of whom were captured on the 2d of July in Caldwell's division. The first division lost 1,248, the second 1,627, and the third 1,382.

The artillery brigade, consisting of only five batteries, lost 150 men and 250 horses. Three of the battery commanders were killed, and one wounded. Of the killed, we have mentioned Woodruff and Cushing; the third, Rorty, commanding battery "B," First New York, was shot through the head while assisting to replace a disabled wheel. Lieutenant Miller, of Arnold's battery, "A," First Rhode Island, was mortally

wounded. Lieutenant Canby, of Cushing's battery, was also wounded. One of the non-commissioned officers of Cushing's battery, having been shot in the stomach by a piece of shell, cut short his misery by deliberately blowing out his own brains with his pistol.

Besides those already mentioned as killed among the field officers, were Colonel Dennis O'Kane, Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers; Colonel Max A. Themans, Fifty-ninth New York; Colonel Richard P. Roberts, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania; Lieutenant-Colonel Steel, Seventh Michigan Volunteers; Lieutenant-Colonel Tschudy, Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania; Colonel Serrell, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York.

The prisoners captured numbered 4 500 (exclusive of those secured by Caldwell's division on the 2d), of whom about half fell to each of the divisions engaged. Gibbon's division secured and turned in twelve stands of colors, and Hays's division fifteen more. The whole number of colors captured by the Corps was thirty-three, but several of them were secreted, and disposed of as personal trophies.

The battle of Gettysburg has given rise to a great many controversies, but we feel called upon to deal only with those affecting immediately the subject of this history. Whether Howard's troops gave way on the 1st, as Doubleday testifies before

the Committee on the Conduct of the War, or Doubleday's troops broke, as affirmed by Howard in the despatch we have quoted; whether General Meade directed his chief-of-staff to draw up an order for the retreat of the army from Gettysburg, or whether General Butterfield drew up the order on his own responsibility, or whether none was drawn up at all; whether General Sickles made a great blunder in moving out of the general line of battle and taking up a position far in advance, with his flanks practically in air, or whether he, by a masterly stroke, prevented the Army of the Potomac from making an inglorious retreat—are questions that do not concern General Hancock. That he did his duty as a soldier, entirely and completely, no one has ever questioned. From the time he re-established the trembling lines on Cemetery Hill, on the evening of the 1st, until "not a rebel was standing upright" in his front, and he was carried dangerously wounded from the field after the repulse of the enemy, on the evening of the 3d, he was the strong right arm of the Army of the Potomac. We have endeavored to show how great a responsibility was thrown upon him on the 1st day, and think we have shown that the decision of General Meade to concentrate at Gettysburg was based upon the reports made by General Hancock. We think it very unfortunate that his

wound did not permit him to remain and urge operations of greater vigor against the enemy, after the disastrous repulse of Longstreet and in the subsequent retreat.*

Before leaving the subject of Gettysburg, it is proper to notice a controversy which has arisen since the battle, with reference to the part taken by Stannard's troops. In a monograph by Lieutenant Benedict, entitled "Gettysburg, and the Part Taken Therein by Vermont Troops," it is stated that the flank attack was ordered by General Stannard before General Hancock arrived. It is not to be wondered at if so good an officer as General Stannard should have come to the same conclusion as did General Hancock and Major Mitchell in succession, as to what was demanded of his troops under the circumstances. We are permitted to extract the following from a memorandum made by General Hancock on the subject several years since :

"I had seen the importance of it myself, and probably General Stannard had also, and may have given similar directions. It is quite probable, for General Stannard was a cool and reliable officer, in whom I had great confidence from earlier associations Yet with the exception of the small detachment of troops already firing on the enemy's flank, before referred to [Referred to in the preceding narrative as a decimated battalion.], no flank attack was made until that directed by me."

* Mr. Junkin will see that General Warren expressed the same sentiment in one of his letters to General Hancock.

Again General Hancock writes:

"While I was on my back I recollect of ordering General Stannard to attack the enemy in flank; a regiment marched past me by the flank to do so. I ordered another regiment. Lieutenant Mitchell, not knowing that I was wounded, came there about the time I was shot, and also gave an order in my name for the attack of the enemy's flank, he seeing that the troops were well placed for that purpose."

In Rothermel's great historical picture illustrating the battle of Gettysburg, painted for the State of Pennsylvania, the artist has depicted Lieutenant Hascall, of General Gibbon's staff, announcing to General Meade the discomfiture of the enemy. This is a perversion of historical truth in one respect, and an injustice to General Hancock's senior aide, Major Mitchell, who carried to General Meade General Hancock's announcement of the victory, the instant General Hancock, raising himself on his hands, saw the enemy's line break. It is true that the incident of which the artist has taken advantage occurred at a later period, when General Meade rode on to the line, but there is a manifest impropriety in making General Meade receive the intelligence of the rout of the enemy from the staff-officer of a subordinate commander to General Hancock. Lieutenant Hascall was a brilliant young officer, but he surpassed Major Mitchell neither in conspicuous gallantry nor in the most intelligent and faithful discharge of

duty. Justice might have equally been done, by giving to Lieutenant Hascall the place he really had, which was between the lines, urging our men to follow, and leaving to Major Mitchell the delivery of General Hancock's message.

A true copy.

(Signed) EUGENE GRIFFIN,
1st Lieutenant of Engineers, A. D. C.

"5:25.

"GENERAL: When I arrived here an hour since, I found that our troops had given up the front of Gettysburg and the town. We have now taken up a position in the Cemetery, and cannot well be taken; it is a position, however, easily turned. Slocum is now coming on the ground, and is taking position on the right, which will protect the right. But we have as yet no troops on the left, the Third Corps not having reported, but I suppose that it is marching up. If so, his flank march will in a degree protect our left flank. In the mean time Gibbon had better march on, so as to take position on our right or left, to our rear, as may be necessary, in some commanding position. General G. will see this despatch. The battle is quiet now. I think we will be all right until night. I have sent all the trains back. When night comes it can be told better what had best be done. I think we can retire; if not, we can fight here, as the ground appears not unfavorable with good troops. I will communicate in a few moments with General Slocum, and transfer the command to him.

"Howard says that Doubleday's command gave way.

"Your obedient servant,

"WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
"Major-General Commanding Corps.

"General Warren is here.

"GENERAL BUTTERFIELD, *Chief of Staff.*"

APPENDIX B.

"HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT,
"New Orleans, La., November 29, 1867.

"GENERAL ORDER, No. 40.

"I. In accordance with General Orders No. 81, Headquarters of the Army, Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, D. C., August 27, 1867, Major-General W. S. Hancock hereby assumes command of the Fifth Military District, and of the Department composed of the States of Louisiana and Texas.

"II. The General Commanding is gratified to learn that peace and quiet reign in this Department. It will be his purpose to preserve this condition of things. As a means to this great end, he requires the maintenance of the civil authorities, and the faithful execution of the laws, as the most efficient under existing circumstances. In war it is indispensable to repel force by force, to overthrow and destroy opposition to lawful authority, but when insurrectionary force has been overthrown and peace established, and the civil authorities are ready and willing to perform their duties, the military power should cease to lead, and the civil administration resume its natural and rightful dominion. Solemnly impressed with these views, the General announces that the great principles of American liberty are still the inheritance of this people, and ever should be. The right of trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of person, and the rights of property must be preserved. Free institutions, while they are essential to the prosperity and happiness of the people, always furnish the strongest inducements to peace and order. Crimes and offenses committed in this district must be left to the consideration and judgment of the regular civil tribunals, and those tribunals will

be supported in their lawful jurisdiction. Should there be violation of existing laws which are not inquired into by the civil magistrates, or should failure in the administration of justice be complained of, the cases will be reported to these Headquarters, when such orders will be made as may be deemed necessary. While the General thus indicates his purpose to respect the liberties of the people, he wishes all to understand that armed insurrection or forcible resistance to the law will be instantly suppressed by arms."

On the 18th of December, 1867, the following message was sent by the President of the United States to both Houses of Congress:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE AND OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:

"An official copy of the order issued by Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, commander of the Fifth Military District, dated headquarters in New Orleans, La., on the 29th day of November, has reached me through the regular channels of the War Department, and I herewith communicate it to Congress for such action as may seem to be proper in view of all the circumstances.

"It will be perceived that General Hancock announces that he will make the law the rule of his conduct; that he will uphold the courts and other civil authorities in the performance of their proper duties, and that he will use his military power only to preserve the peace and enforce the law. He declares very explicitly that the sacred right of the trial by jury and the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be crushed out or trodden under foot. He goes further, and, in one comprehensive sentence, asserts that the principles of American liberty are still the inheritance of this people, and ever should be.

"When a great soldier, with unrestricted power in his hands to oppress his fellow-men, voluntarily foregoes the chance of gratifying his selfish ambition, and devotes himself to the duty of building up the liberties and strengthening the laws of his country, he presents an example of the highest public virtue that

human nature is capable of practicing. The strongest claim of Washington to be 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' is founded on the great fact that in all his illustrious career he scrupulously abstained from violating the legal and constitutional rights of his fellow-citizens. When he surrendered his commission to Congress, the President of that body spoke his highest praise in saying that he had 'always regarded the rights of the civil authorities through all dangers and disasters.' Whenever power above the law courted his acceptance, he calmly put the temptation aside. By such magnanimous acts of forbearance he won the universal admiration of mankind, and left a name which has no rival in the history of the world.

"I am far from saying that General Hancock is the only officer in the American army who is influenced by the example of Washington. Doubtless, thousands of them are faithfully devoted to the principles for which the men of the Revolution laid down their lives. But the distinguished honor belongs to him of being the first officer in high command, south of the Potomac, since the close of the civil war, who has given utterance to these noble sentiments in the form of a military order.

"I respectfully suggest to Congress that some public recognition of General Hancock's patriotic conduct is due, if not to him, to the friends of law and justice throughout the country. Of such an act as his, at such a time, it is but fit that the dignity should be vindicated and the virtue proclaimed, so that its value as an example may not be lost to the nation.

"ANDREW JOHNSON.

"*Washington, D. C., December* 18, 1867."

"WASHINGTON, November 30, 1867.

"MY DEAR GENERAL:

"This moment I read your admirable order. I am much engaged, but I cannot resist the temptation to steal time enough from my clients to tell you how grateful you have made me by your patriotic and noble words. Yours is the most distinct and most emphatic recognition which the principles of American liberty have received at the hands of any

high officer in a Southern command. It has the very ring of the Revolutionary mettle. Washington never said a thing in better taste or at a better time. It will prove to all men 'that peace hath her victories, not less renowned than those of war.' I congratulate you, not because it will make you the most popular man in America, for I dare say you care nothing about that, but it will give you through all time the solid reputation of a true patriot and a sincere lover of your country, its laws, and its government; this, added to your brilliant achievements as a soldier, will leave you without a rival in the affections of all whose good-will is worth having, and give you a place in history which your children will be proud of. This acknowledgment from me does not amount to much, but I am expressing only the feelings of millions, and expressing them feebly at that.

"With profound respect, I am, yours, etc.,

"J. S. BLACK."

APPENDIX C.

Soon after the completion of this work I was grieved at the intelligence of the death of Rev. W. G. Eliot, Chancellor of Washington University, and for nearly forty years the beloved pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in the city of St. Louis. It is not my intention to speak of the character and ability of a man who has done so much to elevate and adorn the city of his adoption. I simply wish, by reference to his remarkable connection with the first, second, third and fourth generations of our family, to testify that loving hearts do not always grow cold to the deserving few in the records of an era long since dead. My father was among the first (fifty years ago) to signify his readiness to follow the leadership of the then youthful Doctor, and never ceased in his fealty to the sacred obligation of duty.

In early childhood this young missionary was called upon to administer the Sacrament of Baptism to myself and brother. From this time on, to the conclusion of my girlhood, he was my spiritual guide and teacher. Finally, as stated at the be-

ginning of this book, he performed the ceremony which united my life with that of the subject of the foregoing memoir. Two children were born to us, Russell and Ada, and gladly did we avail ourselves of the opportunity to have them christened by this good man. Subsequently he christened our three grandchildren, Ada, Gwynn and Myra, and at the same time performed the rite of baptism to General Hancock, who had, according to his belief, neglected this obligation too long. His mother and father, being members of the Baptist faith, considered other than "immersion" not consistent with the established forms of their Church. Two years ago Doctor Eliot was called upon to perform the last sad rites over the remains of our beloved son. To-day we mourn, with profound sorrow, the death of this great and good man, who consecrated his life to good works and his services to his fellow-man.

The grave has taken up his body, as God has taken his spirit, but his name lives evermore.

LETTERS AND ADDRESSES CONTRIBUTED

IN MEMORY OF

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

MAJ.-GEN. WILLIAM FARRAR SMITH.

LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Institution:

IT would not come within the limits of my abilities or your wishes to attempt a formal eulogy on the character and services of Winfield Scott Hancock, and I will detain you but a few moments to speak of some of the prominent qualities of our friend and companion-in-arms, as unfolded to me during an acquaintance of more than forty years, and to relate some few incidents in his career in the early part of the war, which came within my personal knowledge, and which all pointed to the magnificent record he made for himself as a leader of men. Together three years at West Point, in after periods we were joined in close official connection, and, I believe, without ever a word to mar our perfect official and personal relations.

The strikingly handsome boy, whom I first knew at West Point, was popular for his genial disposition and pleasant manners, though behind these

there was an inflexible will which kept him always firm in his purpose to do only that which seemed to him good.

After he left West Point, we did not meet until the autumn of 1861, when we came together in the same division in front of Washington. The winter was given up by General Hancock to indefatigable labors of drilling and disciplining his brigade, which through the war bore the impress of his teaching. The treatment of his volunteer officers was at first a surprise and mystery to them. On duty he never overlooked a fault, and his reproofs were prompt and sharp. Off duty his bearing was courteous and unconstrained. When his subordinates learned to understand the two natures thus shown, they respected and loved him, and imitated his example. It was a good school for the citizen volunteer.

In the movement of the Army of the Potomac up the Peninsula, our division had the advance of the left wing, and arrived in front of Warwick Mills, in a large open field, with the creek in our front made impassable by dams, and a strong field-work covering the crossing in its front.

The day after our arrival, Hancock was sent with his brigade up the creek on a reconnoissance, with orders to search for a place to break the line, and if he found a point, to send back word and

the other brigades would go to his support. At Lee's Mills he found the place, and his men, though unused to battle, moved with precision, and with their rifles commanded the earthwork below them, and the broad dam which gave access to it. A general order prevented the intended movement, and General Hancock returned to his camp, but with a certainty that his labors during the winter had given him a brigade upon which he could rely in the hour of battle. The test soon came, for on the morning of the battle of Williamsburg, while the mass of our troops was engaged in desperate and futile efforts to carry Fort Magruder, Hancock with his brigade, increased by one regiment, was sent to the right to turn the work.

The order of the general in command of the field, and the only one which could be obtained from him, was that Hancock should go to the first dam, and if the earthwork protecting it was found unoccupied he was to seize it and remain there. Under the order of the division commander he was told to go as far as he could, and if he found a good point of attack he was to hold his ground and the other brigades of the division would go to him. Hancock passed over the dam by the unoccupied work near it, and on over the open country, taking two more unoccupied strong redoubts. This brought him where his guns could

reach Fort Magruder, and within a short distance of the broad road which was the enemy's line of retreat from the fort.

General Hancock at once sent back for the promised assistance, which was not allowed to go to him. The enemy, seeing the threatening position held by Hancock, and the small force under him, sent a column against him deemed *sufficient to crush him.* Hancock's dispositions to receive the attack were admirable; he had confidence in his men and they in him, and after a severe fight the enemy were driven back in confusion, many prisoners captured, and the road to the rear of the enemy cleared for our advance.

The fight of Hancock's brigade was the only affair on that day to redeem our arms and generalship from a crushing defeat. General Heintzelman told General McClellan, in my presence on the following morning (after the enemy had retired), that his command, which had been fighting in front of Fort Magruder, was so dispirited that he had ordered the bands to play patriotic airs during the evening. The patriotic airs of Hancock's muskets had settled the question and forced the evacuation of Fort Magruder.

The next fight in which Hancock was engaged was on the evening of the day of the battle of Gaines's Mill. At that time he held the right of

the left wing of the army, with his right on the Chickahominy, the division covering the bridges connecting the wings. Hancock's pickets were but a short distance in front of his line, and the pickets of the enemy not a stone's throw from them, and yet so well did he, and that other splendid soldier, Brooks, watch their line, that they were not surprised by a sudden and furious assault, and soon scored a victory. I think that was the only assault made that day on the left wing, and had it been successful there probably could have been no change of base to the James River.

At Antietam, after the thorough defeat of the extreme right of our army, Hancock, with his brigade, was suddenly called upon to check the enemy, who were advancing on lines of unsupported batteries, which had even no ammunition for their own defense. He had just arrived on the field, with his brigade close in mass, and the change of front, deployment and advance of the brigade was like a transformation scene. The line thus taken was held till after Lee's retreat across the Potomac. That day, during the fighting, Hancock was transferred to the command of a division, and we were no longer side by side.

Of his peculiar qualities on the field of battle, I can say that his personal bearing and appearance gave confidence and enthusiasm to his men, and

perhaps no soldier during the war contributed so much of personal effect in action as did General Hancock. In the friendly circle his eye was warm and genial, but in the hour of battle it became intensely cold, and had immense power on those around him. It is not necessary to say to those who hear me, that the opening of a battle operates with very different results on different organizations. In General Hancock I should say that the nervous, the moral, and the mental systems were all harmoniously stimulated, and that he was therefore at his very best on the field of battle. Of such organizations are all men who have won decisive victories in action. Notwithstanding all his fame as a soldier, I think history will accord not the least bright page to his administration in Louisiana and Texas. At a time when military men thirsted for power, when one part of our country was demoralized by poverty and defeat, and when even the people of the North were getting accustomed to the despotism of long-continued military authority, General Hancock clearly proclaimed the fundamental principle of the subordination of the military power, which is always abnormal to the civil, which alone has the true interests of mankind in its keeping.

The political campaign of 1880 brought me again in close contact with General Hancock. I

doubt if it can be said of many candidates for the Presidency, within the last half century, what I believe myself safe in saying of him—that to the close of the campaign *no* man was ever promised a place or office by him. I think his firm determination to hold to a principle affected the result.

The campaign had for him one brilliant result, for the efforts of his political opponents established his character and actions as so high and unimpeachable as thenceforth to leave them unquestioned. One incident of the campaign is worthy of relation, putting as it does two men in a fine light. A warm political and personal friend of General Hancock visited him a few days after the nomination was made, and said: "General, I am rich, with far more money than I or my children can ever need. I know your situation, and the calls that will be made upon your purse in the exercise of a proper hospitality, and I have with me ten one thousand dollar notes, which I beg you to accept from me in the spirit in which they are offered. Your acceptance will make me happy, for it will show me that you think of me as I do of you." General Hancock put a hand on the shoulder of his friend, and with evidences of deep feeling in his face, said: "There is no man in this world from whom I would accept money sooner than from you. I thank you for the delicate way in

which your friendship has been shown, but I cannot take the money." This friend came directly from that interview to me, and, in telling me the story, was as deeply moved as the General had been.

I have taken advantage of the kind offer of the Council, conscious of my inability, but impelled by a strong desire to utter some words of praise from a full heart.

The peaceful ending of a life filled with such stirring events was befitting his kindly nature.

The testimony of the thousands who lined the path of his last march through the drenching storm proved the deep place he had in the hearts of the people, and "when the gates of the tomb closed, and the bugle gave out its mournful call, then only did we realize that our friend and hero was at rest and his *light was out*."

THE HONORABLE THOMAS F. BAYARD,

SECRETARY OF STATE.

I REGRET that I shall not be able to be at Governor's Island next Thursday evening to hear the paper read by General W. F. Smith, upon the life and services of General Winfield Scott Hancock.

The writer and his subject are well met, and the result cannot fail to be valuable to the truth of American military history, and will assist to assign his just place therein to the Patriot Soldier from whose newly made grave we have but just returned.

The circular sent me suggests a few words in response, and, whilst fully conscious of my unfitness to give judgment upon the professional ability of General Hancock, there are phases in his character and career to which with affectionate admiration I venture to refer, and in the same spirit as I would place upon his bier a branch of laurel or of oak in token of his military valor or his civic worth.

In an age of mercenary forces and luxurious tendencies, he was wholly disdainful of the attractions of wealth or the arts that gain or keep it. High above the seductions of gainful pursuits he held aloft the standard of his profession, nor ever suffered it to be lowered in the public eye.

Whilst his shield bore many a mark of blows received in conflict, he laid it down in death as free from stain, as unsullied by mean imputation, or even suspicion, as when he first uplifted it in life's morning march.

In a juncture of great difficulty and public danger, when our political institutions seemed to

be environed by doubts and obscurities that darkened every avenue of deliverance, remote and solitary, with no other aid than his own intellect and patriotic instincts, he wrote a letter from his farm in Missouri to the General of the Army, reviewing the political situation that followed the Presidential election of 1876, and the attitude of the two political parties of the country. Circumstances permitted me to be well aware of the condition of the country, and my official duties rendered it essential I should closely study them. Many and various were the expressions of opinion and the counsels suggested by the officials, high and low, and in every branch of the Service, but I take leave here to say that no wiser, abler or more patriotic deliverance, no sounder conception of constitutional duty and function, or solution based more solidly upon law and justice, can be found in the history of that period than is contained in the letter of General Hancock to which I have referred.

It would be a fitting stone to be thrown upon the cairn you propose to raise to his memory, for he was indeed a soldier, and, like Washington, never forgot he was also a citizen.

> "How well in him appears
> The constant service of the antique world,
> When service sweat for duty, not for meed."

THE HON. WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT,

SECRETARY OF WAR.

I REGRET very much that I am unable to leave Washington and take part in your Meeting on the evening of the 25th. It would have given me much satisfaction to do so, and to bear my testimony to the worth of General Hancock, and to the appreciation in which he is held by all his countrymen. Did my time allow, I would gladly have sent you a tribute to his memory in writing. But anything worthy of such a subject it is beyond my power to send. He was a many-sided man, and you only deal with one aspect of his character and his services when you notice his gallantry and heroism in the field. For this, perhaps, he has been most conspicuous; but I have seen enough of him to learn that he was an able, large-minded man, whom the experiences of life had made wise and judicious, and to whom they had given a wide knowledge of men and of affairs. To be deprived of his services in the prime of his powers is a misfortune to his country, and I join with you most heartily in your sorrow for his loss, in your respect for his memory, and in gratitude for all that he did in the public service.

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

I GOT back home yesterday pretty well used up, and was reminded by Dr. Alexander that I was not as young as I was twenty years ago. The second finger of my right hand was sore when I left home, and was not improved by the *rough* hand-shaking at Cincinnati and Norristown. If I were in New York, I surely should attend the Meeting of the Military Service Institution at Governor's Island on the 25th inst., but that is now impossible, nor can I write as I should, because of a lame hand which forbids the pen and compels me to resort to the pencil.

During the period of my command of the Army, 1869–1884, I had many opportunities to visit Governor's Island, and to witness the personal interest, pride, and satisfaction General Hancock had in your Institution, and in every measure calculated to heighten the tone of the military profession, and to encourage the younger officers to prepare for whatever dangers might beset our country in the future. No matter what his opinions—and they were always strong—he was knightly loyal to his superior officers. I sometimes joked him about attending to little details which

could have been devolved on his staff, but he insisted on seeing to everything himself.

I think I must possess over a hundred letters of his. He, too, had his "controversies"—the one when his orders were reversed at New Orleans, which resulted in a breach with President Grant. I succeeded in reconciling them, but afterward, when he was the Presidential candidate, the newspapers reported General Grant in the most exaggerated form, and renewed the breach, which was never healed. I wish you and the members of the Military Service Institution, of which General Hancock was President, to construe me as his friend, and that so long as I live I will be only too happy to bear testimony to his generous and magnificent qualities as a soldier, gentleman and patriot.

LIEUT.-GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN,

COMMANDING THE ARMY.

I AM in receipt of your letter inviting me to attend the Memorial Meeting of the Council of the Military Service Institution, at Governor's Island, February 25.

I regret exceedingly that, on account of the

serious illness of Mrs. Sheridan, I will be unable to attend.

I have always had the highest appreciation of the soldierly abilities of General Hancock, and join with the whole Nation in admiration of his manly bearing, and integrity in the performance of all his duties, and of his fine social qualities.

This forced absence from so interesting an occasion will always be a matter of regret to me.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN.

LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

I FIRST met General Hancock in 1840, when he entered the Military Academy. Both of us Pennsylvanians, we naturally became intimate. He was then a small boy, scarcely of the regulation height, very handsome, and at once became a pet. No one ever outgrew that boyish condition sooner than did he, and when I graduated in 1843 he was as manly a fellow as the Academy ever produced. I saw little of him from 1843 until the late war, as we were on different lines in Mexico, and little of him then, until the Sixth Corps was formed in May, 1862, when he came under my command as a brigade

commander in the splendid division of that corps commanded by General W. F. Smith, whose grand address you have just heard. So long as he was attached to the Sixth Corps I saw him frequently ; of course, I knew him well, and as I knew him longer I admired him more. I never met a man who, as a general officer, while under my observation, combined, so well as did he, the prudence which cherished the lives of his command with the dash which was his distinguishing characteristic. While I was associated with him he was never forward to *court* danger, although always with his men; but when an order was given that involved a fight, the precise thing that was ordered was done, his brigade without exception behaving admirably. All of us know that in those early days of the war, the character of the commander was responsible for the behavior of his men more than it was in the later days, when the men had become such good soldiers that they fought with an assurance of victory, whether that assurance were borne out or not, anywhere, and under all leaders. Such men as Hancock at the commencement of a struggle like that of the late war were worth hundreds of ordinary commanders. To be under his command, to know him, parodying an old expression, was to have a complete military education. His very appearance was inspiring—in action he was Mars

himself—and his behavior forced all who saw him to be as one with him.

He left my corps at the battle of Antietam, to command the division of General Richardson, who was killed in that battle. I am not sure that the void thus left in the Sixth Corps was ever filled.

From that time my intercourse with him was unofficial and social, and we became more and more attached friends until he died.

I used frequently to meet him in front of Fredericksburg in the winter of 1862. I heard of his magnificent conduct at the battle of Gettysburg, with the fame of which the whole country rang, and, still further on, I knew of his soldierly behavior in command of the Second Corps, in the winter of 1864, in front of Petersburg.

So, throughout the whole war, wherever he went he did his whole duty, and when he fought, all the energy and dash of the man came out in a manner that attracted the admiration of all men at the time, and attracts it now, all over the world, wherever the story is told.

Then, too, when the war was ended and he was, as it were, made the civil autocrat of sovereign States just devastated by the war, his conduct toward the beaten people, his conciliatory manner, his able civil papers, by which he made a reputation as a civilian equal to that which he already

had as a soldier, all showed that here was a man equal to any emergency.

The result was that for a long time he was considered the representative of that portion of our people who thought as he did—in other words, of the great Democratic party. He was nominated by it for the Presidency in 1880, and I sincerely believe that he would have been elected except for a certain lukewarmness, and perhaps treason, in his own party.

His defeat was fortunate for him. Had he been elected his reputation would be no greater than it is. The short remnant of his days, embittered by domestic affliction, would have been sad indeed, if the heart-burnings and enmities of four years of a presidential term had been added to what he already had to bear.

In attempting to analyze his character as it was developed by events, I have concluded that the secret of his success was, that he, above all the professional soldiers of the war, from the time that he commanded a brigade until the war was ended, when he commanded a corps, realized the fact that the time had arrived when the professional soldier had his opportunity, and that such an opportunity, if improved, would bring distinction; that it was necessary, therefore, to keep an eye single to the acquirement of military experience

from what he saw going on around him—to make no effort to unduly push himself forward—not to be jealous or discontented if less worthy men were preferred before him—to be diverted by no side issue, but to await events—in short, to press forward toward the mark of his high calling. He felt assured that the day would come, as it did come, when his dearly bought experience would serve him, and when his merit would be acknowledged. His action just before and during the battle of Gettysburg was the looked-for opportunity, and I think that he was distinctly the hero of that battle.

And so he won one of the prizes of the war.

As a soldier he was without reproach, as a civilian far ahead of the reconstruction statesmen who had the government in hand after the end of the Civil War, and, as a man, a loyal and constant and generous friend. I shall never cease to regret his untimely end.

His name will go down in history as one of the noble products of the Civil War, and of the Army of the United States.

As a corroboration of Hancock's theory that the Civil War was the professional soldier's opportunity, I state the fact that, since 1864, three professional soldiers have been nominated by one or the other of the great political parties as candidates for the Presidency, and, since 1861, five have been

raised to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

Halleck, Thomas, Meade, McDowell, Grant, McClellan and Hancock—all dead. All men who occupied the most prominent positions in the Civil War. All dead before they had reached the threescore and ten years alloted to men. All dead just as they were beginning to enjoy their well-earned rest. Their comparatively early deaths demonstrate what has already been noticed, that military distinction is not generally accompanied by long life. Great soldiers burn the candle at both ends.

But I am sure that there is not a man who hears me, who would not be willing to select some one among those I have named, and die at his age, were he able to take his fame and name to the grave with him.

MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES.

UNITED STATES ARMY.

I COME before you, as is my custom, without any written address, and I feel all the more embarrassed because so much has been said, and well said, that there is but little I can add to the memory of our illustrious friend.

That country, sir, must indeed be rich in great characters that can lose unmoved, within a single year, a group of men like Grant, McClellan, Hendricks, Hancock and Seymour.

I know how tempting it is, in speaking of a great soldier, to dwell upon brilliant military traits, but I must confess that I have been most touched to-night by reminiscences and portraitures of those elements in Hancock which made up the charm—that charm that radiated from the man in all the relations of life.

Hancock was singularly and fortunately happy in the enjoyment of so large a measure of appreciation during his life. It was not left for him to forecast in the unknown future the reputation that this country might award to his memory and achievements. There was something so clear, so admirable, in his making up that the whole country knew him at a glance and loved him and honored him.

When a candidate for the Chief Magistracy, he stood unchallenged the scrutiny of ten million of voters, and although he left the field an unsuccessful aspirant, how many are there who if they had gone through the same ordeal would have enjoyed, in retirement, the respect and esteem given to Hancock? He was greater in defeat than many a rival would be in success and power.

The touching incident mentioned by General Smith in his admirable address, reveals to you the character of the man. All the features of his nomination and canvass recall the earlier and better days of the Republic. From beginning to end his bearing was that of a knight and a patriot and an American citizen.

But this line of remark is too tempting, and I must remember the five-minutes' rule. It would not be proper for me to resume my seat, having known Hancock as a soldier, without saying at least a word in remembrance of that picturesque figure on the battle-field. There was something about him that impressed the imagination of the soldiers, and won for him a place in their regard that it was always a pleasure to witness and to share. And that other trait of unswerving loyalty to his chief and to the cause to which he was devoted. No commander ever doubted for a single instant the absolute loyalty of Hancock, and no soldier ever received from him a command that he was not eager and proud to obey.

I saw him in his last act of public duty, when he led the funeral column that escorted the remains of Grant to the tomb. In all that distinguished array of men on both sides of the great Civil War, none more than Hancock impersonated the best elements of manhood; none more than he em-

bodied the traits of Soldier and Citizen, and none better illustrated the tenderer traits of our humanity that endear the relations of husband, father and friend.

I am glad to see that he is to have a statue. I am glad that a Senator from Massachusetts is the one to make this proposition to Congress. Let that statue be decreed; let it stand in the Capitol. Its fame will outlive the dome that covers it, because his renown is associated with events in the annals of the American Republic which history will make imperishable.

MAJOR-GENERAL DON CARLOS BUELL.

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

HANCOCK'S death was indeed a sad event. Nothing could have been more unexpected when I opened the despatch on the evening of the 11th, dated the 10th. I pity his poor wife, for there could have been no more congenial and happy couple. I introduced him to her, and was his groomsman. Hancock was, you know, at West Point a year before I left. He entered at sixteen and looked even younger—a fair-haired,

handsome boy, well-bred, good-tempered, and manly. He was one of the few "Plebes" who are at once taken into good-fellowship by the older class, and he was a special favorite with my most intimate friends. I did not see him much in the Army until we came together at St. Louis in 1850, he the adjutant of his regiment, with its colonel, General Clark, who at the same time commanded the department of which I was the adjutant-general. Nine years had passed since we parted at the Academy. We had passed through the Mexican War in the meantime, and manhood had taken the place of his boyhood, but there was the same generous and genial nature, and the staff position which he occupied in his regiment showed that he had developed the qualities of an efficient officer. There was withal not a blemish in his moral character. I had never seen him under fire, and yet I knew —perhaps partly by the report of his associates, partly by an unconscious manifestation of character—that he was the very inspiration of gallantry and cool-headedness on the field of battle.

BRIG.-GEN. JAMES GRANT WILSON,

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

I FIRST met the Great Captain, in honor of whose memory we are now assembled, near the spot where he died, in the autumn of 1861; and I saw him for the last time early in January, 1886, when he seemed to be in good health, and bore himself in his usual gracious and courteous manner, and his fine face brightened with that beautiful smile his friends remember so well. Within those twenty-five years, although never serving with or under him in the War of the Rebellion, chance threw us frequently together in society, more particularly during the dozen years that he was in command of the Division of the Atlantic, and stationed at New York City and on Governor's Island.

He was certainly, in his uniform, among the grandest figures that I ever gazed upon, and always associated in my mind with General Winfield Scott, whose name he bore, and that majestic Missourian, Colonel Doniphan, who, early in the Mexican War, made one of the most marvelous marches on record.

Two recent occasions when I saw the Knight of

the Northern Armies, was while leading that magnificent procession to the grave of our greatest soldier; and when, a few months later, he walked sadly by the side of the mortal remains of his loved commander, McClellan.

General Hancock was a pure and loyal patriot. Neither political nor personal preferences ever induced him to depart in the slightest degree from the faithful discharge of his duty. Although always a Democrat and a warm admirer of McClellan, he advocated Lincoln's re-election in 1864, and rendered an equally hearty support to McClellan's successors in the command of the Army of the Potomac. What he might have achieved had he, in place of Burnside or Hooker, been assigned to the head of that grand old Army, would work but an idle and useless speculation.

There are, however, those who believe that Hancock would have won better results than those brave but unsuccessful commanders.

Can I better conclude this brief tribute than in the words applied to Cavaignac, by the Censor of the age, Thomas Carlyle? "A fine Bayard soul, with figure to correspond, a man full of seriousness, with genial gayety withal; of really fine faculties, and of a politeness which was curiously elaborated with punctiliousness, which yet sprang

from frank nature. A Republican to the bone, but a Bayard."

Pure and lofty Patriot, great and gallant Soldier, good and faithful Friend, Farewell!

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

IT will not be practicable for me to be present at the Meeting of the Military Service Institution, to be held on the 25th instant, in honor of the memory of the late General Hancock. Hence I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity afforded by the Council to contribute, in writing, my feeble tribute of respect to the memory of our distinguished companion and friend, whose untimely death all sincerely mourn.

It was not my good fortune to be personally associated with General Hancock, either before or during the late war; hence I had not the opportunity, enjoyed by so many others, of an early knowledge of his rare character as a man and a soldier. But the acquaintance formed in 1865 soon ripened into strong friendship and ever-increasing admiration of the splendid qualities which made Hancock, in my estimation, one of

the very foremost men of our time. His military record places him in the highest rank among soldiers as the actual commander of troops upon the field of battle, while his administrative discharge of duties was always marked with ability, accurate knowledge, and with profound respect for law and for the civil and military rights of individuals.

Even more exalted than the splendid soldier whom all admired, was the noble man, so warmly beloved by those who knew him well; a rare example of the most exalted ambition coupled with absolute purity of character and a kind heart.

The military service has lost one of its brightest ornaments, the country one of its purest patriots.

I unite with the members of the Institution in mourning the loss of our illustrious President.

BVT. MAJ.-GEN. THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

GREATNESS is of many kinds. Certain qualities and traits of character are sometimes the fashion, and the man who possesses these in an eminent degree is great while the fashion lasts —great for a little time, and then forgotten.

The qualities which made General Hancock great, his love of truth, his splendid bravery, his integrity and patriotism, these have outlived all fashions of men and defied every age of corruption. In any of the ages General Hancock would have been great. Moses would have made him a leader among the warriors of Israel, and inspired pens would have recorded his deeds.

Inside or out of the walls of Troy—with the heroic sons and soldiers of Priam, or with the warlike Greeks, Homer would have painted him in everlasting words.

But enough, too much, perhaps, about the mighty soldier, for all are familiar with his career. But I must say a word about the dear *friend* so many of us have lost.

That draped chair, in which he will never sit again, is like a vacant place in my heart, not to be filled any more in this life. And so another grief has come to abide with me.

Though we can no more feel the cordial grasp of his hand, nor hear his gentle voice of greeting, that came through his honest eyes and sweet smile before it was uttered, yet we can all thank God that He sends some solace hand in hand with every grief. For we have the memory of the beautiful character of our dear friend. We can recall that marvelous mixture of traits which

made him as loving and gentle with his family and friends as he was terrible in battle. And we can rejoice that he began in his youth to build a noble character and was able to finish.

THE HON. SAMUEL J. TILDEN,

OF NEW YORK.

I HAVE the honor to receive your note enclosing an invitation of "The Council of the Military Service Institution," to attend the meeting at Governor's Island on Thursday, February 25, 1886, at 8 P. M., at which General Wm. F. Smith will read a paper upon the "Life and Services of Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock."

It is with much regret that I am obliged to deny myself the melancholy satisfaction of being personally present on that interesting occasion.

I cordially join in the homage which the whole people render to the dashing bravery and consummate abilities of the superb soldier whom the country has lost in the death of Hancock.

His comrade, General Smith, will so truly appreciate his military qualities and services and his patriotic devotion, that it would be in vain for me

to attempt to add to his expression of the sentiments of his companions-in-arms, and of the general public.

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS, ESQ.,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE fact that General Wm. F. Smith is to read a paper on "The Life and Services of General Hancock," gives me a strong desire to attend the Council of the Military Service Institution on the evening of the 25th inst., but it so happens, to my regret, that I cannot attend.

General Smith (like yourself and some other of his Army associates) knew the great soldierly and manly qualities of General Hancock so well, that he can do justice to them in the soldier's direct, forcible and impressive way, and better than any except the best-equipped civilian, historical or biographical writer can do.

Expressing my own view of General Hancock, I regard him as having been as near the perfect type of a thorough soldier as any one can be; as able a general, up to the full extent of the opportunities of the responsible commands entrusted to him, as our country has produced; as heroic and

brilliant as any among the distinguished lieutenants of the great military commanders of history; and, above all, as among the most dutiful in prompt and full obedience, and valuable in the results achieved in executing the orders of his chief. He had the quick eye of the born general to see a military advantage, and the quick hand of the administrative soldier to seize it.

Few soldiers have combined more thoroughly than Hancock the brilliant qualities of Murat or Lannes on the one side, and the highly serviceable qualities of steadiness and persistence of Macdonald or Desaix on the other. He knew "the value of ministers" in executing military orders in the field, and what he was directed to do he did, and where he was ordered to be he was, at the precise time.

He was a soldier, too, who understood two cardinal principles in the ruling of great matters in the affairs of nations, one of which is too often forgotten. While he knew it must happen at times that the civil laws have to be held in abeyance in the midst of war, he also knew and practised the other high principle of restoring the supremacy of the civil law the moment war was done.

The broad and deep hold General Hancock had upon the affections of his countrymen, was shown in the spontaneous genuineness and almost univer-

sality of the tributes of homage paid to his services and his character, immediately when the intelligence of his death was announced.

COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT,

LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

I DEEPLY regret that absence from New York will prevent my attending the Memorial Meeting at the Military Service Institution tomorrow.

My own words could but poorly express the admiration I felt for the distinguished and gallant officer we now mourn ; but I should have appreciated the opportunity to listen to the eulogies which will be bestowed upon his memory by your Society.

My father's family will cherish in highest respect and admiration the memory of General Hancock. They will ever feel the deepest gratitude for, and warmest appreciation of, his tender and last attentions to General Grant.

I hope that you will convey to the members of the Military Service Institution my thanks for their remembrance of me in thus giving me the oppor-

tunity to add to theirs my expressions of sorrow and sympathy upon the loss of General Hancock.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON,

LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR.

IT is a sad but greatly prized privilege to unite with the friends of General Hancock in paying tribute to his memory. In uniting with his friends, we unite with the entire body of his countrymen. What section, what State, what home, but contains the friends of this great soldier? How shall we number or classify them? The brave men who followed his standard and shared with him the dangers and the glories of the field, and the equally brave men who confronted him in battle, and so often witnessed his brilliant achievements and felt the force and fury of his sudden onset, are alike his friends. His countrymen of the North, who during the Civil War reposed with unfaltering faith upon his almost invincible prowess, will hold him forever in affectionate remembrance; but among his friends must also be included his countrymen of the South, who in war learned to regard him as the Thunder-

bolt of the Army of the Potomac, as the impersonation of a consecrated courage unsullied by one act of cruelty or vindictiveness, and who at the close of that struggle saw him in their midst, under the responsibilities of a personal administration and in the very zenith of his military fame, achieve also undying civil fame by the abnegation of his military power over his defeated countrymen, as he laid his sheathed and untarnished sword—a fitting sacrifice—on the altar of the civil law.

In the estimation of his Southern countrymen, bereft, as they were, by the contingencies of war, of the protection of courts and of civil environments, and dependent for the time upon his unchallenged power and will, this self-imposed restraint of a great soldier, this subjection of himself and all his military powers to the supremacy of the civil law is a spectacle of moral grandeur almost without a parallel in history. In their estimation, no language can exaggerate the honors due General Hancock for this great action, nor over-state its beneficent consequences to their rights and liberties ; and such action must canonize this soldier, wherever it is known, with the lovers of civil liberty in all lands and all ages.

Anything more than this simple but sincere tribute to his memory would seem inconsistent

with the noble simplicity of his character and the perfect symmetry of his superb manhood. If it can be truthfully affirmed of any man, it can be of General Winfield S. Hancock, that he was a model Soldier, a model Citizen, a typical American.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM,

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

I SINCERELY regret that I was prevented by illness from attending the Memorial Meeting on the 25th ultimo.

My associations with General Hancock during the war and since its close enable me to appreciate his merits as a soldier and a citizen. On the field of battle he had no superior in either army. A true and accurate history of the war is yet to be written. Notwithstanding the high position now universally accorded to him, I know that every error of history which is to be corrected—any new truth brought to light—will add to his fame.

His connection with the civil and political affairs of our country since the close of the war endeared him to millions of his countrymen, and was in keeping with his brilliant career as a soldier

BVT. BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM W. BURNS,

ASS'T COMMISSARY-GENERAL, U. S. A.

IT is with diffidence I say a word on this occasion, feeling a delicacy in speaking of General Hancock, when anything I could say would seem self-asserting—for our relations were most confidential. At West Point, in Mexico, in Florida, in Utah, and in the Army of the Potomac to the time our divisions simultaneously crossed the bridges to the battle of Fredericksburg (I was soon after called to the Army of the Cumberland), I had learned to estimate his characteristics of thought and action by examples; and so estimating, have reason to believe, and feel impelled to say here, without detracting from the well-earned fame of others, that to General Hancock the Nation owes the victory of the battle of Gettysburg. His was the originating and moving spirit of that battle; but for him it would have been lost! My knowledge of the facts and circumstances comes from him and from the records. I have said as much to him without contradiction. It is the simple truth, and his spirit will endorse it. History will record it.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. HARTRANFT,

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

I REGRET that I cannot attend the Council of the Military Service Institution of the United States in commemoration of General Winfield Scott Hancock, at Governor's Island on the 25th inst.

His was always a soldierly figure and a soldierly fame. He had no opportunity to conduct large operations independently, but the skill and promptitude with which he marshaled the Union forces on the field of Gettysburg showed the eye and instinct of the commander. But as a lieutenant he was unsurpassed. His loyalty was absolute. I do not mean loyalty to the Cause only, but loyalty, as a soldier, to his chief. Whatever opinions of his own he may have had—and undoubtedly he had some very decided ones—his interpretation and obedience of orders were altogether unbiassed and impersonal. To comprehend and carry out the plans of his chief, to subordinate himself to duty, had become a second nature to him. His quick, alert mind and extensive professional knowledge and experience enabled him to execute his part of extended and complicated

operations with a perfect understanding of its relative importance. Then he was emphatically a fighter. No corps in the army was fought harder than Hancock's. When Grant set the two armies in a death grapple, with the determination never to break or loosen it until one or the other was exhausted and subdued, a soldier like Hancock was invaluable to him. The vigor, pertinacity and boldness of his attacks in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania admirably seconded the views of his chief.

Certainly, no higher eulogy can be paid any man than the one we can justly pronounce upon General Hancock, that he was of the finest type of a citizen-soldier, kind and gentle in Peace, fierce and invincible in War.

BVT. MAJ.-GEN. ABNER DOUBLEDAY,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

PREVIOUS to Gettysburg I had seen but little of Hancock. At the close of the battle there, on the first day, when our battered troops, worn out by hard fighting in resisting the advance of Lee's army, rallied on Cemetery Hill, Hancock rode up at a most opportune time. We were

forming to the right and left of the Cemetery, the intention being to remain until help came. There was nothing to prevent the enemy from encircling and capturing us all, for every division of the Confederate forces, with the exception of one, was either in line of battle or very near the town. Hancock at once appreciated the value of this curved ridge as a defensive position for our army, and resolved to hold it, if possible. By posting troops far on the right and left he gave the enemy the impression that we had a long line and had been heavily reinforced. They accordingly delayed their attack until the next day, and the ridge remained in our possession.

This was the first great service rendered on that field by Hancock.

On the second day, when Anderson's division pierced our centre, Hancock checked them by ordering a desperate charge, in which the First Minnesota regiment sacrificed itself for the common good, and by bringing up Willard's brigade in time to protect our line of guns, he thus saved the army from being cut in two.

This was his second great service in the battle.

It is needless to speak of Pickett's charge against Hancock's front on the third day, when the *élite* of the Southern army went down before our guns.

I can almost fancy I see Hancock again as he rode past the front of his command, just previous to the assault, followed by a single orderly displaying his corps flag, while the missiles from a hundred pieces of artillery tore up the ground around him.

He was wounded while personally superintending a flank attack upon the enemy.

The repulse of this great charge was, perhaps, the crowning achievement of his life.

As he lay helpless in his ambulance he wrote to urge a vigorous pursuit of the beaten army, not forgetting in the midst of his own pain, suffering, and probable death, the great interests confided to his care.

All honor to Hancock as a patriot, a soldier and a gentleman.

BVT. MAJ.-GEN. ORLANDO B. WILLCOX

UNITED STATES ARMY.

WHEN I was a pleb, or "thing," at West Point, Hancock was a first-class-man. Consequently my acquaintance at that time was like the acquaintance of a mortal with the gods. But I remember well his tall, slender, and handsome

person, which he bore without haughtiness or condescension, even to the plebs. I remember that he challenged a classmate—I think it was the Adjutant—to a fist fight, which excited great curiosity and profound interest in the corps, as well as some alarm lest the authorities should get wind of it, and spoil the fun ; and that Hancock's audacity and pluck on the occasion made him one of the few notables in a class not particularly distinguished by men of character.

After next meeting him casually in the city of Mexico, I saw little of Hancock until I was Lieutenant in Lovell's Battery, stationed at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, and Hancock was an officer in the Sixth Infantry. His regiment had left that region, but Hancock returned to claim his bride, Miss Almira Russell, one of the sweetest reigning belles of St. Louis. The marriage took place in January, 1850. Don Carlos Buell, Anderson D. Nelson and myself were groomsmen, and two fair Misses Graham and Miss Mary Colyer (I think) were the bridesmaids. The couple were as handsome a pair as can be imagined. Hancock was in the prime of manhood, with the Mexican laurels on his brow, and though a Second Lieutenant, he was the Adjutant of his regiment.

I next met him at Fort Myers, Florida, in the winter of 1855–56, a Captain in the Quartermas-

ter's Department. It was during the Billy Bow-Legs campaign, and we were all bustle and excitement, coming and going between Tampa Bay, Fort Myers and the Everglades. Harney was in command. There were but few wives with their husbands, and Mrs. Hancock was one of them. Their little quarters were a perfect oasis in the desert to the rest of us, and the liberal hospitality and genial cordiality of Captain and Mrs. Hancock shed a glow of sunshine over our precious visits at Tampa. At the same time "things had to move" under the thousand official perplexities and annoying calls upon the Quartermaster's Department. His industry and painstaking were untiring; his accommodating spirit and rapid work at "filling requisitions" were so manifest that, for once, men failed to "damn the Quartermaster."

In the great Civil War, after thirteen months' imprisonment, I was thrown near Hancock at and after Antietam. He was already characterized in the Army of the Potomac as the "superb Hancock," from one of McClellan's reports, due not only to his well-known carriage and appearance, but to the splendor of his actual fighting qualities. He was the Paladin of our knightly cavaliers, and he could press the fight as hard and close, and make it as enthusiastic with his own men and as hot for the enemy, as any general in the war. But

his precautions and preparations for the charge or defense were so thorough that his success was almost inevitable, so long as he could hold his men in hand or get his orders obeyed, which difficult task he generally managed to accomplish by dint of personal pressure and bold supervision at every critical point of the field.

But I had also some personal knowledge of a trait less well known to the world, and that is, his perfect loyalty to every commander-in-chief of that army, and his efforts as a peace-maker to smooth the rubs and heal the discussion between the hot-headed adherents of different chiefs; and I take this opportunity to acknowledge my own indebtedness to Hancock's tact and firmness in this direction in the unwritten history of the "Army of the Potomac."

I am sure that if McClellan and Burnside were now alive they would lay an additional wreath on the altar we are now beginning to raise to the memory of their comrade and subaltern.

Hancock may go down to history as the Marshal Ney of our war, But he was a greater man than Ney—for he was incapable of infidelity to man, woman or child.

BVT. MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE W. CULLUM.

UNITED STATES ARMY.

IN looking over Hancock's record I have been forcibly struck with his unhesitating obedience to superiors, his unswerving fidelity in the performance of every duty, and his steadfast loyalty to the flag under which he was educated.

Leaving the Military Academy at an impressionable age, when feeling is apt to dominate the reasoning faculties, Hancock was ordered to the South, and continued in slave-holding territory for nearly thirteen years, except while in Mexico engaged in a war for the extension of southern territory. In these thirteen years, however, he never for a moment was swayed from his true allegiance by the blandishments of those around him, as the sequel proved. In 1859 he became the Chief-Quartermaster of the Southern District of California, mostly populated from the slave-holding States, and consequently, when the Rebellion began, was surrounded with Southern influences. Though believing in the doctrine of States rights, he had no toleration for secession, which had precipitated the conflict of arms. Hence, when the echoes of the cannon-shot fired on Fort Sumter

reverberated across the continent, he denounced this fatal heresy, and in a patriotic Fourth of July speech to the assembled troops, advocated the Union cause, which soon he brilliantly sustained with his trusty sword. In the four years which followed, he was always the knightly soldier, carrying out the commands of his chief in the thickest of the fray.

During the Reconstruction period, Hancock, on his way to his Southern command, penned his famous Order No. 40, saying : "In war it is indispensable to repel force by force, to overthrow and destroy opposition to lawful authority ; but when insurrectionary force has been overthrown and peace established, and the civil authorities are ready and willing to perform their duties, the military powers should cease to lead and the civil administration resume its natural and rightful dominion." Noble words ! which he in spirit and deed carried out so faithfully as to command alike the admiration of friends and foes.

In after years, when he became candidate for the Presidency, and was defeated, he promptly acknowledged that the *vox populi* was the *vox Dei*, and cheerfully attended the inauguration of his opponent. When the ceremony terminated, he was among the first to congratulate General Garfield as President of the United States.

Though Hancock never rose to the command of an army, he fulfilled Seneca's definition of a great man: "One who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God is most unfaltering."

PROFESSOR HENRY COPPÉE, LL. D.,

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

WE meet to honor the memory and speak of the great services of our distinguished brother, WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK. We have sorrowed for his loss; but, Sir, I do not think the present is an occasion of mourning. That passed with the stunning shock of his departure; the lying-in-state in yonder darkened chamber; with the funeral march and the crashing vollies over his newly covered remains. Oh, Sir, we shall continue to hold him in tender memory, and regret that his place—his large place—is vacant in our circle and in the world. But there is another view

of his departure. It was the remark of a wise ancient that we should account no man happy until his death. However famous and prosperous and enviable his exalted station among men, there still remain for him, as for all, "the ills that flesh is heir to." He cannot foresee, and cannot avoid the possible downfalls, the sufferings, the losses, the jarrings of controversy, the defection of friends and the schemes of enemies, which embitter so many lives, and which intervene like a thick and baleful mist between him and the day of his departure. Like abdicating kings and ruined men unknown, he may tire of his life and cry out to be released, or he may live on and on to a time when

> "From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires a driveller and a show."

But when to the man of lofty deeds, noble character, and large renown, even in the very vigor of life, the final mandate comes, he who has thus endured and suffered, wandering amid the smoke and mists of earth, rises at once above our limited empyrean and takes his place once and forever among

> "———— the dwellers in the Infinite
> At home among the stars."

Then only is he deathless, when his human renown, fixed and unalterable, is rendered lustrous by "the

white radiance of Eternity." And so it is with Hancock. A man with "troops of friends" and no enemies, he had achieved his fame: the world acknowledged it. From the common ground of our Alma Mater, he came forth vigorous in frame, full of energy—not without ambition, but with no special mark of future distinction upon his fair young forehead. Looking neither to the right nor the left, he marched right onward; no obstacle could withstand him. Stalwart, brave, thoughtful, just and true, wherever he went he was the "cynosure of neighboring eyes—the observed of all observers." Even in the van he fought and bled for his country, and, when Peace came, the hero became the magnanimous, just and merciful counsellor—"the Happy Warrior" of the poet—who loved to heal the wounds that he had been pledged and sworn to give with all his soul and might. With no political aspirations, he was proposed by a large constituency for the office of Chief Magistrate of the country—a post which he did not seek, and the failure to obtain which he did not regret. Few additional honors could await him. It was a noble life; a finished record—an illustrious soldier, a noble man, an honorable gentleman! What more is there to say? Sir, while we still mourn our loss and join our tears with one whose name shall be sacred, let us esteem him more fortunate than

Crœsus, in that he was happy in his death. His last public and superb appearance was when he led the Nation to the tomb of Grant. The last funeral he attended was that of his friend McClellan; both illustrious men, with whom he had shared the highest honors of war.

Will you pardon me the infirmity of a life habit, Sir, if I cannot refrain from pointing a moral, especially for our younger brethren of the Army? If I have read his life aright, its marked virtue, where no others are wanting, is CONSTANCY—to detail in business, to duty, to conscience, to a consideration of others; and to that noble profession of arms, of which he was an electric light, and which, guided by justice and judgment, and practised by a virtuous and intelligent people, is the strong outer bulwark of our beloved land.

One word more and I have done. You will remember one of those epigrammatic sentences of the soldier-historian of the Peninsula, when speaking of a noble death on the battle-field. I use it with slight modification here, as I think of those of our heroes who, within so brief a period, have been gathered together as they have fallen "in the world's broad field of battle;" and as he, the last as yet, takes his place among them, I apply it to Hancock: "None died with more glory than he, and yet many died and there was much glory."

BVT. BRIG.-GEN. THOMAS M. VINCENT,

ASS'T ADJUTANT-GENERAL, U. S. A.

I FIRST met the late Major-General Hancock at West Point, in 1850. He was then a Second Lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry, and I was a cadet. The acquaintance then established, ripened, through future years, into an intimate friendship, cemented by close association. I last met him, as my guest, in the early part of 1884, at San Antonio, Texas.

In 1856 we met in service in Florida, during the hostilities against the Seminole Indians; and, with the other surviving officers of the Second Artillery, I can attest the pleasant recollections of Hancock, who was the Chief Quartermaster of the District of the Caloosahatchee, and the Depot Quartermaster at Fort Myers. That post was the base and the dépôt for land and water transportation connected with the operations. A line of military posts, established under the direction of the War Department, extended from Fort Myers to Fort Jupiter, and the water portions of the line embraced the Caloosahatchee River and Lake Okeechobee. The Indians were to be kept south of the line, and the operations of the troops were for the purpose of removing them from the State. Besides

the transportation needed along the cordon, a fleet of metallic barges were used for operations on and from the Gulf coast adjacent to the Big Cypress and Everglades.

When Hancock was ordered to report for duty, I was the Adjutant-General of the troops in Florida, composed of regulars and volunteers, then commanded by Colonel John Munroe. The question of supplies had not at that time been simplified by the use of the railroad and telegraph, and the responsibility for the heavy labors of the Quartermaster's Department was important; discretion had to be rested with officers remote from headquarters. But anxiety and concern on the part of the commander of the forces disappeared when he knew that Hancock was to have charge at the base, for he knew him through his Mexican War service—at the National Bridge, Plan del Rio, San Antonio, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and the assault and capture of the city of Mexico. Such confidence from an officer who had gained renown in three prior campaigns against the Seminoles, aside from the distinguished services in the Mexican War, and as the Military and Civil Governor of New Mexico, was a compliment which Hancock appreciated, and by which he was stimulated. His subsequent spheres of duty in the Kansas disturbances, with the Utah forces, and in California,

foreshadowed, in an additional manner, the distinction which attached to him through the weightier responsibilities of the war, in which he gained the admiration of both the Union and the Confederate armies.

Hancock's ideal of charity was the "mother whose eyes rest lovingly on the child at her breast, who has no thought of self, but forgets her beauty in her love." Philanthropy, when apparent as the "vain woman who likes to deck herself out in her good works, and admire herself in the glass," he condemned.

His last words touched tender chords, particularly in the hearts of devoted friends who had witnessed the many beautiful traits of his family life. Near the last solemn moment his heart went out to his devoted wife with that unfinished good-bye! Then it was, to borrow from Chateaubriand, that the remembrance of all relating to War had ceased, the fore-courts of military edifices had been passed, and in the quiet of their rear appeared the image of rest and hope, at the end of a life exposed to a thousand hardships and dangers.

Honest man, faithful citizen, true friend, brilliant soldier—the golden tablet of thy fame will ever be guarded by your devoted countrymen!

BVT. MAJOR WILLIAM P. WILSON,

LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

THE sudden death of General Hancock was to me a great loss and sorrow. In December, 1862, I was ordered to report to him at Falmouth, Va., for duty as "mustering officer" of the first division, Second Army Corps. Then a young and inexperienced lieutenant of volunteers, I can distinctly recall my trepidation on entering his office, and how quickly it was dispelled by his cordial greeting. His considerate kindness at once won my confidence, which, in five years' service on his personal staff, deepened into love and respect that increased with the passing years, for he honored me with his friendship until the day of his death.

It is not to his almost faultless military reputation that I would bear witness, but rather to those trials of character that bound his friends to him and commanded the respect of all. Eminently just, especially to his subordinates, he never failed to give credit where it was due. Honest, truthful, and without guile himself, he never suspected it in others. Generous to a fault, he never could refuse aid to the needy. Pure-minded and with the highest reverence for woman, everything savoring of vulgarity was more than dis-

tasteful to him. His loyalty to his friends was undoubted and abiding. Could I present to you, to the world, and my own children, but one picture of this illustrious soldier, this man I loved so well, it would be his spotless integrity, and his purity of life.

In what magnificent stead stood him these qualities when he came before the people as a Presidential candidate! He, the only one against whose patriotic and blameless record the shafts of partisan malice were never ventured! He needed no Presidency, nor higher title, to round out the fullness of his fame. It is enshrined ineffaceably in the hearts of the American people, and neither monuments nor annals of history will be needed to teach the inheritors of free government that it lost one of its noblest, purest and most heroic supporters when Winfield Scott Hancock was "gathered to his fathers."

MAJOR E. W. CLARK,

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

MORE than twenty years ago it was my privilege to be a member of General Hancock's staff, when Morgan, Mitchell, King, Bingham, Wilson and Parker, with others, formed the

coterie of young men to whom he confided his principal executive work.

If I recall one trait of Hancock's character more than another, I would name his conscientious devotion to details and his thoroughness in the minutiæ of affairs. Nothing seemed too trivial to claim his consideration, and yet, he did not magnify the minor things to the exclusion of the weightier matters. His mind seemed happily formed to take in the lesser with the greater; his eye to be equipped with a wonderful sweep for the particulars of a business.

His humanity and largeness of heart also impressed me strongly. I remember when the war was over and the conquered Confederacy lay bleeding and dumb before the country, all its activities dead and its splendid energies paralyzed in the face of the victor, how Hancock's magnanimity shone forth; how his kindly nature met with tender consideration the fears and anxieties of the widow and the orphan. Once the papers on behalf of a woman's claim of compensation, for crops destroyed and supplies confiscated, were mislaid. Then he called the roll of the staff, and no one was permitted to have rest while the rights of the widow of his late foe were held in abeyance.

Hancock was at that period in the fullest development of his physical manhood. He was the

very embodiment of the military hero. Of magnificent form and stature; in demeanor calm, firm, resolute, yet courteous; dignified, yet easy; flashing, brilliant, grand, yet withal manly, simple, modest; not posturing to attract the public gaze, yet followed by every eye; moving amidst the throng of his admirers, conscious only of his duty, and deeming their plaudits but the approval of the cause he had upheld with arms. In his tolerance toward his enemies, his warmth and fidelity to his friends, his zeal for the public honor, he possessed all the elements to draw to himself the worship of his fellow-men. Clad in the panoply of a noble life and splendid achievements, he stands enshrined in my memory like one of the heroes whose deeds were the themes of the older poets.

In the silent and solemn parade of great military heroes whom the muffled drums upon the farther shore are marshaling to the final roll-call, Hancock's figure is one of the noblest; and upon this side, where await for yet a little while a part of "the innumerable caravan which moves to the mysterious realm," there is no name cherished with affection more sincere, none wept with a sorrow more heart-felt.

Ripe in wisdom as in years, bearing with him the grateful affection of a mighty people, crowned with willing honors by his country, his brow had

received the final diadem, and he but waited for the silver cord to be loosed ; when that moment came he passed to the silent land

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

CAPTAIN W. D. W. MILLER

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

IT seems but as yesterday when I, a young volunteer officer (after the wounding of General B. Richardson, on whose staff I was then serving), reported to General Winfield S. Hancock on the battle-field at Antietam for duty. The acquaintance made under such peculiar circumstances, strengthened by years of service with him as one of his aides-de-camp, has ripened with passing years into a strong friendship, and his death has left a vacancy in my life which can never be filled by another. No commander more fully appreciated the services of his subordinates than General Hancock ; none more generous in awarding praise when it was deserved, yet too honest to bestow it when it could not truthfully be given. In his official report he never forgot the good conduct of the

orderlies attached to the staff; none were overlooked or forgotten. General Hancock was as just as he was generous; "with malice to none," he was ever willing to make amends when satisfied from sufficient evidence that he had misjudged. He was a man of great industry, marvelous in his attention to detail, and always, as far as possible, exercised a personal supervision over his own orders. He never questioned an order, and with him to receive an order was to obey it; nor did he permit any delay by others in the execution of his own commands.

General Hancock's loyalty was of a phenomenal type. He never swerved a hair's breadth from his sense of duty. No combination of circumstances, no friendship, ever influenced him an iota or chilled his high sense of obligation to his country. Let us thank God for so loyal a friend, so loyal a citizen, so loyal a soldier. He has bequeathed to his family as well as to the Nation an heritage of character which may well be cherished as more precious than gold. For gold perishes; character is eternal. Permit me, in closing, to apply to him his own words, issued in General Orders, March, 1863, upon the receipt of the information of the death of General E. V. Sumner, the first commander of the First Division, as well as of the Second Corps, viz.: "He was never known to doubt.

To know the enemy was in his front, was for him the clarion-call that signalled the advance. In the last fight, only the omnipotent God conquered that stern soul. Entering the Service when still young, he so conducted himself by a strict, inflexible adherence to his duties and to the observance of the orders of his military superiors that he won their confidence, and thus paved the way for the future great honors heaped upon him. He was no holiday soldier ; stern duty had its pleasure for him in a clear conscience. He never failed to obey an order. He was never too late, and he has been rewarded with marked honors in his life, and an imperishable name in history. Imitate his example ; and in paying a last tribute to his memory, let us invoke the name of our Maker, that so noble a spirit may be vouchsafed a happy future." Thus spake a soldier of a soldier—fitting words, which we now re-echo as we pay this tribute to our departed Chief

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BVT. COLONEL GEORGE MEADE,

LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

IT is with extreme regret that I find it impossible to be present at the meeting of the Military Service Institution, to add my tribute of respect to the memory of General Hancock. There will,

however, be many present on that occasion who, perhaps better than I, can do fitting justice to the memory of the deceased. And yet, deeply as I feel this, still more deeply do I feel under obligation to express, in such terms as, however unworthy of the theme, I may be able to command, the great respect—both inherited and personally acquired—in which I always held the character of General Hancock. It is, then, from both inherited and acquired liking and respect for General Hancock, so mingled that they are not to be severed in my mind, that I speak reverentially to the memory of the honored dead.

On the very first occasion when I saw General Hancock, the circumstance is so intimately associated with General Meade's admiration of him, that it affords the most fitting introduction to this brief mention. The scene was in camp in 1862, soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, where these two intrepid soldiers, each at the head of his division, had gallantly stormed those terrible hills held by the enemy—Hancock on the right at Marye's Heights, and Meade on the left at Hamilton's Cross-Roads. I was standing near General Meade when General Hancock rode up, and, after exchanging cordial greetings with General Meade, and lingering for a few moments on the spot, dashed away at full speed. His bearing was so

striking that it would have prompted any one ignorant of who he was, to inquire—and I well remember the hearty intonation of voice with which General Meade replied to my question: "Why, don't you know who that is? why, that's Hancock." These were truly brothers-in-arms. If in the future that lay before them, in the gnawing anxieties of the long-continued civil conflict, their relations, as is sometimes unavoidable in such vicissitudes of life, ever were subject to strain, I feel sure that at bottom their regard for each other as noble spirits, gallant gentlemen and soldiers suffered no abatement. At least I can answer for General Meade's, and I think that we all would be ready to swear that the noble nature of Hancock would not have permitted his to have changed.

This leads me to add, in the subjoined correspondence, that which is illustrative of the esteem in which these soldiers held each other, and which can find no fitter occasion to be placed permanently on record. In the winter of 1863, shortly after the Mine Run campaign, it was intimated to General Meade that he would probably be relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that his successor might be General Hancock. At that time General Hancock was in Washington, still off duty in consequence of the wound that he

had received at Gettysburg. In a letter to General Hancock, dated December 11, 1863, in reply to one from General Hancock stating that he had not lost confidence in him, and that he hoped he would not be relieved, General Meade said: "As this army is at present organized, and as its commander is now regarded and treated at Washington, its command is not to be desired by any reasonable man, nor can it be exercised with any justice or satisfaction to yourself. While, therefore, I should be glad to see you promoted to a high command, as a friend and well-wisher, with my experience I cannot say I could congratulate you if you succeed me. * * * I shall always be glad to see you and hear of your success."

To this letter General Hancock replied on December 21, 1863. After giving the current rumors relative to the command of the army, he said: "I am no aspirant, and I never could be a conspirator, had I other feelings toward you than I possess. I would sooner command a corps under you than have the supreme command. I have faith in you. I would not like to serve under a bad commander. I would rather be out of command. I have always served faithfully, and so I intend to do. I would always prefer a good man to command that army than to command it myself. If I ever command it, it will be given to me

as it was to you. I shall never express or imply a desire to command, for I do not feel it. If the command was put upon me, I suppose I would feel and act as you did. * * * "

It is the remembrance of this friendship, maintained at a period when it meant more than good feelings in ordinary times ; it is faith in these expressions, drawn forth from a generous nature, added to much else in word and act—that will always ensure, from the descendants of General Meade, the upholding of the fair fame of General Hancock.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

IT was not my fortune to serve under General Hancock during the war, and I knew him best in his association with the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, whose honor it was to have him as its presiding officer. That Order, known to most of you, is composed of officers who served in the war, and seeks to enroll as members only those whose reputation as officers was unsullied, and who alike, in War and Peace, have approved themselves gentlemen. The Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania, for six succes-

sive years, selected General Hancock to be its chief, as the fittest type of the officer and gentleman its ranks afforded.

In November last General Hancock revisited the battle-field of Gettysburg for the first time in twenty years. It was my great privilege to be one of his company on that occasion, and to traverse with him the ground so intimately associated with his fame, and to learn anew what history had so well recorded, how large a part he bore in the mighty drama that had been enacted there. In the centre, on the left, and on the right his presence was felt; no part of that field but was impressed by his valor and skill; and if, for nothing else, his name would be immortal because of what he was and what he did during those three momentous days.

But, as has already been said, General Hancock has other claims to renown than his service in the war, in his splendid bearing in the trying years that followed; in his high command at the time when the nation that had survived four years of war was again imperilled; in his candidacy for the Presidency; in all those years occupying conspicuous and responsible station, no act, no word of his, can be pointed to incompatible with his fame, his patriotism and his duty.

Greater opportunity would but have enhanced his

fame; equal to the requirements of every position he attained, he would have fully met the demands of any station in our armies or in the gift of the American people.

CAPTAIN JAMES H. MERRYMAN,

UNITED STATES REVENUE MARINE.

I AM highly honored in being recognized here as a personal friend of General Hancock.

I first met him on the Pacific coast many years ago, and well remember the impression made upon my mind by his handsome appearance and engaging manner. It was long afterward when the opportunity came for a closer acqaintance. In the meanwhile he had run his brilliant career in the War of the Rebellion, and his name and fame had been sounded by the voices, or had dwelt in the thoughts, of millions of people. It was not my happy lot to see him as frequently as I desired. But I recall with pleasure, and will ever cherish, those rare occasions of uninterrupted conversation when I listened to his pleasant voice—always soft and low—in unpremeditated discourse upon various interesting matters. In speaking of others he always seemed to regard their interests even more

than his own, and to view all matters without partiality, prejudice or self-seeking. His well-known consideration for the comfort and pleasure of others sprang from that tenderness which belonged to his chivalric nature.

From his own lips I learned how warmly he was attached to his friends, and how he loved "all things, both great and small," "the birds of the air and the beasts of the field," the trees and flowers. Indeed, he was a most lovable gentleman, a true patriot, and the bravest of the brave.

BVT. BRIG.-GEN. ALEXANDER J. PERRY,

ASS'T QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL, U. S. A.

I FIND myself compelled, by the summons of a civil court as witness, in a distant city, to be absent from the Meeting of the Military Service Institution, to be held on the 25th inst., as a testimonial of its appreciation of the character of General Hancock, his services to the country and to the Military Institution; but more especially, perhaps, to bear witness to the sterling qualities of his noble nature.

As my feelings and sentiments are in most per-

fect accord with the object of the meeting, I cannot refrain from expressing to you, the Secretary of the Institution, my very great regret and disappointment in being prevented from joining—at least to the extent of being present—in these services of friendship and admiration which your meeting is intended to emphasize.

COLONEL G. NORMAN LIEBER,

ASS'T JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL, U. S. A.

I VERY much regret that I shall not be able to attend the Meeting of the Military Service Institution commemorative of Major-General Hancock. Although for the last few years my duties have taken me out of his command, my long service on his staff (at New Orleans, St. Paul and New York), and the fact that I have served on no other general's staff since serving on his, have impressed upon me the feeling that I have never been entirely removed from the sphere of his individuality. For, to me, as it must have been to all who came in contact with him—his individuality has always been most impressive. How many men are governed by their surroundings,

and accept, without much question, certainly without deep scrutiny, other's views? How many men, for instance, are slaves to the newspapers which they read! But General Hancock was, as to all matters depending on sound judgment, a judge to himself; always willing to hear, but never to be led. I know this to be a fact, from experience as Judge-Advocate on his staff.

And, having satisfied himself as to the correctness of a conclusion, he was consistent in adhering to it, in the face, sometimes, of strong pressure to the contrary. His views on questions appertaining to the administration of military justice were very decided, and he has left an impression upon that branch of the Service which can never be lost; most of it having already been perpetuated in the books.

What he has accomplished in other fields the country knows. What I wish to do here—as one knowing whereof he speaks—is, to pay this tribute to his memory: that he was ever an unswervingly just judge; never hasty to condemn; rigorously impartial; strictly consistent. If there could be any doubt as to the wonderful impress of such a character upon the discipline of his command, statistics present infallible proof. When General Hancock's great virtues are enumerated, let this one not be forgotten.

My thoughts will be with you on the 25th, and I will at least join with you in deep sorrow for the loss that has befallen the Nation; adding thereto my own individual grief for the loss of one who was always to me the best of friends.

MAJOR ASA BIRD GARDINER,

JUDGE-ADVOCATE, U. S. A.

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MY long service with Major-General Hancock in the most confidential and intimate relations, both personal and official, makes me realize keenly the loss his staff and the Army and country have sustained by his sudden decease.

I am persuaded the services will be such as will do honor to the memory of so good a soldier, so kind a husband and father and so sincere a friend.

CAPTAIN GEORGE F. PRICE,

FIFTH U. S. CAVALRY.

I REGRET that I cannot be present to offer my tribute of love and respect to the memory of a man who was one of our most illustrious American soldiers; but, if present, not anything that

I could say would add in any degree to the measure of his well-earned fame; his soldierly achievements are a part of the history of the Nation. He was a fearless, peerless soldier; a superb leader in battle; and in all the social relations of life, a genial, accomplished and dignified gentleman, loved, admired and honored by all who knew him.

"So, blessed of all, he died; but far more blessed were we
If we were sure to live till we again could see
A man as great in War, as just in Peace, as he."

COLONEL G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON,

LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

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NO words can measure the infinite loss which the Country, the Army, and our Association has sustained in this sudden promotion of our chief. No truer gentleman or more gallant soldier ever wore the uniform of the Republic.

LIEUTENANT WALTER F. HALLECK,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

IT is simply impossible for me to describe my feelings of sorrow upon learning of the death of General Winfield S. Hancock, United States Army, and the beloved President of the Military Institution of the United States since its organization. I learned to admire him years ago, and think I will not forget his kind and fatherly advice to me, when I was probably the youngest company commander in the Volunteer Service, and for a time in charge of the guard placed over the conspirators during their trial for the assassination of President Lincoln. His humane instructions regarding the treatment of the prisoners (for it was by his order that they were permitted to leave their cells for daily exercise and air in the large yard of the old District Penitentiary) deeply impressed me.

General Hancock's military career was a spotless one, crowned by respect for civil law and love for his fellow-men, without stopping to question as to what section of our country they might be from. When a great soldier, with unrestricted power in his hands to oppress his countrymen,

voluntarily foregoes the chance of gratifying ambition, and devotes himself to the duty of building up the liberties and strengthening the laws of his country, he presents an example of the highest virtue that human nature is capable of practising. Such a character was General Hancock. I could in no better manner show my great regard for him than by honoring my youngest boy—now a bright little fellow of four years—with his name. From my knowledge of General Hancock I shall always think of him as the poet describes the true man and soldier ;

> "The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring."

He loved his soldiers, and all true soldiers will cherish his memory.

BVT.-MAJOR HARRY C. CUSHING,

CAPTAIN FOURTH UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.

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GENERAL HANCOCK was a typical soldier, and there probably has never been in American military history a general who so completely realized the idea of a perfect corps commander. What he might have accomplished as

an army commander is of course a matter of conjecture, as he never was tried. In the sphere in which he manifested himself, that of the head of a great subordinate corps, it is doubtful if he had his superior in any army, and he ranks with the greatest of Napoleon's marshals. Of an impressive personality, a *man* in every sense of the word, he inspired the soldiers under him with the most unbounded confidence. His military judgment was never at fault, and he possessed, like Marshal Massena, the rare faculty of growing more clear-sighted the hotter the battle raged. In addition to exciting the admiration of those he led, he was warmly loved by his subordinates, and his death will be a cause of personal grief to all of them. The country at large has in it sustained a heavy loss, for such men are not lavished on an epoch.

COLONEL SAMUEL B. LAWRENCE,

LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

HANCOCK, the ideal soldier, was remarkable in the group of illustrious officers of our Army, and we may fairly claim for him qualities the most inspiring in the field and the most attractive in civil and domestic life.

He was lavishly equipped by nature with a handsome figure and noble presence, and a gentleness so sweet and winning that even in the heat of battle, when most aroused, his soldiers charged at his command or followed his gallant lead, fascinated by his chivalric courtesy, calmness and dignity.

Always the modest hero, never claiming precedence, accepting with diffidence the honors thrust upon him, and ever watchful for the rights of fallen foes, he never gave offense nor left bitter memories. His charity was boundless and matched his nobility. No appeal from the humblest ever went unnoticed, and many revere his name and live comforted by his influence. Knowing him in his daily life was an experience filled with pleasant revelations, and left the image of an exalted type of man worth a life to know and remember as a privilege.

With unblemished record he has entered the Temple of Fame and won the reward—

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

GENERAL CHARLES A. WHITTIER,

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

* * * * * *

I AM sure that no one in the Army of the Potomac ever lacked confidence in him; and, with all his commands and battles, can a higher compliment be paid to a commander? I think that every day since his death I have heard the phrase, "What a superb soldier Hancock was!"

BVT. LIEUT.-COL. JOHN P. NICHOLSON,

UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: It was my intention, when I responded to your invitation, to have said a few words expressive of our loss in the gallant soldier and gentleman whose memorial service calls us together, but my heart is too full and the touch of his hand too recent for me to attempt to add any words to the deserved eulogiums that have been passed upon him this evening.

But if I were to single out some one incident connected with his ever great career, I would refer

to his arrival upon that memorable, historic field with which his name is for ever linked. But this has been done by one of Pennsylvania's foremost soldiers, and one to whom was given the great honor of directing the opening infantry fire at the battle of Gettysburg. Therefore, if the letter I read to you is personal, I know that you will pardon me for the great traits of character of the noble man that it depicts.

[Colonel Nicholson then read the following letter from Brigadier-General J. W. Hofmann, late Colonel Fifty-sixth Infantry, Pennsylvania Volunteers.]

"Knowing the close personal friendship that existed between our late Commander, General W. S. Hancock, and yourself, I regretted very much my inability to hear all that was said by the companions at the meeting on the evening of the 12th inst., when we were convened to give expression of our sense of the loss of one who had served his country so well, and who won the esteem of his fellow-citizens, regardless of political ties.

"I should have been glad to have added a few words to the eloquent remarks that fell from the lips of others, but there were occasions when their voices were allowed to fall so low that I was unable to distinguish their words, and was thus admonished not to venture, lest my feelings might carry

me over ground that had already been, and in fitter terms, referred to. But to you, individually, my dear Colonel, it will not matter if such should be the case when I now state, that while I appreciate the eloquent manner in which tribute was paid to the gallant and heroic services of General Hancock on the field of Gettysburg, on the second and third days of the battle, nevertheless, in my judgment, those services, grand and heroic as they were, were but the natural sequence of his noble services on the afternoon of the preceding day.

"You may not be aware of it, but my personal acquaintance with General Hancock dated only from the day when he assumed command of the Loyal Legion. Serving as we did in different corps, and for over a year in the early part of the war in different fields of operations, it came about that my first sight of Hancock was at the moment which might, perhaps with justice, be termed the sublimest moment of his life. It was at the moment when, clothed by Meade, his illustrious chief, with the plenary powers with which he himself had been vested by the highest authority of the Republic—powers the exercise of which were to place him in antagonism with long-established precedent and universal usage, and all the unpleasantness and difficulties that the innovation might involve: it was under these circumstances that I

first saw Hancock, a moment after he had arrived upon the field to assume command. Not the command of troops in serried ranks bidding defiance to an advancing foe, but the command of troops that had made an heroic fight, and had, nevertheless, been discomfited and were now retiring through the narrow streets of the town, with all the disorganization that such a movement naturally brought with it, coupled with the dispiriting influence wrought by the fact that the field was left in possession of the successful foe. Such were the conditions under which Hancock assumed command. Then it was that his qualities shone forth. Grasping at once the scene that lay at his feet, as he sat upon his horse, upon the crest of Cemetery Ridge—the bold, inviting topography of the surrounding country that had failed to be fully appreciated, or, if appreciated, failed to be fully utilized—the surging mass—the momentous issues that still hinged upon the outcome—all these were taken in. Then, by his personal directions, and bringing to bear that magnetic influence possessed only by those whose actions on fields of battle have won the hearts of the troops whose lives have been entrusted to their keeping, he proved how justly his chief had judged of his fitness when he sent him forward to assume command. Now, placing confidence in the well-dis-

ciplined troops, and resorting to that self-reliance, the factor so essential to success, in a very brief period he wrought order from chaos, then established his troops on those lines where, on the succeeding days, they inflicted those sanguinary repulses upon the enemy—the lines that thenceforth were to remain unbroken—lines that will be pointed to in the most distant future as marking symbolically the foundations of one of the greatest advancements of enlightened ideas, of freedom from oppression, an epoch marking the elevation of the human race, and when all of his compeers in the prolonged and sanguinary contest shall have again joined him, posterity will point to those lines, and render the honors justly due to the name of the heroic Hancock."

The above is a true copy from General Hofmann's letter.

CAPTAIN GREENLEAF A. GOODALE,

TWENTY-THIRD UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

RETURNING to-day from leave of absence, I find your invitation to attend Meeting of Institution this evening, held in memory of that noble commander, our beloved Hancock. It would have given me a sad pleasure to have been with

you. For many months I was an enlisted man in the "Sixth Maine," in the brigade which was General Hancock's first command in the late war. And certainly, after Williamsburg, if not before, the brigade believed that whatever General Hancock ordered was exactly right. I don't think that feeling dated from Williamsburg either. When he was assigned to the command of Richardson's division (2) of the Second Corps, we felt a personal loss.

His sudden death has been a great shock to the few hundred survivors of that brigade.

THE HONORABLE EGBERT L. VIELE, M. C.,

LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

IT was impossible to know Hancock, even slightly, without becoming his personal friend. His frank urbanity captivated all with whom he came in contact. I knew him as a cadet—tall, lithe, manly, with a kind word and genial smile for all. He was as well known to one class as to another. In fact, the characteristic feature of West Point life is that all the classes are more or less assimilated. Unlike other institutions of

learning, where the Senior may never know the existence of a Junior, and the former may come and go without ever being seen by the latter, the Cadet Battalion brings all classes together at drill and parade; and so Hancock's handsome form and soldierly bearing were known to all, and all knew him to be what he always was—a brave and loyal soldier, a true and loyal friend. No field-marshal of France, in the palmiest days of her military glory, ever won or wore greener laurels than Hancock, "The Superb." But it was in the too short years of his later life that there gathered about him, by an instinctive impulse, a host of loving friends—friends who themselves will feel, until the hour they also shall pass from earth, that they have lost in him one who was closer than a brother. The American people had for him a sincere and unaffected admiration that was undoubtedly greater than that inspired by any other soldier of the war; while his promptness to recognize the supremacy of the civil power in the administration of civil affairs will never be forgotten, and, in times to come, the lovers of civil liberty will point to it as one of the brightest of his well-earned laurels—a man

> "Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
> Or paltered with Eternal God for power."

MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD L. MOLINEUX,

NATIONAL GUARD, S. N. Y., LATE U. S. V.

I REGRET my inability to attend the Memorial Service this evening.

As a volunteer officer, I cannot speak from personal knowledge of General Hancock's achievements in the field. But like many others who never came within the immediate sphere of his influence as a commander, I have been strongly impressed with his unswerving faith in the fighting capacity of his men.

General Hancock, at least, never despaired of the Republic, even in the darkest hours of civil strife. He trusted, with the strength of his chivalrous and generous nature, the ability of the American people to work out their own destiny on the lines marked out for them, and he maintained a serene confidence in the successful issue of the great struggle in which he bore so noble, so faithful, a part.

The citizen-soldiery of the State of New York owe him a debt of lasting gratitude for his unfailing readiness to lend all the influence he possessed, to promote their military training and increase their efficiency. He cordially recognized the value

of the National Guard, as he did that of every movement springing from and sustained by the American people.

As his associate in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, I can testify to his solicitous regard for all that concerned the dignity and self-respect of the officer. A model of high-bred courtesy, dignified affability, and manly sense of right and justice, he presented a type of soldierly character equally fitted to inspire attachment and command respect. Hancock's influence was a restraint and corrective of everything mean or base. It will *live* with those in whom his noble qualities provoked imitation, and the impression of his frank and sympathetic nature be left on all who had the privilege of knowing him.

His name will live in history, his virtues abide in the hearts of his friends.

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE W. WINGATE,

LATE NATIONAL GUARD, S. N. Y.

HIGH as was the estimation in which General Hancock was held by all classes of the community, it could not surpass the respect and esteem that was entertained for him by the National

Guard, and particularly by those officers and men belonging to it who have been interested in rifle practice, and in the National Rifle Association.

General Hancock was always interested in all that concerned the welfare of the National Guard; and those seeking to advance its efficiency ever found in him a wise counsellor and a warm friend.

He was one of the first to see the importance of rifle shooting and the military value of Creedmoor, and he did all in his power to aid both.

The "Hilton trophy," which has been so often struggled for by the best shots of the Army and of the National Guard will always be a monument to his memory, for it was obtained through his personal application to Judge Hilton.

The circumstances under which he became President of the National Rifle Association showed at once the interest he felt in the institution, and his self-sacrificing character. The State administration had been inimical to rifle shooting, the number of riflemen had decreased, and the prospects of the Association were gloomy.

General Hancock had been that year a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and was one of the foremost men in the country. We went to him, stated the situation, and assured him that if he would become the head of the National Rifle Association it would be of incalculable service to

it. With characteristic chivalry he said that if the Association was prosperous he would not think of accepting, but if it was not, and really needed his help, he was at its service. He was elected, and for a year faithfully fulfilled the duties of its President, and by so doing enabled it to extricate itself from its precarious position.

This service was one which I, for one, shall never forget. But it was but one of many for which the National Guard and the National Rifle Association will long revere the memory of Winfield S. Hancock.

BRIG.-GEN. HORATIO C. KING,

LATE NATIONAL GUARD, S. N. Y.

I CAN add but a few words to the universal tribute of respect for the noble man and brilliant soldier who has so suddenly passed away. Few public men held so deep a place in the affections of the whole people. As I have already said, in substance, on another occasion, he was in the highest degree one of nature's noblemen—a magnificent type of that substantial, uninherited American aristocracy which, on the field of battle as well as in times of peace, has won the respect of

the whole world. He is a grand exponent of the possibilities open to every boy in the land, no matter how humble his origin. Like the great chieftain for whom he was named, he was magnificent in stature, soldierly in carriage, a typical commander of men; as prompt to obey as he was exacting in obedience to his orders.

Devoid of personal fear, he dared to follow where any one would lead on—to lead where any one would follow, even to the very gates of death. Genial in manner, courteous, and of unswerving loyalty and integrity, he will ever linger in my memory as one of the first gentlemen of America.

Of the widespread feeling of personal grief at his death, let me speak a moment. I reached Cincinnati in the evening of February 9, just after the sad announcement had been flashed over the wires. I went to attend the annual meeting of the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion, to which hundreds had gathered from all parts of the country. Extensive preparations had been made, but the solemn sadness which affected all, precluded a general festivity, and the occasion was adapted to the common feeling, and Hancock's name was on every lip.

In the difficult and trying positions occupied by General Hancock in the South after the war—during the period of reconstruction, when party

spirit ran high—he so conducted the delicate duties of his office as to assuage the passion and to command the respect and approval of men of all shades of political opinion. It was not surprising, then, that later on the Democratic party, with singular unanimity, fixed upon him as their leader in the Presidential contest in 1880. I cannot recall a nomination which was received with greater satisfaction than his; and, had the question been at once submitted to the people, I believe he would have been elected by an overwhelming majority. So pure was his personal and official record that no one dared to attack it, and the weapons used by his opponents were those of ridicule based upon words which he never uttered. * * * The manner with which he bore his defeat was characteristic of the man, and for months after the result was announced, he declined to accept invitations to public ceremonies, banquets, and the like, lest it might be inferred he desired to pose as a martyr. He was throughout the campaign and afterwards the same frank, straightforward, earnest, honest, courageous, and imperturbable hero and citizen.

One by one the grand figures of the greatest war of modern times are passing away, but their deeds will be remembered for ever by a grateful people. Hancock—the superb, patriot, hero and gentleman—we salute thee! Hail, and farewell!

I was proud to count the deceased hero and patriot among my most honored and esteemed friends.

ANTHONY J. DREXEL, ESQ.,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

I HAVE received the invitation to be present at the Meeting to be held on Thursday next at the rooms of the Military Service Institution in honor of General Hancock.

I regret very much that it will be impossible for me to attend; otherwise I would gladly embrace the opportunity, thus offered, to testify my appreciation of the character of the great soldier and irreproachable *gentleman* whose loss we now mourn.

THE HON. GEO. PEABODY WETMORE,

GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND.

* * * * * * *

I NEVER met him without being impressed by his noble nature. I can never forget his equanimity and his generous bearing, as well as the enthusiasm it occasioned at Garfield's inauguration in 1881.

JOSEPH W. DREXEL, ESQ.,

OF NEW YORK.

I REGRET, exceedingly, my inability to be present at the Meeting of the Council of the Military Service Institution to-morrow; nothing that will there be said but will find an echo in my heart when I shall read that which it is not in my power to hear.

The history of General Hancock is his noblest monument; his modest, unassuming bearing, his honesty of purpose, his purity of mind, all marked him as a man among men.

Of no one can it better be said:

> "None knew him but to love him,
> None named him save to praise."

I deeply sympathize with the Institution in its great loss.

THE HONORABLE JOHN R. BRADY,

OF NEW YORK.

IT would be presumptuous in me, in this assembly of veterans, to expatiate even briefly upon the military prowess of General Hancock, but it cannot be unbecoming to express my appreciation of

the great service he rendered to the Nation by his efforts to preserve and to perpetuate it one and indivisible. From the citizen's standpoint this thought must ever keep his memory fresh and green, as it should the memory of every man who in the hour of peril stepped to the front *pro patria*. "With malice toward none and with charity for all," I cannot, if I would, reject the deep sense of gratitude I feel for all these champions—these defenders of that flag which was designed to float, and will float for ever, over a brotherhood of States, united irrevocably by a compact which shall never be broken.

His death was an event most unexpected, and created a profound sensation. Indeed, there are few men whose sudden demise would be more sorrowfully felt. His splendid physique, giving him a commanding presence, seemed the embodiment of life—the very antithesis of death—so impressive that none thought of his going out upon the dark waters when "Peace was tinkling from the shepherd's bells." For such men we have no thought but of life, no suggestion of a last resting-place; and when the blow came—knowing nothing of his illness—I was indeed surprised and grieved, in common with multitudes of my fellow-citizens who loved him.

I knew the General well. My acquaintance

with him began and continued under most agreeable social realizations. There was a charm about him which was distinguishing and captivating. We sometimes discover in the social realm persons whose coming exalts the occasion in which they are to take part, and who unconsciously, by what occult power I know not, affect most agreeably those into whose presence they are ushered. I think General Hancock possessed this attribute. His dignity, which was most impressive, had for its ally a charming *bonhomie* born of high breeding, culture and a varied experience. And these elements were so blended, and yet so distinctive, that the soldier was never lost in the contemplation of the man, and you felt, even at the festive board, notwithstanding his genial and attractive manner, that the beaded bubbles winking at the brim, which for the moment engaged his attention, could be changed in the twinkling of an eye into the din of battle if the occasion should arise—out of the glare of the banquet the soldier could step, cool, collected, prepared. This rare combination always presented itself to me, whether I met him accidentally or by design; and no matter how jocular or sedate our conversation might be, I felt that I was talking to a dignified soldier—one born to command, conscious of his responsibilities, and ready to assume them at a moment's notice. Thus

the man and the officer—the commanding general and the clever man of the world, hearty of speech, cheery in manner, kindly, benevolent and appreciative—marched along life's way hand and hand together, faithful and true. I recognized in him the gentleman by instinct whom the rigor of military discipline did not subvert—the ruler without presumption, the soldier without bravado, the patriot without fanaticism. And I recall him as one who has contributed not only to the pleasure of my own life, but given to the American youth an illustration of what may be accomplished by honorable bearing, by patriotic devotion, by a faithful discharge of duty.

COLONEL JOHN HAY,

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

I REGRET sincerely that it will not be in my power to attend the Meeting on the 25th which is called to do honor to the memory of General Hancock. No soldier in all our history has better earned the love and the gratitude of the Republic. His bright example of valor and devotion to duty should not be permitted to fade from the memory

of his fellow-citizens. It belongs to those who served with him, and who witnessed, on so many glorious fields, his splendid courage, his coolness and fertility of resource in trying emergencies, the high and joyous spirit with which he inspired his troops in the midst of danger and death—to draw for the benefit of coming generations of Americans a correct portrait of this incomparable soldier. The young officers of the future need desire no better model to fashion themselves upon than that presented in the character and life of General Hancock.

REVEREND EDWARD H. C. GOODWIN,

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y. H.

I THINK I cannot add to the eloquent tributes paid to General Hancock by those familiar with his military career, to which we have been listening; but I am glad to have the opportunity of saying a word or two about him on points that have not been touched upon by any of those who preceded me.

In the first place, of his equanimity under good and ill fortune. My acquaintance with him began not very long before the opening of the Presi-

dential campaign in which he had so much at stake. I saw him almost daily, while the prospect of success brightened, until it seemed as if he had only to put forth his hand to take the highest prize this world can offer, and afterward, in the revulsion from this exalted hope to the certainty of defeat, and throughout he displayed that essential element of true greatness, perfect equanimity.

As a minister of the Gospel of Peace, I have, perhaps, been brought into contact with General Hancock in a way different from others who have spoken. During the time that he was in command on Governor's Island, I had often to appeal to him in cases of distress—cases in which a clergyman might appeal in behalf of others—and I can say that never did I appeal to him without enlisting his sympathies; never once without securing, if it were possible to give it, his aid.

By the general consent of you who are so much better qualified to form an opinion upon that subject than I am, no name of those made honorable by the late war stands higher than that of General Hancock. But Peace has her honors not less great, perhaps more enduring, than War. I look back into the past, and see a single act of generosity on the battle-field, remembered far above all else, that enrolled the name of Philip Sidney; and so, I think, it will be with General

Hancock. I believe that the fullest, truest, most fitting eulogy of General Hancock is not spoken here to-night in this little gathering—this handful of his military companions, his personal friends, his equals—but that in the homes and hearts of thousands all over this honored land, the remembrance of kind words and generous acts will keep his memory green when his military fame shall have faded.

GEORGE SMALL, ESQ.,

OF BALTIMORE.

I KNOW nothing of the public career of General Hancock, except what is history already. For more than twenty years, however, it was my fortune to be honored by his friendship, and I cannot forego the opportunity of offering an humble tribute to the qualities which graced his private life and made men love him. My personal recollections of our intercourse, delightful as they are to me, are mainly of the sort which a man had rather cherish as his own than share even with his friends. I will only say, therefore, what I can say with truth and knowledge, that the side of his character

which the world saw least of, was a noble and fitting counterpart of those heroic traits which won the admiration of his countrymen, and shine in his renown.

THE HONORABLE BENJAMIN H. FIELD,

OF NEW YORK.

I REGRET that my more than threescore years and ten, as well as a severe cold, will prevent my acceptance of your invitation to hear the paper of General W. F. Smith (late of the United States Army) upon the life and services of Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock, but I shall be with you in spirit.

Major-General Hancock followed closely in the footsteps of the immortal Washington. He was the statesman, the soldier, the patriot, the Christian, and the lover of all mankind. In the language of Halleck:

> "None knew thee but to love thee,
> Nor named thee but to praise."

A bronze bust of him should be in every historical society, every public and private library, throughout the land he loved so dearly and served so long and well

THE HON. EDWARD S. BRAGG, M. C.,

CHAIRMAN MILITARY COMMITTEE.

I HASTEN to acknowledge your letter as soon as I have discovered it, although too late for practical purposes, in order that you may see that I did not allow to pass coldly by, unnoticed, a meeting in honor of one of the men whom I respected most highly, both for his military and civic services.

THOMAS B. MUSGRAVE, ESQ.,

OF NEW YORK.

SOME few years ago General Hancock visited me at Mt. Desert. In the early morning following his arrival, his old orderly, who had walked twenty-five miles in the night, rapped on my cottage door and asked if General Hancock was within. I replied that he was. He said: "Tell the General that Malone is here." After talking over with him the many incidents of battles, from Yorktown to Gettysburg, the old soldier bade him good-by. General Hancock said in parting, and,

I thought, with a little sadness: "Malone, since those war days we old soldiers have little influence and little money, but here is my walking-stick. God bless you! I am glad you have got a home." No one could but be impressed with his great, kindly nature as he addressed him.

This was the first time that I ever heard General Hancock speak of the incidents of the war; the last was when, a little more than three months since, I revisited Gettysburg with him and his staff. In the kind letter of invitation he sent me, he said; "Bring your little boy, Percy, with you; it will be of interest to him." And it was of great interest to all of us—our wandering over that field, and his recital of what took place on the day of the battle.

In returning home he said to me: "Your boy will remember what has been said when we have passed away."

Now I have read, upon an urn that contained the heart of one of the great men of France, this inscription: "His heart is here, his soul is everywhere." And so it will always be of General Hancock; the motives and the kindly impulses of his heart will always dwell with the members of the Institution at Governor's Island, but his soul will be everywhere in this land in its influences for love of country and chivalric bravery. But it has always seemed to me that the most fitting tribute

that can be paid to his memory, is in words expressed by Abraham Lincoln upon the battle-field of Gettysburg: "The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated this field (and, I will add, themselves) far above our power to add or detract, and while the world will little note nor long remember what we say here, it can never forget what they did." Our words will soon be forgotten, but the fame of Gettysburg and General Hancock is imperishable.

WILLIAM H. PENDER, ESQ.,

MURPHYVILLE, TEXAS.

* * * * * * *

GENERAL HANCOCK was the noblest, purest, and best of them all.

THE HONORABLE DANIEL D. WHITNEY,

MAYOR OF BROOKLYN.

THERE is no necessity of expressing, anew, the depth of sorrow we all feel at the loss of the heroic soldier who for so many years lived

within what may be called an integral portion of the city of Brooklyn.

Winfield Scott Hancock's glory is a part of the history of the Nation, and his virtues are inscribed imperishably in the affections of those who revére the grand sacrifices the old veterans made for an undivided country.

THE REVEREND JOHN R. PAXTON, D. D.,

OF NEW YORK.

THEY buried, yesterday, my old commander—the ideal soldier—the pure patriot—the noblest man—the stainless name—gentle as a woman, with a voice low and caressing as Love, in the camp and at the fireside, but heroic as Cid, and with a voice of thunder in the battle, to inspire and command. And I shall see his face no more. But while life lasts he will live in my memory, admiration and love, as the grandest figure I ever saw. "I once saw Washington," said Chateaubriand, "but that once was enough. The sight inspired me for life." For three years I followed him—from Fredericksburg to Appomattox—my hero, lofty and superb. My heart is sad to-day. The world is emptied, the country poorer in patriots,

but richer in treasured memories and immortal names. Glorious Hancock — countryman—comrade in arms! I see you now at Gettysburg, thrilling me with the accents of command. I see you in the Wilderness, inspiring me with your dauntless courage. My romance—my hero—my leader—loved with a love passing that of woman—farewell! God rest his soul! And on his tombstone write, "He did what he could" for his country, his God and truth. And he died poor, but left to his country a stainless name, an unblotted record, an immortal memory.

ALFRED TRUMBLE, ESQ.,

OF NEW YORK.

IT is a misfortune of the professional soldier in this country to be a man apart. The absence of those continually recurring opportunities for the exercise of his genius and his valor, which are afforded by the foreign complications and the colonial wars of England and France, renders him a shadowy figure to the selfish and hurrying crowd. The people know that he exists, but where or how is a question of small moment to them. Experience has demonstrated that he will be found at his post

when the emergency for which he exists arrives, and that is enough for them.

The vehicles for publicity afforded by the press to the pettiest politicians are denied the warrior who fights the battles of which they reap the peaceful victories. The pygmy dictator of a city ward, who never loses an opportunity for beating his own penny drum, is a more momentous personage in the vulgar eye than the Great Captain whom the thunder of cannon heralds to victory—until the cannon give voice. They have been silent with us so long that the Great Captain who has just answered the last roll-call, passed over to the army of phantoms little more than a phantom himself to the throng whom his strong arm had been reached out to guard.

To those who knew him, or whose fortune it was to come in personal contact with him, however, General Winfield Scott Hancock was the type and flower of the American soldier. The dignity of command sat perfectly upon him, for the simplicity and sincerity of his nature robbed it of arrogance and gave it a grace that was all his own. His majestic presence and his stately carriage were as much a part of the man as of the soldier, and they bore the livery of the nation he gave grandeur to with the unaffected and unconscious naturalness of a man to whom it belonged

by right of birth. It fitted him, it was as integral a part of him as his lofty soul, which no stain could touch, as his brave and generous heart, which beat for his country, and for his countrymen and his loved ones, before it throbbed for himself. If such a man had passed away in a civic office, as a great citizen and a leader of citizens in the battle of the polls, he would have left behind him a life all naked and bristling with interest to the public eye. Departing as a soldier and a leader of soldiers, whose later career had been obscured by the placid platitudes of Peace, his fame had become a charge of the public memory, never, alas! too grateful when gratitude is not made a national obligation.

In his profession, however, his fame remains for all time a blazing beacon light to guide the newer comers, in the path he trod, to future conquest over themselves and others. A great French statesman once said: "It is as much what the example of a great man does for posterity as what he does for the present, that renders him a blessing or a curse." The flash of the unsullied sword that the hand of death has grasped will light the pages of history, and gleam with an inspiring fire, in the great wars which must inevitably come to us when we grow arrogant with the prosperity won for us by the great wars that have been. The hand that

wielded it so well has relaxed its grasp upon the hilt, worn by long and honorable service; it has passed into the grip of a conqueror who wins all his battles, and who may break the tarnished and worthless sceptre of the tyrant, but whose might is powerless to shatter the stainless brand of the hero.

The puppets of power, creatures of clay pranked out with the baubles of hollow magnificence, fall to dust and are whirled by the strong blast of storms into oblivion. They were by the acts of others; they cease to be when the hands which upheld them are removed. But the man and the hero stands immovable, a monument to himself through all the ages. It is the most perishable part of Winfield Scott Hancock that the death drums have led upon its last march: that which remains is what nor Death nor Time can assail—his name and his fame.

LIEUT.-GEN. CHARLES P. STONE,

LATE CHIEF OF STAFF, EGYPTIAN ARMY.

I DO not presume, in five minutes in speaking of General Hancock, to do him justice. I knew him from 1841 to the day of his death.

I have no words to express my appreciation of him in every respect as soldier, as man, as gentleman, as friend. And it is almost a waste of words (for whatever we may say, whatever has been said to-night, it is only the expression of each one of his old comrades and friends, and of each individual of the people of the United States), but never, it seems to me, has there been a more complete unanimity of expression of opinion, and it all comes to the same words—model Soldier, model Gentleman, model Man. We can say no more.

ALLEN C. REDWOOD, ESQ.,

LATE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

IN the recent Water-Color Exhibition was a little picture painted by one of my friends—a veteran soldier as well as an accomplished artist—to which a peculiar interest attaches at this time. It represents a Confederate infantryman, a well-characterized figure, clad in home-spun brown jeans, philosophically smoking a pipe, in an interval of the action indicated by the background figures, while he scrutinizes the badge upon a hat which he has picked up for solution of his query,

"Who's in our front?" To judge from the gravity of his expression, the answer is not reassuring, and close observation reveals to the initiated that the bit of flannel in which the soldier's interest centres is the device of Hancock's Corps—the clover-leaf.

These little scraps of red or blue or white were significant of much, as we learned to read them aright. The Army of Northern Virginia first saw them at Chancellorsville, where we of Jackson's Corps encountered Howard's crescent and the lozenge of Sickles. But it was not until that memorable afternoon of July 3, at Gettysburg, that we met the men whose cap-fronts bore the trefoil badge, staunchly guarding the position which the wise foresight of their own commander had chosen. The world knows the story of that encounter; how the pick and flower of Lee's army —"that incomparable infantry," as Swinton calls it—surged up against Hancock's front, while two hundred cannon netted the air above and about them with lines of fire; how Kemper, then Garnett, went down in the track of that bloody advance, and gallant Armistead fell across the gun his men had reached but could not hold. It was in that hot grapple that we came to know and to respect the valiant soldier whom we have just laid away, and the sentiment, then and there inculcated, broadened and deepened as the chance of war

developed more of his quality. The experience of the succeeding campaign revealed the fact that he was no less formidable in attack than in resistance —as the story of the "Salient" at Spottsylvania attests. In that same summer, it was my fortune to pass over a part of the Wilderness field, a country then almost literally populated with dead. In the dense woods bordering the Orange Plankroad, the clover-leaves lay thick—an aftermath of the dread harvest reaped there on the 6th of May.

But we come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. In a few weeks more the man-child, whose eyes first saw the light in the springtime when the Army of Northern Virginia stacked its muskets and furled its smoke-grimed and tattered battle-flags for ever, will have reached man's estate. The eminent figures of that old time are, one by one, passing from among us. The last of the commanders of the Army of the Potomac has gone upon the retired list; of Lee's trusted lieutenants but one remains. It is fit that the rancors and passions born of that bitter travail should be laid to rest; that those of us who were actors in the great drama should look back upon its stirring scenes only to recall the heroism and devoted self-sacrifice they evoked, and to glory in that heritage as a common possession. And while I cannot testify, of personal knowledge, to those noble and

endearing traits which bound General Hancock so closely to his comrades and associates, there is yet one small tribute which a fighting acquaintance with him permits me to offer to his memory, in this, that the symbol of his corps, when we saw it "in our front," held always one meaning—that there was stern, earnest soldier-work cut out for us.

THE REVEREND HENRY M. BOOTH,

OF ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

* * * * * * *

GENERAL HANCOCK'S career was one of unusual honor. He was a model soldier. The country owes him a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. I regret that I cannot go to this service and express by my presence my estimate of the gallant officer.

REVEREND HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL. D.,

OF NEW YORK.

I GREATLY regret that absence from the city will prevent my attendance at the Military Service Institution, to hear the paper on the "Life and Services of Major-General Hancock," whose memory will be precious to his countrymen to the end of time.

MILITARY RECORD.

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK — Cadet United States Military Academy, July 1, 1840; Brevet Second Lieutenant Sixth United States Infantry, July 1, 1844; Second Lieutenant, June 18, 1846; Regimental Quartermaster, June 30, 1848, to October 1, 1849; Regimental Adjutant, October 1, 1849, to November 7, 1855; First Lieutenant, January 27, 1853; Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, United States Army, November 7, 1855; Major and Quartermaster, November 30, 1863; Brigadier-General, United States Army, August 12, 1864, "for gallant and distinguished services in the battle of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, and in all the operations of the army in Virginia under Lieutenant-General Grant; "Major-General, July 26, 1866.

Brigadier-General United States Volunteers, September 23, 1861; Major-General, November 29, 1862; vacated commission in Volunteer Service, July 26, 1866.

Brevetted: First Lieutenant United States Army, August 20, 1847, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, Mexico;" Major-General United States Army,

March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Spottsylvania, Virginia."

PRESIDENT OF THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, October 1, 1878, to February 9, 1886.

Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order Loyal Legion, October 21, 1885, to February 9, 1886.

BORN, February 14, 1824, at Montgomery Square, Montgomery County, Penn.

DIED, February 9, 1886, at Governor's Island, New York Harbor.

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